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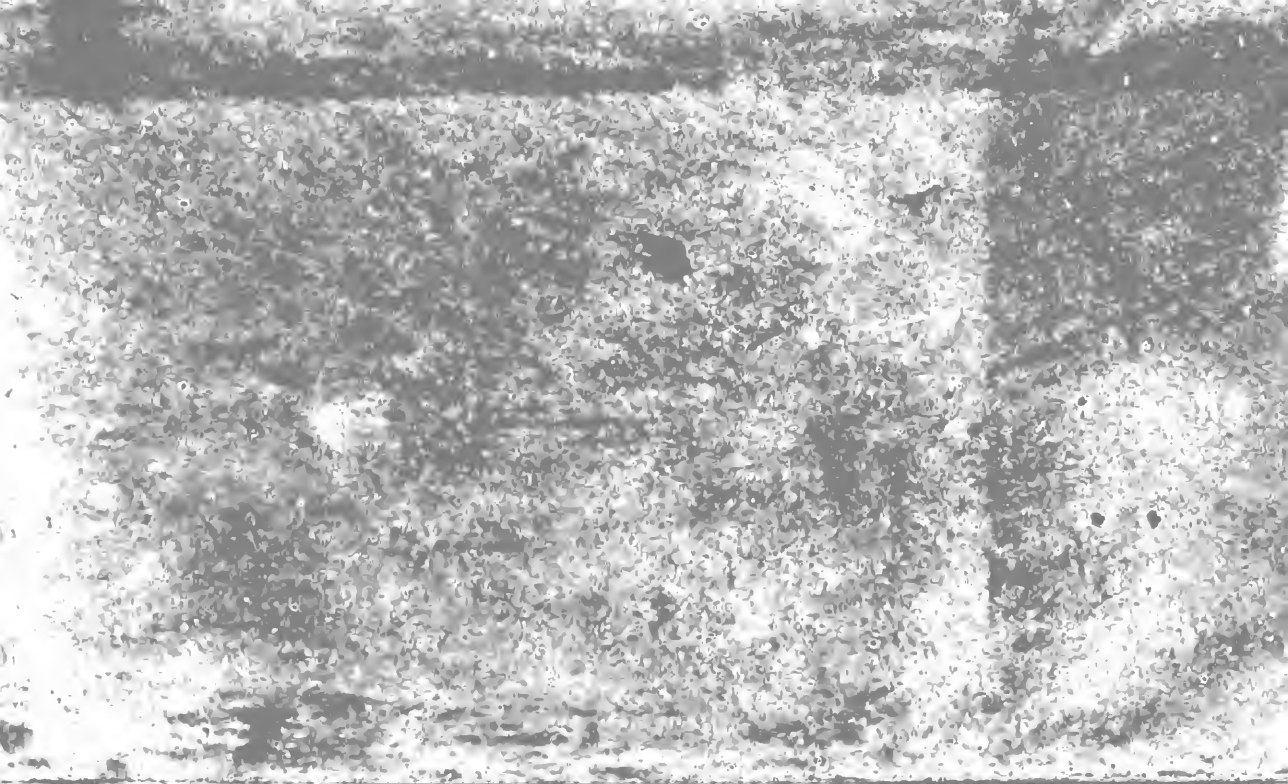

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THE

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA:

A COLLECTION

OF THE MOST POPULAR ACTING PLAYS,

With Critical Remarks,

ALSO THE STAGE BUSINESS, COSTUMES, ETC.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,
AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &C.

VOLUME V

CONTAINING

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS,	DAMON AND PYTHIAS,
LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP,	THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE
KING JOHN,	WILLIAM TELL,
THE NERVOUS MAN,	THE DAY AFTER THE WEDDING

WITH A PORTRAIT AND MEMOIR OF GEORGE COLMAN THE ELDER.

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WILLIAM TAYLOR & CO., No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE,
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1847

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

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MEMOIR OF GEORGE COLMAN, THE ELDER.

George Colman was born at Florence early in 1732, his father, who had married a sister of the Countess of Bath, being at the time His British Majesty's resident at the court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. His father dying soon after, the care of young Colman was assumed by his aunt's husband, William Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath. By him he was sent to St. Peter's College, Westminster, where he received his early education, and began to evince a taste for poetry and the *belles lettres;* and the frequent admonitions contained in the letters of his patron, show that he had, even at that time, a predilection for the attractions of the theatre. Among his school companions were Robert Lloyd, Churchill the satirist, Bonnel Thornton, Warren Hastings, and others afterwards distinguished. Colman subsequently became a student at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1751, having the distinction of being at the head of the list of scholars who were sent thither from Westminster. While there he was engaged with his friend Thornton in the publication of a well-known periodical paper called *The Connoisseur*, which was continued from January 1st, 1754, to Sept. 20th, 1755. Taking into consideration the youth and inexperience of the writers, this collection of essays shows scholarship and ability of no ordinary kind.

Being called upon to choose a profession, Colman fixed upon the law, was admitted into the Society of Lincoln's Inn, and in due season called to the bar. He continued in the study and practice of his profession till the end of the year 1759; finding leisure, however, to attend his favourite diversion of "running after plays," and indulge, more or less, his inclination for literary pursuits. Among his associates at this time, and, like himself, a wanderer from the thorny road of jurisprudence into the

paths of literature and poetry, was William Cowper, since so justly estimated as a poet of high rank.

Colman did not remain long at the bar; for though encouragement was not wanting to induce him to persevere in his legal career, he gradually slipped the yoke from his neck, and having taken the degree of Master of Arts at Oxford in 1758, he produced in the year 1760 his first dramatic piece, which, under the name of "Polly Honeycomb," was acted at Drury Lane with "amazing success," although it has now lain long "on the shelf." It was a satire, levelled at the ridiculous prevalence of novel reading, and was produced without Colman's name being allowed to transpire.

Nearly ten years had elapsed since any successful five-act comedy had been produced upon the English stage, when early in the year 1761 Murphy came out with his "Way to Keep Him", and Colman with his "Jealous Wife." Both pieces were successful, but the latter in a far superior degree. It still retains firm possession of the stage, as one of the best acting comedies in the language. We have already spoken freely of its merits in our introduction to the play itself.

By the death of his relative, Lord Bath, in 1764, Mr. Colman found himself in sufficiently affluent circumstances to devote himself to pursuits more immediately productive of fame than money. He made a translation in blank verse of the comedies of Terence; of which Hazlitt says, "it has always been considered by good judges as an equal proof of the author's knowledge of the Latin language, and taste in his own." The death of Lord Bath's successor, General Pulteney, in 1767, augmented Colman's income still farther. But he seems to have been of a naturally active turn of mind; and having associated himself with other parties in the purchase of Covent Garden Theatre, he took upon himself the arduous office of acting manager. The enterprise does not appear to have gone on very harmoniously at first. Jealousies and contentions broke out among the proprietors. A letter from Harris, one of the partners, in the course of an angry correspondence, contained the following challenge: "You are very welcome, sir, to take my life, if you dare anyhow to hazard the taking of it." Colman's reply deserves to be

recorded: "As to my daring to take your life, God knows I dare not do it; but you and every other man shall find that I dare on all occasions to defend my own." All the disputes, however, were gradually set at rest; and Colman continued in the management until the year 1774, when his right was purchased by the rest of his partners.

The quarrels and annoyances incident to managerial life do not seem to have discouraged him so far, however, as to prevent his again launching into the same troubled waters. In 1777 he became proprietor of the Little Theatre in the Haymarket; and few managers appear to have enjoyed a higher reputation with the public for tact and ability, in his difficult and thankless profession.

Colman was the author of some thirty-five dramatic pieces, of various merit and pretensions. But of these, only "The Jealous Wife" and "The Clandestine Marriage" are familiar to modern play-goers. Hazlitt says of the last-named comedy,—"It is nearly without a fault; and has some lighter theatrical graces, which I suspect Garrick threw into it. *Canton* is, I should think, his; though this classification of him among the ornamental parts of the play, may seem whimsical. Garrick's genius does not appear to have been equal to the construction of a solid drama; but he could retouch and embellish with great gayety and knowledge of the technicalities of his art."

About the year 1785, Colman gave to the world a new translation of Horace's "Art of Poetry", accompanied by a commentary, in which he displays equal erudition and ingenuity. He also wrote prefaces to editions of the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger.

At the close of the theatrical season of 1785, while on a visit at Margate, Colman was seized with paralysis, by which he was nearly deprived of the use of one side of his body. Having partially recovered from this severe attack, he returned to London, but sadly altered from the time of his leaving it—the short space of two months. He was not so capable of directing his domestic affairs, and managing his dramatic business as previously, and symptoms of a disturbed judgment now and then appeared; he also suffered under severe fits of epilepsy; but when-

ever free from these attacks, he was busily occupied in preparing for his summer seasons at the Haymarket theatre, and in writing. His spirit struggled against disease, and he insisted upon pursuing his wonted avocations. During the period from the beginning of 1786 to 1789, he published two or three volumes of Miscellanies, consisting partly of his old fugitive poetry and prose, and partly of new matter, and composed a pamphlet containing "Some Particulars of his Life," to be edited as a posthumous work by his executor. He constructed also a slight musical entertainment, founded on one of Hogarth's prints, and successfully produced it at his own theatre, only one month before what may be termed his intellectual demise.

At the beginning of the season of 1789, he first exhibited unquestionable proofs of mental derangement, thus furnishing a deplorable instance that the best intellects and finest talents have but a precarious tenure in our frail and feverish being. It was found necessary to place Mr. Colman under proper care at Paddington; and the management of the theatre was entrusted to his son, George Colman the Younger, with an allowance of £600 a-year.

The elder Colman died at Paddington the 14th August, 1794, at the age of sixty-two. A few hours before he expired he was seized with violent spasms, and these were succeeded by a melancholy stupor, in which he drew his last breath.

His abilities as a dramatist were not more the subjects of praise, than his punctuality as a manager, and his liberal encouragement of other dramatic writers. To sagacity in discovering the talents of his performers, he joined the inclination and ability to display them with every advantage; and to him many of the greatest favourites of the English stage owed their introduction to a London audience.

The likeness by Reynolds, an engraving of which accompanies this memoir, has long been celebrated as one of the best of Sir Joshua's portraits. The head is full of character and intellect.

No. XXXIII.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &C.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

A Comedy

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY PHILIP MASSINGER.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

NEW YORK:

WM. TAYLOR & CO., No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE,

AND JARVIS BUILDINGS, NORTH ST., BALTIMORE.

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PRICE 12 1-2 CENTS.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

According to the most reliable information, this celebrated comedy was originally produced on the stage some time between the years 1622 and 1633. The author of the "Companion to the Playhouse" terms it "one of the best of the old comedies," and, in his opinion, "the very best of Massinger's writing." It was extremely well received on its first appearance, and, as we learn from an introduction contained in the old quarto edition, was "often acted at the Phœnix in Drury Lane."

Its ancient popularity has been fully revived during the last half century by Henderson, Kemble, Cooke, Kean, and Booth—the last named actor being now the most distinguished living representative of the character of *Sir Giles Overreach*. We regard the play as one of the best of the productions of the dramatists of the age of Elizabeth—superior in a dramatic point of view, and its adaptation to the stage, to all that we have from Beaumont and Fletcher, and to many of the acting pieces of Shakspeare. The plot is interesting, and developed with a due regard to unity and simplicity; the comic action being intermingled with the serious and passionate in a manner consummately skilful, and productive of the most dramatic effects. The language combines, with the sweetness and dignity of musical versification, a certain pliable colloquial ease and grace, which makes it the most appropriate that could be devised for the speaker and the occasion. Massinger is said to have been a remarkably fluent writer; and his language bears few marks of stiffness and labor, although his nice sense of metrical harmony always gives it the charm of harmonious combination.

Of the characters of this piece, those of *Sir Giles* and *Marrall* are the most memorable and impressive that have been drawn by any dramatist. We know of nothing to equal the intensity of well-wrought passion displayed by the former, if we except the curse of *Lear*, and the jealous frenzy of *Othello*. There is an earnestness in the delineation of *Sir Giles*, which almost suggests the imputation of a deep personal hostility towards him on the part of the author; and it has been proved that the character was intended to represent that of a real person—one Sir Giles Mompesson, a notorious usurer of the day, who was expelled the kingdom for his misdeeds. *Justice Greedy* is also a real portrait.

It is not always that to external view vice receives its punishment in

this world; but, in the long run, knavery is undoubtedly the worst policy, and an absence of religious restraint leads to the infatuation of the most subtle and capable men. This fact is beautifully impressed by Massinger in the masterly portraiture of *Overreach*, who is held out as

> "a precedent to teach wicked men
> That when they leave religion and turn atheists,
> Their own abilities leave them."

It has been objected to this play, that *Margaret*, who is otherwise recommended to our sympathies by the most charming feminine traits, should be concerned in the plot for deceiving her father; but the author questioned nature on this point, and her answer decided him in his course. How improbable that the daughter of a man so reckless and unyielding as *Sir Giles*, would have been withheld by any squeamish considerations of the obligation of filial candour and duty, where her affections for her lover were likely to be thwarted! We do not vindicate her disingenuousness; but we doubt if the best men would not at the crisis feel themselves authorised to use the devil's weapons in outwitting the devil. A simple-minded girl, shrinking beneath the insupportable violence of such a tyrant, resorts as naturally to craft for her escape, as the ground-bird does, who would mislead the trampling school-boy as to the position of her nest.

In 1816, the late Edmund Kean produced a great sensation at Drury Lane Theatre in the part of *Sir Giles*. The exulting exclamation of the actor to his wife, on returning home from the performance, was,—"The pit rose at me." He made as decided an impression on his fellow-performers as on the audience; insomuch that a subscription was raised in the the green-room to present him a silver cup. When Munden—whose *Marrall* was so masterly a performance, that Dowton declared that the cup should have been given to him—was applied to for a contribution on the occasion, he replied, buttoning up his pocket, in his peculiar manner: "You may *cup* Mr. Kean, but you don't *bleed* me."

From contemporary critics, we learn that Kean played the first part of the character with a mixture of gloom and vulgarity that was admirably characteristic. "The last act," says one of them, "is without doubt the most terrific exhibition of human passion that has been witnessed on the modern stage. When his plans are frustrated, and plots laid open, all the restraints of society are thrown aside at once, and a torrent of hatred and revenge bursts from his breaking heart like water from a cleft rock, or like a raging and devouring fire, that while it consumes the body and soul on which it feeds, darts forth its tongues of flame in all directions, threatening destruction to every thing within its reach. The whole of the last act exhibits a vehemence and rapidity both of conception and execution, that perhaps cannot be surpassed."

Of this terrific conclusion, Kean's biographer says: "It threw ladies in the side-boxes into hysterics, and Lord Byron himself into a convulsion fit. One veteran actress was so overpowered by the last speech of *Sir Giles*, that she absolutely fainted on the stage."

Mr. Booth's impersonation of the part is powerful and consistently sustained. From his first entrance upon the stage, you see that he has fully identified himself with the character. None of his effects are produced by the mechanical tricks of the inferior artist. The beauty of the performance is in the perfect cohesion of all its parts. You are never roused from the delusion that it is *Overreach* who is moving and speaking before you. In look, tone, and gesture, the "bold, bad man," is always present. Mr. Booth has been called an imitator of Kean. If this be so, he is an imitator whose competition Kean, in his palmiest days, did not neglect to remove. This he did by a piece of *finesse*, in which Booth, by yielding to the temptation of a higher salary, and breaking with the management of the rival theatre, was effectually *shelved* in London.

Philip Massinger, the author of this, and thirty-seven other dramatic pieces, of which more than half have perished, was born in 1584, probably at Wilton, the seat of the Earl in the neighborhood of Salisbury, England. In 1602, he was sent to Oxford for his education, where he remained four years. We have nothing, however, which we may attribute with certainty to his pen before 1622, when he was fast approaching his fortieth year. He is supposed to have written plays in conjunction with Fletcher, and other dramatists, previously to that period. His life seems to have been a peculiarly wretched one. He is supposed to have written about two pieces a-year, from which his income, supposing both to be successful, could not exceed 54*l.* a year. In his "Maid of Honour," he thanks two gentlemen of rank, to whom he dedicates it, for their patronage of him and his "despised studies," and declares, that but for their "frequent courtesies and favors" he could not possibly have subsisted. "In this precarious state of dependence," says Gifford, "passed the life of a man, who is charged with no want of industry, suspected of no extravagance, and whose works were at that very period the boast and delight of the stage."

Although tainted with the indelicacy of the times, when female characters were represented by males on the stage, the writings of Massinger show that the man had an innate reverence for what is true and good. He does not apologize for guilt of any kind. He acknowledges no divine right in the person of a king, though he may respect the dignity. He never indulges in a sneer at religion or its ministers. Of the worth and immortality of the soul, he seems to have had a deep and abiding sense. As a dramatic artist, we think him superior to all the writers of his day, with the one great exception of Shakspeare.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Drury Lane, 1816.	*Park*, 1843.
Lord Lovell	Mr. Holland.	Mr. Lovell.
Sir Giles Overreach	" Kean.	" Booth.
Wellborn	" Harley.	" Barry.
Marrall	" Munden.	" Fisher.
Allworth	" S. Penley.	" E. Shaw.
Justice Greedy	" Oxberry.	" Plucide.
Tapwell	" Wewitzer.	" Bellamy.
Amble	" Minton.	" Povey.
Willdo	" Carr.	" Crocker.
Order	" Hughes.	" Freeland.
Furnace	" Penley.	" Gallot.
Watchall	" Maddocks.	" King.
Vintner	" Cooke.	" Smith.
Tailor	" Coveney.	" Dennison.
Lady Allworth	Mrs. Glover.	Mrs. Barry.
Froth	Miss Tidswell.	Mrs. Lovell.
Margaret	Mrs. Horn.	Miss Bulold.
Tabitha	Mrs. Chatterley.	
Abigail	Mrs. Scott.	

COSTUMES.

SIR GILES.—Puce-coloured velvet jacket, trunks, belt, and cloak, with orange silk puffs, the dress trimmed with orange-coloured silk, lace, and gilt buttons, puce silk hose, the same colour as the dress, with gold embroidered clocks, square-toed drab shoes and jewel buckles, with orange satin roses over them, broad Brussels point lace vandyke with two tassels, round crown brown hat, with orange puffs and feathers of the same colour.

LORD LOVELL.—Scarlet cloth jacket, trunks. belt, and mantle, trimmed with orange silk lace, and yellow plated buttons, russet boots with red tops, black velvet hat and blue silk band, with black, white, and red feathers, ruff, buff gloves with high tops, and white stocking pantaloons.

WELLBORN.—*First dress:* Brown ragged jacket and breeches, pair of blue hose, russet boots, and black hat. *Second dress:* Blue and silver jacket and pantaloons, trimmed with silk cord, plated buttons, and green vest trimmed with buff, buff hat and white feathers, ruff, russet boots, buff gloves. with high tops.

ALLWORTH.—Light mixture kerseymere jacket and trunks trimmed with pink galloon, white silk pantaloons, pink satin vest, trimmed with scarlet and black, plated buttons, russet boots with scarlet tops, hat, kerseymere mixture, with white feathers, lace ruff, and buff gloves with high tops.

MARRALL.—Black old English dress, tagged black shoes, black hose, black hat and cock's-tail feather.

JUSTICE GREEDY.—Black kerseymere jacket, puffed with crimson silk, trunks and cloak trimmed with crimson satin, and black glass buttons, white square-toed shoes, gloves with high tops, and vandyke, black sugar-loaf hat with crimson band black hose with embroidered clocks.

LADY ALLWORTH.—*First dress:* Green velvet train dress bordered with white satin and gold, and point-lace, long sleeves, slashed and trimmed to correspond, high ruff, stomacher of point, black velvet hat, white feathers, and tassels. *Second dress:* White satin train dress, with long sleeves, richly embroidered with gold, robe of white and gold, high ruff, jewel stomacher and cross, white satin hat and feathers.

MARGARET.—White satin dress, the sleeves and front of the petticoat ornamented with jewels, ruff, and white satin shoes.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right;* L. *Left;* R. D. *Right Door;* L. D. *Left Door;* S. E. *Second Entrance;* U. E. *Upper Entrance;* M. D. *Middle Door.*

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

ACT I.

Scene I.—*A Village.*

Wellborn *discovered, with a large rough stick, in tattered apparel, knocking at the Alehouse door,* L. S. E. Tapwell *and* Froth *come from the House.*

Well. [*Goes to* R.] No credit, nor no liquor?
Tap. (C.) Not a suck, sir:
Nor the remainder of a single can,
Left by a drunken porter.
Froth. (L.) Not the dropping of the tap for your morning's draught, sir:
'Tis verity, I assure you.
Well. Verity, you brache! [*Crosses,* C.
The devil turned precisian? Rogue, what am I?
Tap. (R.) Troth, durst I trust you with a looking-glass,
To let you see your trim shape, you would quit me,
And take the name yourself.
Well. (C.) How? dog! [*Raising his cudgel.*
Tap. Advance your Plymouth cloak,*
There dwells, and within call, if it please your worship,
A potent monarch, called the constable,
That does command a citadel, called the stocks;
Whose guards are certain files of rusty billmen,
Such as with great dexterity will hale
Your threadbare, tattered—
Well. Rascal! slave!
Froth. No rage, sir.
Tap. At his own peril! Do not put yourself

* A slang phrase of the time, meaning a staff.

In too much heat, there being no water near
To quench your thirst; and other drink, I take it,
You must no more remember; not in a dream, sir.
Well. Why, thou unthankful villain, dar'st thou talk thus?
Is not thy house, and all thou hast, my gift?
Tap. I find it not in chalk; and Timothy Tapwell
Does keep no other register.
Well. Am not I he
Whose riots fed and clothed thee? Wert thou not
Born on my father's land, and proud to be
A drudge in his house?
Tap. What I was, sir, it skills not;
What you are, is apparent: but, since you
Talk of father, in my hope it will torment you,
I'll briefly tell your story. Your dead father
Old Sir John Wellborn,
My quondam master, was a man of worship;
Bore the whole sway of the shire, kept a great house,
Relieved the poor, and so forth; but, he dying,
And his estate coming to you,
Late Master Francis, but now forlorn Wellborn—
Well. Slave, stop! or I shall lose myself.
Froth. Very hardly;
You cannot out of your way.
Tap. You were then a lord of acres, the prime gallant,
And I your under butler.
You had a merry time of't; hawks and hounds,
With choice of running horses: mistresses,
And other such extravagances: which
Your uncle, Sir Giles Overreach, observing,
Resolving not to lose the opportunity,
On statutes, mortgages, and binding bonds,
Awhile supplied your folly, and, having got
Your land, then left you.
Well. Some curate hath penned this invective, mongrel,
And you have studied it.
Tap. I've not done yet;
Your land gone, and your credit not worth a token,
You grew the common borrower; no man 'scaped you;
Where* poor Tim Tapwell, with a little stock,

* *Where* has the meaning of *whereas* in this place.

Some forty pounds or so, bought a small cottage;
Humbled myself to marriage with my Froth here—
Well. Hear me, ungrateful hell-hound! Did not I
Make purses for you? Then you licked my boots,
And thought your holiday cloak too coarse to clean 'em.
'Twas I, that, when I heard thee swear if ever
Thou could'st arrive at forty pounds, thou would'st
Live like an emperor, 'twas I that gave it
In ready gold. Deny this, wretch!
Tap. I must, sir!
For, from the tavern to the taphouse, all,
On forfeiture of their licenses, stand bound
Ne'er to remember who their best guests were,
If they grew poor, like you.
Well. They're well rewarded,
That beggar themselves to make such rascals rich.
Thou viper, thankless viper!
But, since you're grown forgetful, I will help
Your memory, and tread you into mortar;
Not leave one bone unbroken. [*Beats him over to* L.
Tap. Oh! Oh! Oh!
Froth. Help, help!—

Enter Allworth, R.

All. Hold, for my sake, hold! [*Catches Wellborn's arm.*
Deny me, Frank? They are not worth your anger.
Well. For once, thou hast redeemed them from this sceptre. [*Shaking his cudgel.*
But let 'em vanish;—
Nay, if you grumble, I revoke my pardon.
[*Wellborn and Allworth talk apart.*
Froth. This comes of your prating, husband.
Tap. Patience, Froth;
There's law to cure our bruises.
[*Exeunt Tapwell and Froth into the Alehouse,* L. S. E.
Well. (L.) Sent to your mother?
All. (R.) My lady, Frank, my patroness, my all!
She's such a mourner for my father's death,
And, in her love to him, so favours me,
I cannot pay too much observance to her:
There are few such stepdames.
Well. 'Tis a noble widow,

And keeps her reputation pure and clear.
But, 'pr'ythee, tell me,
Has she no suitors?

All. (R.) E'en the best of the shire, Frank,
My lord excepted: such as sue and send
And send and sue again: but to no purpose.
Their frequent visits have not gained her presence;
Yet she's so far from sullenness and pride,
That I dare undertake, you shall meet from her
A liberal entertainment.

Well. (L.) I doubt it not. Now, Allworth, listen to me,
And mark my counsel: I am bound to give it.
Thy father was my friend; and that affection
I bore to him, in right descends to thee:
I will not have the least affront stick on thee,
If I with any danger can prevent it.

All. I thank your noble care: but, pray you, in what
Do I run the hazard?

Well. Art thou not in love?
Put it not off with wonder.

All. In love?

Well. You think you walk in clouds, but are transparent.
I've heard all, and the choice that you have made;
And, with my finger, can point out the north star
By which the loadstone of your folly's guided;
And, to confirm this true, what think you of
Fair Margaret, the only child and heir
Of cormorant Overreach? Dost blush and start
To hear her only named? Blush at your want
Of wit and reason.

All. Howe'er you have discovered my intents,
You know my aims are lawful; and, if ever
The queen of flowers, the boast of spring, the rose,
Sprang from an envious briar, I may infer
There's such disparity in their conditions,
Between the goddess of my soul, the daughter,
And the base churl, her father.

Well. Grant this true,
As I believe it, cans't thou ever hope
To enjoy a quiet bed with her, whose father
Ruined thy state?

All. And yours, too.

Well. I confess it, Allworth.
Or cans't thou think, if self-love blind thee not,
That Sir Giles Overreach, who, to make her great
In swelling titles, without touch of conscience
Will cut his neighbour's throat—and, I hope, his own too—
Will e'er consent to make her thine? Give o'er,
And think of some course suitable to thy rank,
And prosper in it.

All. You have well advised me.
But, in the mean time, you, that are so studious
Of my affairs, wholly neglect your own.
Remember yourself, and in what plight you are.

Well. No matter, no matter. [*Crosses,* R.

All. (L. C.) Yes, 'tis much material:
You know my fortune, and my means; yet something
I can spare from myself to help your wants.
[*Offers him money.*

Well. (R. C.) How's this?

All. Nay, be not angry.

Well. Money from thee?
From a boy? one that lives
At the devotion of a stepmother,
And the uncertain favour of a lord?
I'll eat my arms first. Howsoe'er blind Fortune
Hath spent the utmost of her malice on me,
Though I am rudely thrust out of an alehouse,
And thus accoutred—know not where to eat,
Or drink, or sleep, but underneath this canopy—
Although I thank thee, I disdain thy offer.
No—as I, in my madness, broke my state,
Without th' assistance of another's brain,
In my right wits, I'll piece it; at the worst,
Die thus, and be forgotten.

All. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt, Allworth,* L., *Wellborn,* R.

Scene II.—*A Hall in Lady Allworth's House.—Table and four chairs.*

Amble, Order, Furnace, *and* Watchall *discovered in a line across the Stage.*

Ord. (C.) Set all things right; or, as my name is Order,

And by this staff of office, that commands you,
This chain and double ruff, symbols of power,
Whoever misses in his function,
For one whole week makes forfeiture of his breakfast,
And privilege in the wine-cellar.

Wat. (L.) You are merry,
Good master Steward.

Fur. (L. C.) Let him; I'll be angry.

Amb. Why, fellow Furnace, 'tis not twelve o'clock yet,
Nor dinner taken up; then, 'tis allowed,
Cooks, by their places, may be choleric.

Fur. You think you've spoken wisely, goodman Amble,
My lady's go-before.

Ord. Nay, nay, no wrangling.

Fur. Twit me with the authority of the kitchen!
At all hours, and all places, I'll be angry:
And, thus provoked, when I am at my prayers
I will be angry.

Amb. There was no hurt meant
[*Crosses to Furnace and shakes hands.*

Fur. I'm friends with thee; and yet I will be angry.

Wat. (L.) With whom?

Fur. (C.) No matter whom; yet, now I think on't,
I'm angry with my lady.

Amb. (R.) Heaven forbid, man!

Ord. What cause has she given thee?

Fur. Cause enough, master Steward.
I was entertained by her to please her palate,
And, till she forswore eating, I performed it.
Now, since our master, noble Allworth, died,
Though I crack my brains to find out tempting sauces,
When I am three parts roasted,
And the fourth part parboiled, to prepare her viands,
She keeps her chamber, dines with a panada,
Or water-gruel, my sweat never thought on.

Ord. But your art is seen in the dining-room.

Fur. By whom?
By such as pretend love to her; but come
To feed upon her. Yet, of all the harpies
That do devour her, I am out of charity
With none so much as the thin-gutted squire
That's stolen into commission.

Ord. Justice Greedy?

Fur. The same, the same. Meat's cast away upon him;
It never thrives. He holds this paradox:
Who eats not well, can ne'er do justice well:
His stomach's as insatiate as the grave.

[*A knocking without*, L.

Wat. One knocks. [*Exit*, L.

Ord. Our late young master!

Enter WATCHALL *and* ALLWORTH L., *saluting them.*

Wat. Welcome, sir. [*Allworth crosses to Furnace.*

Fur. You're welcome:
If you've a stomach, a cold bake-meat's ready.

[*Allworth crosses to Order.*

Ord. His father's picture in little. [*Crosses to Amble.*

Amb. We are all your servants.

All. At once my thanks to all. [*Crosses*, R.
This is yet some comfort. Is my lady stirring?

Ord. Her presence answers for us. [*Retires up*, R.

Enter LADY ALLWORTH, ABIGAIL, *and* TABITHA, R.

Lady A. Sort those silks well.
I'll take the air alone: [*Exeunt Tabitha and Abigail*, R.
And, as I gave directions, if this morning
I'm visited by any, entertain 'em
As heretofore: but say, in my excuse,
I'm indisposed.

Ord. We shall, madam.

Lady A. (R.) Do, and leave me.

[*Exeunt Watchall, Furnace, Order, and Amble*, L.
Nay, stay you, Allworth.—Tell me, how is't with
Your noble master?

All. (L. C.) Ever like himself:
No scruple lessened in the full weight of honour.
He did command me—pardon my presumption—
As his unworthy deputy, to kiss
Your ladyship's fair hands.

Lady A. I'm honoured in
His favour to me. Does he hold his purpose
For the Low Countries?

All. Constantly, good madam:
But will, in person, first present his service.

Lady A. And how approve you of his course? you're yet,
Like virgin parchment, capable of any
Inscription, vicious or honourable:
I will not force your will, but leave you free
To your own election.

All. Any form you please,
I will put on: but—might I make my choice—
With humble emulation, I would follow
The path my lord marks to me.

Lady A. 'Tis well answered
And I commend your spirit: your father, Allworth,
My ever-honoured husband, some few hours
Before the will of heaven took him from me,
Did recommend you by the dearest ties
Of perfect love between us, to my charge:
And, therefore, when I speak, you are bound to hear
With such respect, as if he lived in me.

All. I have found you,
Most honoured madam, more than a mother to me;
And, with my utmost strength of care and service,
Will labour that you never may repent
Your bounties showered upon me.

Lady A. I much hope it.
These were your father's words:—If e'er my son
Follow the war, tell him, it is a school
Where all the principles tending to honour
Are taught, if truly followed: but for such
As repair thither, as a place in which
They do presume they may with license practise
Their lawless riots, they shall never merit
The noble name of soldiers.
To obey their leaders, and shun mutinies;
To bear with patience the winter's cold,
And summer's scorching heat;
To dare boldly
In a fair cause; and, for their country's sake,
To run upon the cannon's mouth undaunted;
These are the essential parts make up a soldier;
Not swearing, dice, or drinking.

All. There's no syllable
You speak, but is to me an oracle.

Lady A. To conclude:
Beware ill company; for, often men
Are like to those with whom they do converse;
And, from one man I warn you, and that's Wellborn:
Not 'cause he's poor—that rather claims your pity;
But that he's in his manners so depraved,
And hath in vicious courses lost himself.
'Tis true, your father loved him, while he was
Worthy the loving; but, if he had lived
To've known him as he is, he had cast him off,
As you must do. [*Noise without,* L.
Somebody comes. This way:
Follow me to my chamber: you shall have gold
To furnish you like my son, and still supplied
As I hear from you.
All. I am still bound to you. [*Exeunt,* R.

Enter ORDER, WATCHALL, SIR GILES OVERREACH, MARRALL, GREEDY, FURNACE *and* AMBLE, L.—*Marrall goes behind to* R.

Gree. (L.) Not to be seen!
Sir G. (C.) Still cloistered up! Her reason,
I hope, assures her, though she makes herself
Close prisoner ever for her husband's loss,
'Twill not recover him.
Ord. (R. C.) Sir, 'tis her will;
Which we that are her servants, ought to serve,
And not dispute: howe'er, you're nobly welcome;
And, if you please to stay, that you may think so,
There came, not six days since, from Hull, a pipe
Of rich Canary, which shall spend itself
For my lady's honour.
Gree. (L. C.) Is it of the right race?
[*Sir Giles and Marrall converse apart.*
Ord. Yes, Master Greedy.
Amb. How his mouth runs o'er!
Fur. [*Coming down,* L.] I'll make it run and run.
Save your good worship!
Gree. Honest Master Cook, thy hand; again: how I love thee!
Are the good dishes still in being? speak, boy.

Fur. If you've a mind to feed, there is a chine
Of beef well seasoned.
Gree. Good!
Fur. A pheasant, larded.
Gree. That I might now give thanks for't!
Fur. Besides, there came last night, from the forest of Sherwood,
The fattest stag I ever cooked.
Gree. A stag, man?
Fur. A stag, sir; part of it prepared for dinner
And baked in puff-paste.
Gree. Puff-paste, too! Sir Giles,
A ponderous chine of beef! a pheasant larded!
And red deer, too, Sir Giles, and baked in puff-paste!
All business set aside, let us give thanks here.
Sir G. [*Advancing*, c.] You know, we cannot.
Mar. (R. c.) Your worships are to sit on a commission,
And, if you fail to come, you lose the cause.
Gree. Cause me no causes; I'll prove't, for such a dinner,
We may put off a commission: you shall find it
Henrici decimo quarto.
Sir G. Fie, Master Greedy!
Will you lose me a thousand pounds for a dinner?
No more, for shame! We must forget the belly,
When we think of profit.
Gree. Well, you shall o'er-rule me.
I could e'en cry now. Do you hear, Master Cook?
Send but a corner of that immortal pasty,
And I, in thankfulness, will, by your boy,
Send you—a brace of three-pences.
Fur. Will you be so prodigal?
[*Greedy and Furnace converse apart*, L.
Sir G. [*To Order.*] Remember me to your lady.

Enter WELLBORN, L.

Whom have we here!
Well. You know me.
Sir G. I did once, but now will not;
Thou art no blood of mine. [*Crosses*, L., *followed by Marrall.*] Avaunt, thou beggar!
If ever thou presume to cross me more,
I'll have thee caged and whipped. [*Exit*, L.

Gree. (L.) I'll grant the warrant.
Think of pye-corner, Furnace!
[*Exeunt Greedy and Marrall*, L., *Marrall eyeing Wellborn contemptuously,—who takes a chair and sits*, C.
Wat. Will you out, sir? [*Going towards Wellborn.*
I wonder how you durst creep in.
Ord. This is rudeness,
And saucy impudence.
Amb. Cannot you stay
To be served, among your fellows, from the basket,
But you must press into the hall?
Fur. Pr'ythee, vanish
Into some outhouse, though it be the pigstye;
My scullion shall come to thee.
Well. This is rare:

Enter ALLWORTH, R.

Oh, here's Tom Allworth. Tom!
All. We must be strangers: [*Crosses*, L.
Nor would I have you seen here for a million! [*Exit*, L.
Well. Better and better:—He contemns me, too!

Enter ABIGAIL *and* TABITHA, R., *cross*, L.

Abi. [*Seeing Wellborn.*] Mercy preserve my sight!
What thing is this?
Tab. A wretched object, truly.
Let's hence, for heaven's sake, or I shall swoon.
Abi. I begin to faint already. [*Exeunt Abi. & Tab.* L.
Fur. Will you know your way, sir?
Amb. Or shall we teach it you,
By the head and shoulders?
Well. No; I will not stir:
Do you mark, I will not. [*Starts up.*] Let me see the wretch
That dares attempt to force me. Why, you slaves,
Created only to make legs, and cringe;
To carry in a dish, and shift a trencher;
That have not souls only to hope a blessing
Beyond your master's leaving—who advances?
Who shows me the way! [*Threatening them.*
All the Servants. Help, fellows, help!—Within, there!
Ord. Here comes my lady.

Enter Lady Allworth, r.

Lady A. How now? What noise is this?
Well. [*Advancing to her.*] Madam, my designs
Bear me to you.
Lady A. (r.) To me?
Well. (l.) And, though I've met with
But ragged entertainment from your grooms here,
I hope from you to receive that noble usage,
As may become the true friend of your husband,
And then I shall forget these.
Lady A. I'm amazed,
To see and hear this rudeness. Dar'st thou think,
Though sworn, that it can ever find belief
That I, who to the best men of this country
Denied my presence since my husband's death,
Can fall so low as to exchange words with thee?
Well. Scorn me not, good lady;
But, as in form you are angelical,
Imitate the heavenly natures, and vouchsafe
At the least awhile to hear me. You will grant
The blood that runs in this arm is as noble
As that which fills your veins; your swelling titles,
Your ample fortune, with your men's observance
And women's flattery, are in you no virtues;
Nor these rags, with my poverty, in me vices.
You have a fair fame, and, I know, deserve it;—
Yet, lady, I must say, in nothing more
Than in the pious sorrow you have shown
For your late noble husband.
Ord. There he touched her. [*Aside.*
Well. That husband, madam, was once in his fortune
Almost as low as I; wants, debts, and quarrels,
Lay heavy on him: let it not be thought
A boast in me, though I say, I relieved him.
'Twas I that gave him fashion; mine the sword
That did on all occasions second his;
I brought him on and off with honour, lady;
And when in all men's judgments he was sunk,
And in his own hopes not to be buoyed up,
I stepped unto him, took him by the hand,
And set him upright.

Fur. Are not we base rogues,
That could forget this? [*Aside to Servants.*
Well. I confess, you made him
Master of your estate; nor could your friends,
Though he brought no wealth with him, blame you for't;
For he'd a shape, and to that shape a mind
Made up of all parts, either great or noble;
So winning a behaviour, not to be
Resisted, madam.
Lady A. 'Tis most true, he had.
Well. For his sake, then, in that I was his friend,
Do not contemn me.
Lady A. For what's past, excuse me:
I will redeem it. [*Offers him her Pocket-book.*
Well. Madam, on no terms:
I will nor beg nor borrow sixpence of you;
But be supplied elsewhere, or want thus ever.
One only suit I make; pray give me leave.
[*Lady Allworth signs to the Servants, who retire to the top of Stage.*
I will not tire your patience with relation
Of the bad art my uncle Overreach
Still forged to strip me of my fair possessions:
Nor how he now shuts door upon my want.
Would you but vouchsafe
To your dear husband's friend—as well you may,
Your honour still let free—but such feigned grace,
As might beget opinion in Sir Giles
Of a true passion tow'rds me, you would see,
In the mere thought to prey on me again,
When all that's yours were mine, he'd turn my friend;
And, that no rub might stay my course to you,
Quit all my owings, set me trimly forth,
And furnished well with gold:—which I should use,
I trust, to your no shame, lady; but live
Ever a grateful debtor to your gentleness.
Lady A. What! nothing else?
[*Offers her Pocket-book again.*
Well. Nothing, unless you please to charge your servants,
To throw away a little respect upon me.
Lady L. All you demand is yours.

[*She beckons the Servants, who advance a little,* L.
Respect this gentleman,
As 'twere myself. Adieu, dear Master Wellborn—
Pray let me see you with your oftenest means:
I am ever bound to you. [*Going, Wellborn waiting on her.*
Well. Your honour's servant.
[*Kisses her hand.—Exit Lady Allworth,* R.
All the Servants. [*Coming up to Wellborn with bows and cringes.*] Ah, sweet sir—
Well. (L. C.) Nay, all's forgiven, all forgotten, friends:
And, for a lucky omen to my project,
Shake hands, and end all quarrels in the cellar.
All the Servants. Agreed, agreed! Still merry, Master Wellborn. [*Exeunt Servants,* L.
Well. (C.) Faith, a right worthy and a liberal lady,
Who can at once so kindly meet my purposes,
And brave the flouts of censure, to redeem
Her husband's friends!—When, by this honest plot,
The world believes she means to heal my wants
With her extensive wealth, each noisy creditor
Will be struck mute; and I, thus left at large
To practise on my uncle Overreach,
May work, perhaps, the measure to redeem
My mortgaged fortune; which he stripped me of,
When headlong dissipation quelled my reason.
The fancy pleases: if the plot succeed,
'Tis a New Way to Pay Old Debts, indeed. [*Exit,* L.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

Scene I.—*The Skirts of Lady Allworth's Park.*

Enter Marrall *and* Sir Giles, R.

Sir G. He's gone, I warrant thee; this commission crushed him.
Mar. Your worship has the way on't, and ne'er miss
To squeeze these unthrifts into air: and yet

The chap-fall'n justice did his part, returning,
For your advantage, the certificate,
Against his conscience and his knowledge, too,—
With your good favour,—to the utter ruin
Of the poor farmer.

Sir G. (L.) 'Twas for these good ends
I made him a justice: he that bribes his belly,
Is certain to command his soul.

Mar. (R.) I wonder,
Still with your license, why, your worship, having
The power to put this thin-gut in commission,
You are not in't yourself?

Sir G. Thou art a fool;
In being out of office, I am out of danger;
Where, if I were a justice, besides the trouble,
I might, or out of wilfulness, or error,
Run myself finely into a præmunire,
And so become a prey to the informer.
No, I'll have none on't: 'tis enough I keep
Greedy at my devotion: so he serve
My purposes, let him hang, or damn, I care not;
Friendship is but a word. [*Crosses,* R.

Mar. (R. C.) You are all wisdom.

Sir G. I would be worldly wise; for the other wisdom,
That does prescribe us a well-governed life,
And to do right to others, as ourselves,
I value not an atom.

Mar. What course take you,—
With your good patience—to hedge in the manor
Of your neighbour, Master Frugal? As 'tis said,
He will nor sell, nor borrow, nor exchange;
And his land, lying in the midst of your many lordships,
Is a foul blemish.

Sir G. I have thought of't, Marrall,
And it shall take. [*Placing his hand on Marrall's shoulder.*]
I must have all men sellers,
And I the only purchaser.

Mar. 'Tis most fit, sir.

Sir G. I'll therefore buy some cottage near his manor;
Which done, I'll make my men break ope' his fences,
Ride o'er his standing corn, and in the night
Set fire to his barns, or break his cattle's legs;

These trespasses draw on suits, and suits expenses,
Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him.
When I have harried him thus two or three year,
Though he sue *in forma pauperis*, in spite
Of all his thrift and care, he'll grow behind-hand.
Mar. The best I ever heard! I could adore you.
Sir G. Then, with the favour of my man of law,
I will pretend some title: want will force him
To put it to arbitrement; then, if he sell
For half the value, he shall have ready money,
And I possess his land.
Mar. 'Tis above wonder!
Wellborn was apt to sell, and needed not
These fine arts, sir, to hook him in.
Sir G. Well thought on.
That varlet, Marrall, lives too long, to upbraid me
With my close cheat put upon him. Will nor cold
Nor hunger kill him?
Mar. I know not what to think on't.
I've used all means; and, the last night, I caused
His host, the tapster, to turn him out of doors;
And have been since with all your friends and tenants,
And, on the forfeit of your favour, charged them,
Though a crust of mouldy bread would keep him from starving,
Yet they should not relieve him. This is done, sir.
Sir G. That was something, Marrall; but thou must go further,
And suddenly, Marrall.
Mar. Where, and when you please, sir.
Sir G. I'd have thee seek him out, and, if thou can'st,
Persuade him that 'tis better steal than beg:
Then, if I prove he has but robbed a hen-roost,
Not all the world shall save him from the gallows.
Do anything to work him to despair,
And 'tis thy master-piece.
Mar. I'll do my best, sir.
Sir G. I'm now on my main work, with the Lord Lovell,
The gallant-minded, popular Lord Lovell,
The minion of the people's love. I hear
He's come into the country; and my aims are,

To insinuate myself into his knowledge,
And then invite him to my house.
Mar. I have you:
This points at my young mistress.
Sir G. She must part with
That humble title, and be honourable,
Right honourable, Marrall, my right honourable daughter,
If all I have, or e'er shall get, will do it!
I'll have her well attended; there are ladies
Of errant knights decayed, and brought so low,
That, for cast clothes and meat, will gladly serve her:
And 'tis my glory, though I come from the city,
To have their issue, whom I have undone,
To kneel to mine, as bond-slaves.
Mar. 'Tis fit state, sir.
Sir G. And therefore, I'll not have a chamber-maid
That ties her shoes, or any meaner office,
But such whose fathers were right worshipful.
'Tis a rich man's pride! there having ever been
More than a feud, a strange antipathy,
Between us and true gentry. [*Crosses*, L.

Enter WELLBORN, R.

Mar. (C.) See, who's here, sir!
Sir G. (L.) Hence, monster! prodigy!
Well. (R.) Call me what you will;—
I am your nephew, sir, your sister's son.
Sir G. Avoid my sight! thy breath's infectious, rogue!
I shun thee as a leprosy, or the plague.
Come hither, Marrall.—This is the time to work him.
Mar. (L.) I warrant you, sir. [*Exit Sir Giles*, L.
Well. (R. C.) By this light, I think he's mad.
Mar. (C.) Mad! had you ta'en compassion on yourself
You long since had been mad.
Well. You've ta'en a course,
Between you and my venerable uncle,
To make me so.
Mar. (R. C.) The more pale-spirited you,
That would not be instructed. I swear deeply—
Well. (L. C.) By what?
Mar. By my religion.
Well. Thy religion?

The devil's creed!—But what would you have done?
Mar. Had there been but one tree in all the shire,
Nor any hope to compass a penny halter,
Before, like you, I had outlived my fortunes,
A withe had served my turn to hang myself.
I'm zealous in your cause: pray, hang yourself,
And presently, as you love your credit.
Well. I thank you.
Mar. Will you stay till you die in a ditch?
Or, if you dare not do the feat yourself,
But that you'll put the state to charge and trouble,
Is there no purse to be cut? house to be broken?
Or market woman with eggs, that you may murder,
And so dispatch the business?
Well. Here's variety,
I must confess; but I'll accept of none
Of all your gentle offers, I assure you.
Mar. Why, have you hope ever to eat again,
Or drink? or be the master of three farthings?
If you like not hanging, drown yourself; take some course
For your reputation.
Well. 'Twill not do, dear tempter,
With all the rhetoric the fiend hath taught you.
I am as far as thou art from despair;
Nay, I have confidence, which is more than hope,
To live, and suddenly, better than ever.
Mar. Ha! ha! these castles you build in the air,
Will not persuade me or to give or lend
A token to you.
Well. I'll be more kind to thee:
Come, thou shalt dine with me.
Mar. With you!
Well. Nay, more, dine gratis.
Mar. (c.) Under what hedge, I pray you? or at whose cost?
Are they padders, or gipsies, that are your consorts?
Well. Thou art incredulous; but thou shalt dine,
Not alone at her house, but with a gallant lady;
With me, and with a lady.
Mar. Lady! what lady?
With the lady of the lake, or queen of fairies?
For, I know, it must be an enchanted dinner.

Well. With the Lady Allworth, knave.
Mar. Nay, now there's hope
Thy brain is cracked.
Well. Mark, there, with what respect
I am entertained.
Mar. With choice, no doubt, of dog-whips.
Why, dost thou ever hope to pass her porter?
Well. 'Tis not far off, go with me; trust thine own eyes,
Mar. Troth, in my hope, or my assurance, rather,
To see thee curvet and mount like a dog in a blanket,
If ever thou presume to pass her threshold,
I will endure thy company.
Well. Come along, then. [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE II.—*The Hall in Lady Allworth's House.*

Enter WATCHALL, FURNACE, ORDER, AMBLE, *and* ALLWORTH, R.

All. (L.) Your courtesies o'erwhelm me: I much grieve
To part from such true friends: and yet find comfort:
My attendance on my honourable lord,
Whose resolution holds to visit my lady,
Will speedily bring me back.
[*Wellborn and Marrall without*, L.—*Wellborr knocks.*
Exit Watchall, L.
Mar. Dar'st thou venture further?
Well. Yes, yes, and knock again. [*Knocks.*
Ord. (C.) 'Tis he; disperse!
Amb. (R. C.) Perform it bravely.
Fur. (L. C.) I know my cue, ne'er doubt me.
[*Exeunt, Furnace*, L. S. E., *Order and Amble*, R.

Enter WATCHALL, WELLBORN, *and* MARRALL.

Wat. Beast that I was, to make you stay! Most welcome!
You were long since expected.
Well. (L. C.) Say so much
To my friend, I pray you.
Wat. (R. C.) For your sake, I do, sir.
Mar. (L.) For his sake!
Well. (C.) Mum; this is nothing.

Mar. More than ever
I'd have believed, though I had found it in my primer.
All. (R.) When I have given you reasons for my late harshness,
You'll pardon and excuse me; for, believe me,
Though now I part abruptly, in my service
I will deserve it.
Mar. Service! with a vengeance!
Well. I'm satisfied: farewell, Tom.
All. All joy stay with you! [*Crosses and exit,* L.

Enter AMBLE, R.

Amb. You're happily encountered; I ne'er yet
Presented one so welcome as, I know
You will be to my lady.
Mar. This is some vision;
Or, sure, these men are mad to worship a dunghill;
It cannot be a truth.
Well. Be still a pagan,
An unbelieving infidel; be so, miscreant,
And meditate on blankets, and on dog-whips!

Enter FURNACE, L. S. E.

Fur. I'm glad you're come: until I know your pleasure,
I knew not how to serve up my lady's dinner.
Mar. His pleasure! is it possible?
Well. What's thy will?
Fur. Marry, sir, I have
Some rails and quails, and my lady willed me ask you,
What kind of sauces best affect your palate,
That I may use my utmost skill to please it.
[*Wellborn whispers Furnace up the Stage.*
Mar. [*Walking about amazed.*] The devil's entered this cook: sauce for his palate,
That, on my knowledge,
Durst wish but cheese-parings and brown bread on Sundays!
Well. That way I like them best.
Fur. It shall be done, sir. [*Exit,* L. S. E.
Well. What think you of the hedge we shall dine under?
Shall we feed gratis?

Mar. I know not what to think;
Pray you, make me not mad.

Enter ORDER, R.

Ord. This place becomes you not;
Pray you, walk, sir, to the dining room.
Well. I am well here,
'Till her ladyship quits her chamber.
Mar. Well here, say you?
'Tis a rare change! but yesterday, you thought
Yourself well in a barn, wrapped up in pease-straw.

Enter TABITHA *and* ABIGAIL, R.

Tab. Oh! you're much wished for, sir.
Abi. Last night, my lady
Dreamt of you; and her first command this morning,
Was to have notice, sir, of your arrival.
Wat. See my lady.

Enter LADY ALLWORTH, R.—*Order bows and exits,* R.

Lady A. I come to meet you, and languished till I saw you.
This first kiss is for form: I allow a second
To such a friend. [*Wellborn salutes her.*
Mar. To such a friend! heaven bless me!
Well. I'm wholly yours; yet, madam, if you please
To grace this gentleman with a salute—
[*Puts Marrall over to Lady Allworth,* R.
Mar. Salute me at his bidding!
[*Retreats towards the door,* R.
Well. I shall receive it
As a most high favour.
Lady A. Your friends are ever welcome to me.
Well. [*Brings Marrall back to* L.] Run backward from a lady! and such a lady!
Mar. To kiss her foot is, to poor me, a favour
I am unworthy of— [*Offers to kiss her foot.*
Lady A. (R.) Nay, pray you, rise;
And since you are so humble, I'll exalt you:
You shall dine with me to-day, at mine own table.
Mar. Your ladyship's table! I'm not good enough
To sit at your steward's board.

Lady A. You are too modest;
I will not be denied.

Enter Order, R.

Ord. Dinner is ready for your ladyship.
Lady A. Come, Master Wellborn:—
[*To Marrall, who is retreating again.*
Nay, keep us company.
Mar. I was ne'er so graced.
[*Lady Allworth and Wellborn take Marrall by the hand—he bowing with the greatest servility—they retire through* C. D. F., *followed by Abigail, Tabitha, Amble, and Watchall.*

Enter Furnace, L. S. E.

Ord. So, we have played our parts, and are come off well;
But if I know the mystery, why my lady
Consented to it, may I perish!
Fur. (C.) Would I had
The roasting of his heart that cheated him,
And forces the poor gentleman to these shifts!
By fire!—for cooks are Persians, and swear by it,—
Of all the griping and extorting tyrants
I ever heard or read of, I ne'er met
A match to Sir Giles Overreach.
Wat. (L. C.) What will you take
To tell him so, fellow Furnace?
Fur. Just as much
As my throat is worth; for that would be the price on't.
To have a usurer that starves himself,
To grow rich, and then purchase, is too common:
But this Sir Giles feeds high; keeps many servants;
Rich in his habit, vast in his expenses!
Yet he, to admiration, still increases
In wealth and lordships.
Ord. (R. C.) He frights men out of their estates,
And breaks through all law-nets, made to curb ill men,
As they were cobwebs. No man dares reprove him.
Such a spirit to dare, and power to do, were never
Lodged so unluckily.

Enter AMBLE, C. D. F.

Amb. Ha! ha! I shall burst.
Ord. Contain thyself, man.
Fur. Or make us partakers
Of your sudden mirth.
Amb. Ha! ha! my lady has got
Such a guest at her table!—this term-driver, Marrall,
This snip of an attorney!
Wat. What of him, man?
Amb. The knave feeds so slovenly!
Fur. Is this all?
Amb. My lady
Drank to him for fashion's sake, or to please Master Wellborn;
As I live, he rises, and takes up a dish
In which there were some remnants of a boiled capon,
And pledges her in white broth!
Fur. Nay, 'tis like
The rest of his tribe.
Amb. And when I brought him wine,
He leaves his chair, and, after a leg or two,
Most humbly thanks my worship—my worship!
All the Servants. Ha! ha! ha!
Ord. Risen already?
Fur. My lady frowns.
Amb. I shall be chid.
[*Exit Furnace,* L. S. E.—*Servants all run to* L.

Enter LADY ALLWORTH, WELLBORN, *and* MARRALL, C. D. F.

Lady A. (C.) You attend us well!
Let me have no more of this: I observed your jeering:
Sir, I will have you know, whom I think worthy
To sit at my table,
When I am present, is not your companion.
Ord. [*Aside.*] Nay, she'll preserve what's due to her.
Lady A. [*To Wellborn.*] You are master
Of your own will. I know so much of manners,
As not to inquire your purposes; in a word,
[*Crosses,* R., *Wellborn following her.*
To me you are ever welcome, as to a house
That is your own.

Well. [*To Marrall.*] Mark that.
Mar. (L.) With reverence, sir,
An it like your worship.
Well. Trouble yourself no further;
Dear madam, my heart's full of zeal and service,
However in my language I am sparing.
Come, Master Marrall. [*Crosses,* L.
Mar. I attend your worship.
[*Exeunt Watchall, Wellborn, and Marrall,* L.
Lady A. [*To Servants.*] I see in your looks you are sorry, and you know me
An easy mistress: be merry; I have forgot all.
Order and Amble, come with me; I must give you
Further directions.
Ord. What you please.
Amb. We are ready. [*Exeunt,* R.

Scene III.—*The Open Country.*

Enter Wellborn *and* Marrall, L. S. E.

Well. I think I'm in a good way.
Mar. Good? Sir; the best way;
The certain best way.
You are worshipful—and I hope you will become right-worshipful.
Well. (R. C.) Is't for your ease
You keep your hat off?
Mar. (L. C.) Ease, an it like your worship!
I hope Jack Marrall shall not live so long,
To prove himself such an unmannerly beast,
Though it hail hazel-nuts, as to be covered
When your worship's present.
Well. [*Aside.*] Is not this a true rogue,
That, out of mere hope of future cozenage,
Can turn thus suddenly? 'tis rank already.
Mar. I know your worship's wise, and needs no counsel;
Yet if, in my desire to do you service,
I humbly offer my advice, (but still
Under correction,) I hope I shall not
Incur your high displeasure.
Well. No: speak freely.

Mar. Then, in my judgment, sir, my simple judgment,
(Still with your worship's favour,) I could wish you
A better habit; for this cannot be
But much distasteful to the noble lady
That loves you:
I have twenty pounds here,
Which, out of my true love, I'll presently
Lay down at your worship's feet; 'twill serve to buy you
A riding suit.

Well. But where's the horse.

Mar. My gelding
Is at your service: nay, you shall ride me,
Before your worship shall be put to the trouble
To walk afoot. Alas! when you are lord
Of this lady's manor, (as I know you will be,)
You may with the lease of glebe land, called Knave's-Acre,
A place I would manure, requite your vassal.

Well. I thank thy love; but will make no use of it.
Did I want clothes, think'st thou I could not have 'em
For one word to my lady?

Mar. As if I knew not that!

Well. Come, I'll tell thee a secret, and so leave thee.
I'll not give her the advantage, though she be
A gallant-minded lady, after we're married,
To hit me in the teeth, and say, she was forced
To buy my wedding clothes.—
No, I'll be furnished something like myself,
And so farewell.—For thy suit touching Knave's-Acre,
When it is mine, 'tis thine. [*Exit*, R.

Mar. I thank your worship.
How was I cozened in the calculation
Of this man's fortune! My master cozened, too,
Whose pupil I am in the art of undoing men;
For that is our profession! Well, well, Master Wellborn;
You are of a sweet nature, and fit again to be cheated;
Which, if the Fates please, when you are possessed
Of the land and lady, you, *sans* question, shall be.
I'll presently think of the means. [*Musing*, R. C.

Sir G. [*Without.*] Sirrah, take my horse.
I'll walk, to get me an appetite; 'tis but a mile;
And exercise will keep me from being pursy.

Enter Sir Giles, L.

Ha! Marrall!—Is he conjuring? Perhaps
The knave has wrought the prodigal to do
Some outrage on himself, and now he feels
Compunction in his conscience for't: no matter,
So it be done.—Marrall! Marrall!
Mar. (R. C.) Sir!
Sir G. (L. C.) How succeed we
In our plot on Wellborn?
Mar. Never better, sir.
Sir G. Has he hanged or drowned himself?
Mar. No, sir, he lives;
Lives once more to be made a prey to you,
A greater prey than ever.
Sir G. Art thou in thy wits?
If thou art, reveal this miracle, and briefly.
Mar. A lady, sir, is fallen in love with him.
Sir G. With him! What lady?
Mar. The rich Lady Allworth.
Sir G. Thou dolt! how dar'st thou speak this?
Mar. I speak truth,
And I do so but once a-year, unless
It be to you, sir. We dined with her ladyship,
I thank his worship.
Sir G. His worship!
Mar. As I live, sir,
I dined with him at the great lady's table,
Simple as I stand here; and saw when she kissed him,
And would, at his request, have kissed me too.
Sir G. Why, thou rascal!
To tell me these impossibilities.
Dine at her table! and kiss him! or thee!—
Impudent varlet, have not I myself,
Ten times attempted, since her husband's death,
In vain, to see her, though I came—a suitor?
And yet your good solicitorship, and rogue Wellborn,
Were brought into her presence, feasted with her!—
But that I know thee a dog that cannot blush,
This most incredible lie would call up one
On thy buttermilk cheeks.
Mar. Shall I not trust my eyes, sir,

Or taste? I feel her good cheer in my belly.
Sir G. You shall feel me, if you give not over, sirrah:
Recover your brains again, and be no more gulled
With a beggar's plot, assisted by the aids
Of serving-men and chambermaids;
Or I'll quit you
From my employments.
Mar. Will you credit this yet?
On my confidence of their marriage, I offered Wellborn—
I'd give a crown now I durst say his worship,— [*Aside.*
My nag and twenty pounds.
Sir G. Did you so, idiot?
[*Strikes him—Marrall retreats to* R.
Was this the way to work him to despair,
Or rather to cross me? [*Beats him.*
Mar. Will your worship kill me?
Sir G. No, no; but drive the lying spirit out of you.
Mar. He's gone.
Sir G. I've done, then. Now, forgetting
Your late imaginary feast and lady,
Know, my Lord Lovell dines with me to-morrow:
Be careful naught be wanting to receive him;
And bid my daughter's women trim her up;
Though they paint her, so she catch the lord, I 'll thank 'em.
There's a piece, for my late blows. [*Crosses,* R.
Mar. [*Aside,* L.) I may yet cry quittance;
There may be a time—
Sir G. (R.) Do you grumble?
Mar. No, sir. [*Exeunt,* R.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

Scene I.—*The Skirts of Lady Allworth's Park.*

Enter Lovell *and* Allworth, L.

Lov. [*Speaking off as he enters.*] Drive the coach round the hill: something in private
I must impart to Allworth.

All. (L. C.) Oh, my lord,
What sacrifice of rev'rence, duty, watching,
Although I could put off the use of sleep,
And ever wait on your commands to serve 'em;
What dangers, though in ne'er so horrid shapes,
Nay, death itself, though I should run to meet it,
Can I, and with a thankful willingness, suffer;
But still the retribution will fall short
Of your bounties showered upon me!

Lov. (R. C.) Nay, good youth,
Till what I purpose be put into act,
Do not o'erprize it. Since you've trusted me
With your soul's nearest, nay, her dearest secret,
Rest confident, 'tis in a cabinet locked
Treachery shall never open. I have found you
More zealous in your love and service to me,
Than I have been in my rewards.

All. Still great ones,
Above my merit,
You have been
More like a father to me than a master:
'Pray you, pardon the comparison.

Lov. I allow it;
And to give you assurance that I am pleased in't,
My carriage and demeanour to your mistress,
Fair Margaret, shall truly witness for me,
I can command my passions.

All. 'Tis a conquest
Few men can boast of, when they are tempted.—Oh!

Lov. Why do you sigh? Can you be doubtful of me?
By that fair name I in the wars have purchased,
And all my actions, hitherto untainted,
I will not be more true to mine own honour,
Than to thee, Allworth!

All. Were you to encounter with a single foe,
The victory were certain: but to stand
The charge of two such potent enemies,
At once assaulting you, as wealth and beauty,
And those, too, seconded with power, is odds
Too great for Hercules.

Lov. Speak your doubts and fears,
Since you will nourish 'em, in plainer language,

That I may understand 'em.

All. My much-loved lord, were Margaret only fair,
You might command your passion;
But, when the well-tuned accents of her tongue
Make music to you, and with numerous sounds
Assault your hearing,
Hippolytus himself would leave Diana,
To follow such a Venus.

Lov. Love hath made you
Poetical, Allworth.

All. Grant all these beat off,
(Which if it be in man to do, you'll do it,)
Mammon, in Sir Giles Overreach, steps in
With heaps of ill-got gold, and as much land
As would tire
A falcon's wings, in one day to fly over.
I here release your trust:
'Tis happiness enough for me to serve you,
And sometimes, with chaste eyes, to look upon her.

Lov. Why, shall I swear?

All. Oh, by no means, my lord!

Lov. Suspend
Your judgment till the trial. How far is't
To Overreach's house?

All. At the most, some half hour's riding;
You'll soon be there.

Lov. And you the sooner freed
From your jealous fears.

All. Oh, that I durst but hope it! [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE II.—*The Hall in Sir Giles's House.*

Enter SIR GILES, GREEDY, *and* MARRALL, L. U. E.—*Sir Giles and Mar. remain up Stage.—Greedy advances to front.*

Sir G (c.) Spare for no cost; let my dressers crack with the weight
Of curious viands.

Gree. Store indeed's no sore, sir.

Sir G. That proverb fits your stomach, Master Greedy.

Gree. (c.) It does indeed, Sir Giles; I do not like to see a table ill-spread, poor, meagre, just sprinkled o'er with salad, sliced beef, giblets, and pig's pettitoes. But the

substantials!—Oh, Sir Giles, the substantials! The state of a fat turkey, now! the decorum, the grandeur he marches in with! Oh, I declare, I do much honour a chine of beef! Oh, I do reverence a loin of veal!

Sir G. And let no plate be seen, but what's pure gold,
Or such whose workmanship exceeds the matter
That it is made of: let my choicest linen
Perfume the room; and, when we wash, the water,
With precious powders mixed, so please my lord,
That he may with envy wish to bathe so ever.

Mar. (L.) 'Twill be very chargeable.

Sir G Avaunt, you drudge!
Now all my laboured ends are at the stake,
Is't a time to think of thrift? Call in my daughter,
Call in my daughter. [*Exit Marrall*, L.
And, Master Justice, since you love choice dishes,
And plenty of 'em—

Gree. As I do, indeed, sir,
Almost as much as to give thanks for them.

Sir G. I do confer that providence, with my power
Of absolute command to have abundance,
To your best care.

Gree. I'll punctually discharge it,
And give the best directions.—
[*Sir Giles retires up the Stage.*
Now am I,
In mine own conceit, a monarch; at the least,
Arch-president of the boiled, the roast, the baked;—
I'd not exchange my throne for the Great Mogul's;
For which I will eat often; and give thanks,
When my belly's braced up like a drum; and that's pure justice. [*Exit*, R.

Sir G. [*Advancing.*] It must be so: should the foolish girl prove modest,
She may spoil all; she had it not from me,
But from her mother: I was ever forward,
As she must be; and therefore I'll prepare her.

Enter Marrall, *followed by* Margaret, *and two female Attendants*, L.

Alone, Margaret—
Alone—and let your women wait without.

[*Exeunt Women and Marrall*, L. U. E.

Marg. (L.) Your pleasure, sir?

Sir G. (R.) Ha! this is a neat dressing!

[*Walks round her, and remains on her* L.

These orient pearls and diamonds well placed, too!
The gown affects me not,—it should have been
Embroidered o'er and o'er with flowers of gold;
But these rich jewels and quaint fashion help it.
How like you your new woman,
The Lady Downfallen?

Marg. Well, for a companion;
Not as a servant.

Sir G. Is she humble, Meg,
And careful, too, her ladyship forgotten?

Marg. I pity her fortune.

Sir G. Pity her! Trample on her.
I took her up in an old tamin gown,
E'en starved for very want of food, to serve thee;
And if I understand she but repines
To do thee any duty, though ne'er so servile,
I'll pack her to her knight, where I have lodged him,
Into the counter, and there let 'em howl together.

Marg. You know your own ways; but for me, I blush
When I command her, that was once attended
With persons not inferior to myself
In birth.

Sir G. In birth! Why, art thou not my daughter,
The blest child of my industry and wealth?
Part with these humble thoughts, and apt thyself
To the noble state I labour to advance thee;
Or, by my hopes to see thee honourable,
I will adopt a stranger to my fortunes,
And throw thee from my care. Do not provoke me.

Marg. I will not, sir; mould me which way you please

Enter Greedy, R., *with a napkin round his neck, and a dumpling in his hand.*

Gree. Sir Giles, Sir Giles—

Sir G. How! interrupted? [*Crosses to him.*

Gree. (R.) 'Tis matter of importance.
The cook, sir, is self-willed, and will not learn
From my experience. There's a fawn brought in, sir,

And, for my life, I cannot make him roast it whole,
With a Norfolk dumpling in the belly of it:
And, sir, we wise men know, without the dumpling
'Tis not worth three-pence.

Sir G. (c.) Would it were whole in thy belly,
To stuff it out! Cook it any way: pr'ythee, leave me.

Gree. Without order for the dumpling?

Sir G. Let it be dumpled
Which way thou wilt; or tell him, I will scald him
In his own caldron.

Gree. I had lost my stomach,
Had I lost my dumpling. [*Exit*, R.

Sir G. But to our business, Meg:—You've heard who dines here?

Marg. (L.) I have, sir.

Sir G. 'Tis an honourable man;
A lord, Meg, and commands a regiment
Of soldiers; and, what's rare, is one himself,
A bold and understanding one; and to be
A lord, and a good leader, in one volume,
Is granted unto few, but such as rise up
The kingdom's glory.

Re-enter GREEDY, R., *with a toast and fork.*

Gree. (R.) I'll resign my office,
If I be not better obeyed,

Sir G. [*Turning suddenly to him.*] 'Slight, art thou frantic?

Gree. (R. c.) Frantic! 'twould make me frantic, and stark mad,
Were I not a justice of peace and quorum too:
Which this rebellious cook cares not a straw for.
There are a dozen of woodcocks—
He has found out
A new device for sauce, and will not dish 'em
With toasts and butter.

Sir G. [*Crosses*, R., *behind.*] Cook!—Rogue, obey him!
I've given the word: pray, now remove yourself,
To a collar of brawn, and trouble me no further.

Gree. I will, and meditate what to eat at dinner.
[*Exit*, R.

Sir G. And as I said, Meg, when this gull disturbed us,

This honourable lord, this colonel,
I would have thy husband.
Marg. There's too much disparity
Between his quality and mine, to hope it.
Sir G. I more than hope, and doubt not to effect it,
Be thou no enemy to thyself: my wealth
Shall weigh his titles down, and make you equals.
Now for the means to assure him thine, observe me:
Remember, he's a courtier, and a soldier,
And not to be trifled with; and, therefore, when
He comes to woo you, see you do not coy it:
This mincing modesty hath spoiled many a match
By a first refusal, in vain after hoped for.
Marg. You'll have me, sir, preserve the distance that
Confines a virgin?
Sir G. Virgin me no virgins!
I must have you lose that name, or you lose me;
I'll have you private—start not—I say, private:
If you are my true daughter,
You'll venture alone with one man, though he came
Like Jupiter to Semele, and come off, too:
And therefore, when he kisses you, kiss close.
Marg. I've heard this is the wanton's fashion, sir,
Which I must never learn.
Sir G. (R.) Learn anything,
And from any creature, that may make thee great;
E'en from the devil himself: stand not on form;
Words are no substances.
Marg. (L.) With your leave, sir—in worldly policy,
This is not the way to make me his wife:
My virgin scruples overcome so soon,
Cannot but assure him,
I, that am light to him, will not hold weight
Whene'er by others tempted: so, in judgment,
If, to obey you, I forget my honour,
He must and will forsake me.
Sir G. How! forsake thee!
Do I wear a sword for fashion? or is this arm
Shrunk up, or withered? Does there live a man,
Of that large list I have encountered with,
Can truly say I e'er gave inch of ground
Not purchased with his blood that did oppose me?

Forsake thee !—He dares not.
Though all his captains, echoes to his will,
Stood armed by his side, to justify the wrong,—
Spite of his lordship, and his colonelship,
Or the judge's favour,—I would make him render
A bloody and a strict account, and force him,
By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded honour.
Meg, I have said it. [*Crosses,* R.

Enter MARRALL, *hastily,* L. U. E.

Mar. Sir, sir, the man of honour's come,
Newly alighted.
Sir G. In there, without reply, and wait my call:
And do as I command, or thou art lost. [*Exit Margaret,* R.
What! is the loud music I gave orders for,
Ready to receive him?
Mar. (L.) 'Tis, sir.
Sir G. (R.) Let them sound
A princely welcome. [*Exit Marrall,* L. U. E.
Roughness, awhile leave me:
For fawning now, a stranger to my nature,
Must make way for me. [*Music.*

Enter MARRALL, LOVELL, *and* ALLWORTH, L. U. E., *preceded and followed by Servants.*

Lov. (L. C.) Sir, you meet your trouble.
Sir G. What you are pleased to style so, is an honour
Above my worth and fortunes.
All. [*Aside.*] Strange! so humble!

Re-enter GREEDY, R., *with a napkin under his chin.*

Sir G. Faugh! [*Points to napkin, which Greedy instantly snatches off, and puts behind him.*] A justice of peace, my lord. [*Presents Greedy to him.*
Lov. (L.) Your hand, good sir.
Gree. (C.) [*Aside.*] This is a lord: some would think this a favour;
But I had rather have my hand in my dumpling.
Sir G. (R.) Room for my lord.
Lov. I miss, sir, your fair daughter,
To crown my welcome.
Sir G. May it please my lord

To taste a glass of Greek wine first; and suddenly
She shall attend, my lord.
Lov. You'll be obeyed, sir. [*Exeunt all but Sir Giles*, L.
Sir G. 'Tis to my wish; as soon as come, ask for her!
Why, Meg! Meg Overreach!

Re-enter MARGARET, R.

How! tears in your eyes!
Hah! dry 'em quickly, or I'll dig 'em out.
Is this a time to whimper? meet that greatness
That flies into thy bosom: think what 'tis
For me to say, My honourable daughter!
No more; but be instructed, or expect—
He comes.

Re-enter LOVELL, ALLWORTH, GREEDY, *and* MARRALL, L.

A well-formed girl, my lord.
Lov. [*Crosses to Margaret.*] As I live, a rare one!
[*Salutes her.*
All. [*Aside.*] He's ta'en already: I am lost.
Sir G. That kiss
Came twanging off; I like it;—Quit the room.
[*Exeunt Greedy, Marrall, and Allworth*, R.
A little bashful, my good lord, but you,
I hope, will teach her boldness.
Lov. I am happy
In such a scholar; but—
Sir G. I am too old to learn,
And therefore leave you to yourselves. [*Crosses*, R.] Remember! [*Aside to Margaret and exit*, R.
Lov. You see, fair lady, your father is solicitous
To have you change the barren name of virgin
Into a hopeful wife.
Marg. His haste, my lord,
Holds no power o'er my will.
Lov. But o'er your duty.
Marg. (R.) Which, forced too much, may break.
Lov. (L.) Bend, rather, sweetest:
Think of your years.
Marg. Too few to match with yours.
Lov. I can advance you.
Marg. To a hill of sorrow:

Where every hour I may expect to fall,
But never hope firm footing. You are noble,—
I of a low descent, however rich;
Oh, my good lord, I could say more, but that
I may not trust these walls.

Lov. Pray you, trust my ear, then.

[*They whisper up the Stage.*

Re-enter Sir Giles, *listening*, R.

Sir G. Close at it! whispering!—this is excellent!
And, by their postures, a consent on both parts.

Re-enter Greedy, R.

Gree. Sir Giles! Sir Giles!

Sir G. [*Coming down.*] The great fiend stop that clapper!

Gree. It must ring out, sir, when my belly rings noon.
The baked meats are run out, the roast turned powder.

Sir G. (R. C.) Stop your insatiate jaws, or
I shall powder you.

Gree. (R.) Beat me to dust, I care not;
In such a cause as this, I'll die a martyr.

Sir G. Disturb my lord,
When he is in discourse?

Gree. Is't a time to talk
When we should be munching?

Sir G. Mum, villain; vanish! Shall we break a bargain
Almost made up? [*Exit, thrusting Greedy off before him,* R.

Lov. Lady, I understand you,
And wish you happy in your choice; believe it,
I'll be a careful pilot to direct
Your yet uncertain bark to a port of safety.

Marg. So shall your honour save two lives, and bind us
Your slaves forever.

Lov. I'm in the act rewarded,
Since it is good: howe'er, you must put on
An amorous carriage towards me, till our purpose
Be brought to the wished end.

Marg. I'm prone to that.

Lov. Now break we off our conference.—Sir Giles!
Where is Sir Giles? [*Coming forward.*

Enter SIR GILES, ALLWORTH, GREEDY, *and* MARRALL, R. *Allworth crosses behind to* L.

Sir G. My noble lord; and how
Does your lordship find her?
Lov. Apt, Sir Giles, and coming;
And I like her the better.
Sir G. [*Aside.*] So do I too.
Lov. Yet should we take forts at the first assault,
'Twere poor in the defendant: I will confirm her
With a love-letter or two, which I shall have
Delivered by my page: we must, for form, give way to't.
Sir G. With all my soul. [*Crosses to Allworth,* L.
A towardly gentleman!
Your hand, good Master Allworth: know my house
Is ever open to you.
All. [*Aside.*] 'Twas shut till now.
Sir G. [*To Margaret.*] Well done, well done, my honourable daughter!
Thou'rt so already; [*Puts her over to Allworth.*] know this gentle youth,
And cherish him, my honourable daughter!
Marg. [*Crosses to Allworth.*] I shall, with my best care.
Servants. [*Without,* L.] Room, room—make way there for my lady.
Sir G. What noise?
Gree. More stops
Before we go to dinner! Oh, my guts!

Enter Six Servants, LADY ALLWORTH, *and* WELLBORN, L.

Lady A. (L. C.) [*To Wellborn.*] If I find welcome,
You shall share in't; if not, I'll back again;
For I come armed for all can be objected.
Lov. How! the Lady Allworth! [*Crosses to her.*
Sir G. And thus attended!
[*Marrall and Sir Giles a little up the Stage.*
Mar. No, I am a dolt,
The spirit of lies hath entered me.
Lov. Noble lady,
This is a favour, to prevent* my visit,
The service of my life can never equal.

* To prevent my visit, i. e. to anticipate it.

Lady A. My lord, I laid wait for you; and much hoped
You would have made my poor house your first inn;
And therefore, doubting that you might forget me,
I borrowed so much from my long restraint,
And took the air, in person to invite you.
Lov. Your bounties are so great, they rob me, madam,
Of words to give you thanks.
Lady A. Good Sir Giles Overreach. [*Bows to him.*
How dost thou, Marrall?—Liked you my meat so ill,
You'll dine no more with me?
Gree. (R.) I will, when you please,
An it like your ladyship.
Lady A. When you please, Master Greedy;
If meat can do't, you shall be satisfied.
And now, my lord, pray take into your knowledge
This gentleman: howe'er his outside's coarse,
[*Presents Wellborn, who stands,* L.
His inward linings are as fine and fair
As any man's:
And howsoe'er his humour carries him
To be thus accoutred, or what taint soe'er,
For his wild life, hath stuck upon his fame,
He may, ere long, with boldness rank himself
With some that have contemned him. Sir Giles Overreach,
If I am welcome, bid him so.
Sir G. My nephew! [*Crosses to Wellborn,* L.
He has been too long a stranger: faith you have:
Pray, let it be mended.
[*All converse apart but Sir Giles and Marrall.*
Mar. Why, sir, what do you mean?
This is rogue Wellborn, monster, prodigy,
No man of worship,
Much less your nephew.
Sir G. Well, sirrah, we shall reckon
For this hereafter. [*Crosses,* R.
Mar. I'll not lose my jeer,
Though I be beaten dead for't. [*Retires up the Stage.*
Well. [*Advancing.*] Let my silence plead
In my excuse, my lord, till better leisure
Offer itself, to hear a full relation
Of my poor fortunes. [*Aside to Lovell.*

Lov. I would hear, and help them. [*Bell rings*, R.
Gree. Ah! [*Runs about.*
Sir G. Your dinner waits you.
Lov. Pray you, lead; we follow.
Lady A. Dear Master Wellborn, come.—You are my guest.
[*Takes Wellborn's hand.—Music.—Exeunt all but Greedy*, L.
Gree. Dear Master Wellborn! so she said: Heaven, heaven!
If my belly would give me leave, I could ruminate
All day on this: I've granted twenty warrants
To have him committed, from all the prisons in the shire,
To Nottingham gaol! And now, "Dear Master Wellborn!"
And, "My good nephew!"—But I play the fool,
To stand here prating, and forget my dinner. [*Going*, R.

Re-enter MARRALL, R., *meeting Greedy.*

Are they set, Marrall?
Mar. (R. C.) Long since. [*Greedy going*, R., *Marrall stops him.*] Pray you, a word, sir.
Gree. (L. C.) No wording now.
Mar. In troth, I must: my master,
Knowing you are his good friend, makes bold with you,
And does entreat you, more guests being come in
Than he expected, especially his nephew,
The table being full too, you would excuse him,
And wait to sup with him on the cold meat.
Gree. How! no dinner,
After all my care?
Mar. 'Tis but a penance for
A meal; besides, you broke your fast.
Gree. That was
But a bit to stay my stomach. A man in commission
Give place to a tatterdemalion?
Mar. No big words, sir!
Should his worship hear you—
Gree. Lose my dumpling too,
And buttered toast and woodcocks!
Mar. Come, have patience.
If you will dispense a little with your justiceship,

And sit with the maids below there, you'll have dumpling, Woodcock, and buttered toast too, by and by.

Gree. This revives me:
I will gorge there sufficiently.

Mar. There's your way, sir. [*Exit*, R.

Gree. I fear, we shall have but short commons below. I am no cameleon, to feed on air; nor Frenchman, to feast on a soused frog, or regale on an ounce of beef in a Mediterranean sea of soup: I love to see the board well spread, groaning under its savoury burden, smoking hot, from spit, furnace, and caldron.—Odds me, Sir Giles! [*Exit*, L.

Enter Sir Giles, R.

Sir G. She's caught! Oh, woman! What, neglect my lord,
And all her compliments apply to Wellborn!
In the wine she drinks,
He being her pledge, she sends him burning kisses,
And sits on thorns till she be private with him.
But why grieve I
At this? It makes for me: if she prove his,
All that is hers is mine, as I will work him.

Enter Marrall, R.

Mar. (R. C.) Sir, the whole board is troubled at your rising.

Sir G. (L. C.) No matter, I'll excuse it. Pr'ythee, Marrall,
Watch an occasion to invite my nephew
To speak with me in private.

Mar. Who! the rogue
The lady scorned to look on?

Sir G. Sirrah, Sirrah! [*Crosses to meet Lovell.*

Enter Lovell, Margaret, *and* Allworth, R.

[*To Lovell*, L. C.] My good lord, excuse my manners.

Lov. (C.) There needs none, Sir Giles;
I may ere long say—father, when it please
My dearest mistress to give warrant to it.

Sir G. She shall seal to it, my lord, and make me happy.

Lady A. [*Without.*] Nay, Master Wellborn—

Sir G. Grosser and grosser!

[*Going*, L.—*Marrall crosses behind*, R., *and Margaret goes* R. *of Allworth.*

Enter LADY ALLWORTH, WELLBORN, *and Servants*, R.

Lady A. (R.) Provide my coach,
I'll instantly away;—my thanks, Sir Giles,
For my entertainment. [*Marrall whispers Wellborn*, R.
Sir G. 'Tis your nobleness,
To think it such.
Lady A. I must do you a further wrong,
In taking away your honourable guest.
Lov. I wait on you, madam; farewell, good Sir Giles.
Lady A. Nay, come, Master Wellborn,—
[*Exit Marrall*, R.
I must not leave you behind; in sooth, I must not.
Sir G. [*Crosses to Lady A.*, R.] Rob me not, madam, of all joys at once:
Let my nephew stay behind: he shall have my coach,
And, after some small conference between us,
Soon overtake your ladyship.
Lady A. Stay not long, sir.
Lov. Farewell, dear Margaret! You shall every day
Hear from your servant, by my faithful page.
All. 'Tis a service I am proud of.
[*Music.—Exeunt all but Sir Giles, Wellborn and Margaret*, L. U. E.
Sir G. (L. C.) Daughter, to your chamber.
[*Exit Margaret*, L.
You may wonder, nephew,
After so long an enmity between us,
I should desire your friendship.
Well. (R.) So I do, sir;
'Tis strange to me.
Sir G. (L.) But I'll make it no wonder;
And, what is more, unfold my nature to you.
We worldly men, when we see friends and kinsmen,
Past hope sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand
To lift them up, but rather set our feet
Upon their heads, to press them to the bottom;
As, I must yield, with you I practised it;
But, now I see you in a way to rise,

I can and will assist you. This rich lady,
(And I am glad of 't,) is enamoured of you.
[*Wellborn shakes his head.*
'Tis too apparent, nephew.
Well. No such thing!
Compassion, rather, sir.
Sir G. Well, in a word,
Because your stay is short, I'll have you seen
No more in this base shape; nor shall she say,
She married you like a beggar, or in debt.
Well. [*Aside.*] He'll run into the noose, and save my labour.
Sir G. You have a trunk of rich clothes, not far hence,
In pawn; I will redeem 'em; and, that no clamour
May taint your credit for your petty debts,
You shall have wherewithal to cut 'em off,
And go a free man to the wealthy lady.
Well. This done, sir, out of love, and no ends else—
Sir G. As it is, nephew.
Well. Binds me still your servant.
Sir G. No compliments: you're staid for. Ere you've supped,
You shall hear from me. My coach, knaves, for my nephew!
To-morrow I will visit you.
Well. Here's an uncle [*Crosses,* L.
In a man's extremes! How much they do belie you,
That say you are hard-hearted!
Sir G. My deeds, nephew,
Shall speak my love; what men report, I weigh not.
[*Exeunt, Wellborn,* L., *Sir Giles,* R.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

Scene I.—*A Room in Lady Allworth's House.—Table and two Chairs, Pens, Ink, Paper, Wax, and lighted Taper.* Lovell *seated,* R., *sealing a letter, and* Allworth *waiting on him, discovered.*

Lov. (R.) 'Tis well.—May this succeed!

I now discharge you
From further service: mind your own affairs;
I hope they'll prove successful.
All. (L.) What is blest
With your good wish, my lord, cannot but prosper.
Let after-times report, and to your honour,
How much I stand engaged, for I want language
To speak my debt: yet, if a tear or two
Of joy, for your much goodness, can supply
My tongue's defects, I could—
Lov. Nay, do not melt;
This ceremonial thanks, to me's superfluous.
Sir G. [*Without*, L.) Is my lord stirring?
Lov. 'Tis he! Oh, here's your letter. [*Takes the letter from the table and gives it to Allworth.*] Let him in.
[*Allworth opens the door*, L., *and stands retired.*

Enter Sir Giles, Greedy, *and* Marrall, L.

Sir G. A good day to my lord!
Lov. You are an early riser,
Sir Giles.
Sir G. And reason, to attend your lordship.
Lov. (R.) And you, too, Master Greedy, up so soon!
Gree. (L. C.) In troth, my lord, after the sun is up,
I cannot sleep: for I've a foolish stomach
That croaks for breakfast. With your lordship's favour,
[*Crosses to Lovell*, R. C.
I have a serious question to demand
Of my worthy friend, Sir Giles.
Lov. Pray you, use your pleasure. [*Retires up.*
Gree. (R. C.) How far, Sir Giles, and pray you, answer me
Upon your credit, hold you it to be
From your manor-house to this of my Lady Allworth's?
Sir G. (L. C.) Why, some four mile.
Gree. How! four mile, good Sir Giles—
Upon your reputation, think better;
For four miles riding
Could not have raised so huge an appetite
As I feel gnawing on me. [*Retiring back.*
Mar. (L.) Whether you ride

Or go afoot, you're that way still provided,
An't please your worship.
Sir G. [*Coming in*, c.) How now, sirrah? prating
Before my lord! no deference! Go to my nephew,
See all his debts discharged, and help his worship
To fit on his rich suit.
Mar. [*Aside.*] I may fit you too. [*Exit*, L.
Lov. I have writ this morning
A few lines to my mistress, your fair daughter.
Sir G. 'Twill fire her, for she's wholly yours already.
Sweet Master Allworth, take my ring; 'twill carry you
To her presence, I dare warrant you; and there plead
For my good lord, if you shall find occasion.
That done, pray ride to Nottingham, get a license,
Still by this token.—[*To Lovell.*] I will have't dispatched,
And suddenly, my lord, that I may say,
My honourable, nay, right honourable daughter.
Gree. [*Stopping Allworth, who is crossing towards* L.]
Take my advice, young gentleman; get your breakfast;
'Tis unwholesome to ride fasting; I'll eat with you,
And that abundantly.
Sir G. Some Fury's in that gut:
Hungry again! did you not devour this morning
A shield of brawn, and a barrel of Colchester oysters?
Gree. Why, that was, sir, only to scour my stomach,
A kind of preparative.
Lov. Haste your return.
All. I will not fail, my lord. [*Exit*, L.
Gree. Nor I, to line
My Christmas coffer. [*Exit*, L.
Sir G. (L.) To my wish; [*They sit.*] we're private.
I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion, that were poor and trivial:
In one word I pronounce, all that is mine,
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you: nor shall you have
One motive to induce you to believe
I live too long; since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours, too.
Lov. (R.) You are a right kind father.
Sir G. You shall have reason
To think me such.

How do you like this seat of Lady Allworth's?
It is well wooded and well watered, the acres
Fertile and rich; would it not serve, for change,
To entertain your friends in a summer progress?
What thinks my noble lord?

Lov. 'Tis a wholesome air,
And well-built pile: and she that's mistress of it,
Worthy the large revenue.

Sir G. She the mistress!
It may be so for a time; but, let my lord
Say, only that he likes it, and would have it,
I say, ere long 'tis his.

Lov. Impossible!

Sir G. You do conclude too fast, not knowing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
The Lady Allworth's lands—for those, once Wellborn's,
As, by her dotage on him, I know they will be,
Shall soon be mine;—but point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient
And useful for your lordship, and once more
I say aloud, they're yours. [*They rise.*

Lov. (c.) I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted:
My fame and credit are more dear to me,
Than so to expose 'em to be censured by
The public voice.

Sir G. You run, my lord, no hazard.
[*Leans on the back of the chair.*
Your reputation shall still stand as fair
In all good men's opinions, as now:
For, though I do contemn report myself,
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you, in all points of honour,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame
Shall ne'er be sullied with one taint or spot.
All my ambition is, to have my daughter
Right honourable, which my lord can make her;
And, might I live to dance upon my knee
A young Lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.

Lov. Are you not frighted with the imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices?

Sir G. Yes, as rocks are,
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.
I'm of a solid temper, and, like these,
Steer on a constant course.
Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows' cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm
Makes me insensible of remorse or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.

Lov. I admire
The toughness of your nature.

Sir G. 'Tis for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble;
Nay, more, if you will have my character
In little, I enjoy more true delight
In my arrival to my wealth these dark
And crooked ways, than you shall e'er take pleasure
In spending what my industry hath compassed.
My haste commands me hence; in one word, therefore,
Is it a match, my lord?

Lov. I hope, that is past doubt now.

Sir G. Then rest secure; not the hate of all mankind here,
Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,
Shall make me study aught but your advancement
One story higher: an earl! if gold can do it.
Dispute not my religion, nor my faith;
Though I am borne thus headlong by my will,
You may make choice of what belief you please,
To me they're equal; so, my lord, good morrow.
[*Exit*, L.

Lov. He's gone: I wonder how the earth can bear him!
I, that have lived a soldier,
And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,
To hear this blasphemous monster, am all bathed
In a cold sweat: yet, like a mountain, he
Is no more shaken than Olympus is
When angry Boreas loads his double head
With sudden drifts of snow.

Enter LADY ALLWORTH, C.

Lady A. [*Advancing*, R.) Save you, my lord!
Disturb I not your privacy?
Lov. (L.) No, good madam;
For your own sake, I'm glad you came no sooner,
Since this bold, bad man, Sir Giles Overreach,
Made such a plain discovery of himself,
And read this morning such a devilish matins,
That I should think it a sin next to his
But to repeat it.
Lady A. I ne'er pressed, my lord,
On others' privacy; yet, against my will,
Walking for health's sake, in the gallery here,
I was made,
So loud and vehement he was, partaker
Of his tempting offers.
But, my good lord, if I may use my freedom,
As to an honoured friend—
Lov. You lessen else
Your favour to me.
Lady A. I dare, then, say thus:
However common men
Make sordid wealth the object and sole end
Of their industrious aims, 'twill not agree
With those of noble blood, of fame, and honour.
Lov. Madam, 'tis confessed:
But what infer you from it?
Lady A. This, my lord:
I allow the heir of Sir Giles Overreach, Margaret,
A maid well qualified, and the richest match
Our north part can make boast of; yet she cannot,
With all that she brings with her, stop their mouths
That never will forget who was her father;
Or that my husband Allworth's lands, and Wellborn's,
(How wrung from both, needs no repetition,)
Were real motives that more worked your lordship
To join your families, than her form and virtues:
You may conceive the rest.
Lov. I do, good madam,
And long since have considered it. I know,
The sum of all that makes a just man happy,

Consists in the well choosing of his wife:
And 'tis my resolution ne'er to wed
With the rich Margaret, Overreach's daughter.
Lady A. [*Aside.*] I am glad to hear this.—
Why, then, my lord, pretend your marriage to her?
Dissimulation but ties false knots
On that straight line, by which you hitherto
Have measured all your actions.
Lov. I make answer,
And aptly, with a question. Wherefore have you,
That, since your husband's death, have lived a strict
And chaste nun's life, on the sudden given yourself
To visits and entertainments? Think you, madam,
'Tis not grown public conference? or the favours
Which you so prodigally have thrown on Wellborn,
Incur not censure?
Lady A. I'm innocent here; and, on my life, I swear,
My ends are good.
Lov. So, on my soul, are mine
To Margaret:
And, since this friendly privacy does serve
As a fair offered means unto ourselves
To search each other further—you having shown
Your care of me, I, my respect to you—
Deny me not, I dare not yet say more,
An afternoon's discourse.
Lady A. Affected coyness might deny your suit;
But, such your honour, frankness shall become me,
And bid my tongue avow my honest heart:
I shall attend your lordship.
Lov. My heart thanks you.

[*Exeunt, Lovell,* L., *Lady Allworth,* C.

Scene II.—*A Village.*

Enter Froth *and* Tapwell *from the House,* L. S. E.

Tap. (L. C.) Undone, undone! This was your counsel, Froth.
Froth. (L.) Mine! I defy thee: did not Master Marrall—
He has marred all, I am sure—strictly command us,

On pain of Sir Giles Overreach's displeasure,
To turn the gentleman out of doors?

Tap. (R. C.) 'Tis true:
But now he's his uncle's darling; and has got
Master Justice Greedy, since he filled his belly,
At his commandment to do anything.
Woe, woe to us!

Froth. (L. C.) He may prove merciful.

Tap. Troth, we do not deserve it at his hands.

Froth. Then, he knows all the passages of our house;
As the receiving of stolen goods, and so forth.
When he was rogue Wellborn, no man would believe him;
And then his information could not hurt us;
But now he is right worshipful again,
Who dares but doubt his testimony?

Tap. Undone, undone! Methinks
I see thee, Froth, already in a cart;
And my hand hissing,
If I 'scape the halter, with the letter R
Printed upon it.

Froth. 'Would that were the worst!
That were but nine days' wonder. As for credit,
We've none to lose; but we shall lose his custom:
And there's the devil of it.

Tap. He has summoned all his creditors by the drum;
'Tis said, he has found out such a NEW WAY
TO PAY HIS OLD DEBTS, as, 'tis very likely,
He shall be chronicled for it.

Froth. But are you sure his worship
Comes this way to my lady's?

[*Drum, and cry without*, L. U. E., *of*—" Brave Master Wellborn!"

Tap. Hark, I hear him.

Froth. Be ready with your petition, and present it
To his good grace. [*Drum and cry again*, L. U. E.

Enter GREEDY, WELLBORN *in a rich habit*, MARRALL—VINTNER, TAILOR, *with other Creditors*—ORDER, FURNACE, AMBLE, L. U. E.—*Tapwell and Froth, kneeling, deliver a Petition.*

Well. (C.) How's this? petitioned too!

But note what miracles the payment of
A little trash, and a rich suit of clothes,
Can work upon these rascals! I shall be,
I think, Prince Wellborn.
Mar. (L. C.) When your worship's married,
You may be:—I know what I hope to see you.
Well. Then look thou for advancement.
Mar. To be known
Your worship's bailiff, is the mark I shoot at.
Well. And thou shalt hit it.
Mar. Pray you, sir, dispatch
These needy followers: and for my admittance,
[*Tapwell and Froth flattering Greedy*, R.
Provided you'll defend me from Sir Giles,
Whose service I am weary of, I'll say something
You shall give thanks for.
Well. Fear not Sir Giles.
[*Wellborn and Marrall retire*, L., *and converse apart.*
Gree. [*Brings Tapwell and Froth*, C.] Who?
Tapwell—I remember; thy wife brought me,
Last new-year's tide, a couple of fat turkeys.
Tap. And shall do, every Christmas, let your worship
But stand my friend now.
Gree. How! with Master Wellborn?
I can do anything with him, on such terms.
[*Wellborn advances*, L
See you this honest couple? [*To Wellborn.*] They're good souls
As ever drew out spigot. Have they not
A pair of honest faces?
Well. I o'erheard you,
And the bribe he promised. You are cozened in 'em:
For, of all the scum that grew rich by my riots,
This, for a most unthankful knave, and this,
For a base quean and thief, have worst deserved me;
And therefore speak not for them. By your place,
You're rather to do me justice. Lend me your ear:
Forget his turkeys, and call in his license,
And every season I will send you venison,
To feast a mayor and corporation.
[*Goes a little up, and converses with Marrall.*
Gree. I'm changed o' the sudden in my opinion—Mum.

Come near, [*To Tapwell and Froth,*] nearer, rascal!
And, now I view him better, did you e'er see
One look so like an arch knave? his very countenance,
Should an understanding Judge but look upon him,
Would hang him, though he were innocent.

Tap. & Froth. Worshipful sir—

Gree. No; though the great Turk came, instead of turkeys,
To beg my favour, I'm inexorable.
Thou'st an ill name: I here do damn thy license,
Forbidding thee ever to tap or draw;
For, instantly I will, in mine own person,
Command the constable to pull down thy sign,
And do't before I eat.

Froth. (R.) No mercy?

Gree. Vanish!—
If I show any, may my promised venison choke me!

Tap. Unthankful knaves are ever so rewarded.

[*Crosses behind, and exit with Froth into the House.*

Well. (C.) On, Master Greedy: I'll be with you at dinner.

Gree. (R. C.) For heaven's sake, don't stay long;
'Tis almost ready. [*Exit Greedy,* R.

Well. (C.) Speak: what are you?

Vin. [*Comes down.*] A decayed vintner, sir,
That might have thrived, but that your worship broke me
With trusting you with muscadine and eggs,
And five-pound suppers, with your after-drinkings,
When you lodged upon the Bankside.

Well. I remember.

Vin. I've not been hasty, nor e'er laid to arrest you;
And therefore, sir—

Well. Thou art an honest fellow:
I'll set thee up again: [*Vintner goes up,* C.
[*To Marrall.*] See his bill paid.
[*Tailor advances,* L.] What are you?

Tail. A tailor once, but now mere botcher.
I long time gave you credit for rich clothes:
But, you failing in payment,
I was removed from the shop-board, and confined
Under a stall.

Well. [*To Marrall.*] See him paid: and botch no more.

Tail. I ask no interest, sir.
Well. Such tailors need not;
If their bills are paid in one and twenty years,
They're seldom losers. See these men discharged.
[*Marrall motions to the Creditors to imply he will do so.*
And, since old debts are cleared by a new way,
A little bounty will not misbecome me:
There's something for you all. [*Throws purse to Creditors.*
All the Creditors. Brave Master Wellborn!
[*Drums and shouts—Exeunt Creditors,* L. U. E.
Well. Leave me, good friends: attend upon your lady.
[*Exeunt Amble, Furnace, and Order,* R.
Now, Master Marrall, what's the weighty secret,
You promised to impart?
Mar. Sir, time nor place
Allow me to relate each circumstance;
This only, in a word:—I know Sir Giles
Will come upon you for security
For all the money which he now has lent you;
This you must not consent to:
As he grows in heat, as I am sure he will,
Be you but rough, and say he's in your debt
Ten times the sum, upon sale of your land;—
I'd a hand in't, I speak it to my shame,—
When you were defeated of it.
Well. That's forgiven.
Mar. I shall deserve it:—Then urge him to produce
The deed in which you passed it over to him;
Which, I know, he'll have about him, to deliver
To the Lord Lovell. I'll instruct you further,
As I wait on your worship: if I play not my prize
To your full content, and your uncle's much vexation,
Hang up Jack Marrall.
Well. I rely upon thee. [*Exeunt,* R.

Scene III.—*A Room in Sir Giles's House.—Table and two Chairs—Pen, Ink, and Paper.*

Enter Margaret, *with a letter in her hand, and* Allworth, R.

All. Whether to yield the first praise to my lord's
Unequalled temperance, or your constant sweetness,
I yet rest doubtful.

Marg. Give it to Lord Lovell;
For what in him was bounty, in me's duty.
I make but payment of a debt to which
My vows, in that high office registered,
Are faithful witnesses.
All. 'Tis true, my dearest;
Yet—when I call to mind how many fair ones
Make wilful shipwreck of their faiths and oaths,
To fill the arms of greatness;
While you, with matchless virtue, thus hold out,
Spurning at honour, when it comes to court you—
I am so tender of your good, that faintly
I wish myself that right, you're pleased to do me.
Marg. To me what's title, when content is wanting?
Or the smooth brow, and wealth,
Of a pleased sire that slaves me to his will;
And, so his vain ambition may be feasted
By my obedience, and he see me great,
Leaves to my soul nor faculties nor power
To make her own election?
All. But the dangers
That follow the repulse—
Marg. To me they're nothing:
Let Allworth love, I cannot be unhappy.
Suppose the worst—that, in his rage, he kill me;
A tear or two, by you dropt on my hearse,
In sorrow for my fate, will call back life
So far as but to say, that I die yours;
I then shall rest in peace.
All. Heaven avert
Such trials of your true affection to me!
Nor will it unto you, that are all mercy,
Show so much rigour. But, since we must run
Such desperate hazards, let us do our best
To steer between 'em.
Marg. Lord Lovell is our friend:
And, though but a young actor, second me
In doing to the life what he has plotted.

Enter SIR GILES, R. U. E.

The end may yet prove happy.—[*Aside.*] Now, my Allworth. *Goes up.*

All. [*Aside.*] To your letter, and put on a seeming anger.

Marg. (L.) I'll pay my lord all debts due to his title:
And, when with terms not taking from his honour
He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him;
But, in this peremptory, nay, commanding way,
To fix a time and place, without my knowledge,
A priest to tie the knot can ne'er be undone
Till death unloose it, is a confidence
In his lordship will deceive him. [*Crosses,* R.

All. I hope better, good lady.

Marg. (R.) Hope, sir, what you please; for me,
I must take a safe and secure course; I have
A father, and without his full consent,
Though all lords of the land kneeled for my favour,
I can grant nothing. [*Crosses,* L.

Sir G. [*Aside.*] I like this obedience:
But whatsoe'er my lord writes, must and shall be
Accepted and embraced. Sweet Master Allworth,
You show yourself a true and faithful servant
To your good lord: he has a jewel of you.
How! frowning, Meg? Are these looks to receive
A messenger from my lord? What's this? give me it.

Marg. (L.) A piece of arrogant paper!

Sir G. [*Reads.*] (C.)

> "*Fair mistress, from your servant learn, all joys*
> *That we can hope for, if deferred, prove toys:*
> *Therefore this instant, and in private, meet*
> *A husband, that will gladly at your feet*
> *Lay down his honours, tendering them to you*
> *With all content, the church being paid her due.*"

Is this the arrogant piece of paper? fool!
Will you still be one? I'the name of madness, what
Could his good honour write more to content you?
Is there aught else to be wished, after these two
That are already offered? Marriage first,
And lawful pleasure after:—What would you more?

Marg. Why, sir, I would be married like your daughter,
Not hurried away i'the night I know not whither,
Without all ceremony; no friends invited,
To honour the solemnity.

All. (R. C.) An't please your honour,
For so before to-morrow I must style you,
My lord desires this privacy, in respect
His honourable kinsmen are far off,
And his desires to have it done, brook not
So long delay as to expect their coming;
And yet he stands resolved, with all due pomp,
To have his marriage at court celebrated,
When he has brought your honour up to London.
Sir G. He tells you true; 'tis the fashion, on my knowledge:
Yet the good lord, to please your peevishness,
Must put it off, forsooth!
Marg. I could be contented,
Were you but by, to do a father's part,
And give me in the church.
Sir G. So my lord have you,
What do I care who gives you? Since my lord
Does purpose to be private, I'll not cross him.
I know not, Master Allworth, how my lord
May be provided, and therefore there's a purse
Of gold: 'twill serve this night's expense; to-morrow
I'll furnish him with any sums.
Use my ring to my chaplain; he is beneficed
At my manor of Got'em, and called Parson Willdo:
'Tis no matter for a license; [*Crosses to* R.] I'll bear him out in't.
Marg. With your favour, sir—what warrant is your ring? [*Crosses*, C.
He may suppose I got that twenty ways,
Without your knowledge; and then, to be refused
Were such a stain upon me!—If you pleased, sir,
Your presence would do better.
Sir G. Still perverse!
I say again, I will not cross my lord;
Yet I'll prevent* you, too.—Paper and ink there!
All. Sir, 'tis ready here. [*Goes up to table.*
Sir G. I thank you.—I can write, then, to my chaplain. [*Sits down and writes.*
All. [*Sits.*] Sir, sir,—
You may, if you please, leave out the name of my lord,

* Prevent; that is, I'll anticipate all your objections.

In respect he would be private, and only write—
Marry her to this gentleman.
Sir G. Well advised.
'Tis done!—Away!—[*Gives Allworth the paper—both rise.*
My blessing? Girl, thou hast it!
Nay, no reply, begone:—good Master Allworth,
This shall be the best night's work you ever made.
All. I hope so, sir. [*Exeunt Margaret and Allworth,* L.
Sir G. (C.) Now all's cock-sure.—
Methinks I hear already knights and ladies
Say, Sir Giles Overreach, how is it with
Your honourable daughter?—
My ends, my ends are compassed!—Then, for Wellborn
And the lands—were he once married to the widow—
I have him here—.[*Touching his forehead with his finger.*
I can scarce contain myself,
I am so full of joy; nay, joy all over! [*Exit,* R.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

Scene I.—*The Hall in Lady Allworth's House.—Table and four Chairs.—Screen,* R.

Lovell *and* Lady Allworth *discovered, seated at Table.*

Lady A. (R.) By this you know how strong the motives were,
That did, my lord, induce me to dispense
A little with my gravity, to advance
The plots and projects of the down-trod Wellborn.
Lov. (L.) What you intended, madam,
For the poor gentleman, hath found good success;
For, as I understand, his debts are paid,
And he once more furnished for fair employment:
But all the arts that I have used, to raise
The fortunes of, your joy and mine, young Allworth,
Stand yet in supposition: though I hope well;
For the young lovers are in wit more pregnant
Than their years can promise. [*Both rise.*

Lady A. (R. C.) Though my wishes
Are with yours, my lord; yet give me leave to fear
The building, though well-grounded. To deceive
Sir Giles, that's both a lion and a fox
In his proceedings, were a work beyond
The strongest undertakers; not the trial
Of two weak innocents.

Lov. (L. C.) Despair not, madam:
Hard things are compassed oft by easy means.
The cunning statesman, that believes he fathoms
The counsels of all kingdoms on the earth,
Is by simplicity oft over-reached.

Lady A. May he be so!—
The young ones have my warmest wishes with them.

Lov. Oh, gentle lady, prove as kind to me!
You've deigned to hear, now grant my honest suit.
And, if you may be won to make me happy,
But join your hand to mine, and that shall be
A solemn contract.

Lady A. I were blind to my own good,
Should I refuse it; yet, my lord, receive me
As such a one, the study of whose whole life
Shall know no other object but to please you.

Lov. If I return not, with all tenderness,
Equal respect to you, may I die wretched!

Lady A. There needs no protestation, my lord,
To her that cannot doubt.

Enter WELLBORN, L.

You're welcome, sir:
Now you look like yourself. [*Crosses to Wellborn.*

Well. (L. C.) And will continue
Such, in my free acknowledgment that I am
Your creature, madam—and will never hold
My life mine own, when you please to command it.

Lov. (R. C.) It is a thankfulness that well becomes you.

Lady A. (C.) For me, I am happy
That my endeavours prospered.—Saw you of late
Sir Giles, your uncle?

Well. I heard of him, madam,
By his minister, Marrall. He's grown into strange passions

About his daughter: this last night, he looked for
Your lordship at his house; but, missing you,
And Margaret not appearing, he is coming
To seek her even here at Lady Allworth's.
His wise head is much perplexed and troubled.

Lov. I hope my project took.

Lady A. I strongly hope it.

Sir G. [*Without.*] Ha! find my daughter, thou huge lump of nothing,
I'll bore thine eyes out, else.

Well. May it please your lordship, [*Crosses to Lovell.*
For some ends of mine own, but to withdraw
A little out of sight, though not of hearing,
You may, perhaps, have sport.

Lov. You shall direct me. [*Exit,* R. S. E.

Sir G. [*Without.*] Idiot! booby! booby!

Mar. [*Without.*] Oh, oh, oh!

Sir G. [*Without.*] I shall sol-fa you, rogue!

Mar. [*Without.*] Sir, for what cause
Do you use me thus?

Enter SIR GILES, *with distracted looks, driving in* MARRALL *before him,* L.

Sir G. (C.) Cause, slave! Why, I am angry,
And thou a subject only fit for beating,
And so to cool my choler. Look to the writing:
Let but the seal be broke upon the box,
That has slept in my cabinet these three years,
I'll rack thy soul for't.

Mar. (R. C.) [*Aside.*] I may yet cry quittance;
Though now I suffer, and dare not resist.

Sir G. Lady, by your leave: did you see my daughter, lady?
And the lord her husband? Are they in your house?
If they are, discover, that I may bid 'em joy;
And, as an entrance to her place of honour,
See you, on her left hand, bending down low,
When she nods on you; which you must receive
As a special favour.

Lady A. When I know, Sir Giles,
Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay it;
But, in the meantime,

I give you to understand, I neither know
Nor care where her honour is.
Sir G. When you once see her
Led and supported by the lord her husband,
You'll be taught better. [*Crosses to Wellborn.*] Nephew—
Well. Well?
Sir G. No more!
Well. 'Tis all I owe you.
Sir G. Have your redeemed rags
Made you thus insolent?
Well. Insolent to you!
Why, what are you, sir, pray, unless in years,
More than myself?
Sir G. [*Aside.*] His fortune swells him:—
'Tis rank,—he's married.— [*Crosses,* L.
Sir, in calm language, though I seldom use it,
[*Crosses to Lady Allworth.*
I am familiar with the cause that makes you
Bear up thus bravely; there's a certain buzz
Of a stolen marriage,—do you hear?—of a stolen marriage;
In which, 'tis said, there's somebody hath been cozened;
I name no parties.
Well. (R.) Well, sir, and what follows?
[*Lady Allworth turns away in astonishment.*
Sir G. (C.) Marry, this; since you are so peremptory; remember,
Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent you
Some certain moneys; put me in good security,
And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute,
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you
Dragged in your lavender robes to the gaol; you know me,
And therefore do not trifle.
Well. Can you be
So cruel to your nephew, now he's in
The way to rise? Was this the courtesy
You did me, in pure love, and no ends else?
Sir G. End me no ends! Engage the whole estate,
And force your spouse to sign it,—you shall have
Three or four thousand more, to roar and swagger,
And revel in drunken taverns.

Well. And beg after;—
Mean you not so?
Sir G. My thoughts are mine, and free.
Shall I have security?
Well. No, indeed, you shall not:
Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgement.—
Your great looks fright not me.
Sir G. But my deeds shall.— [*They draw.*
Outbraved!
Lady A. Help! murder! murder!

Enter Amble, Watchall, Order, *and two Servants, with drawn swords,* R.

Well. Let him come on,
Armed with his cut-throat practices to guard him,
With all his wrongs and injuries about him;
The right that I bring with me will defend me,
And punish his extortion.
Sir G. That I had thee
But single in the field!
Lady A. You may; but make not
My house your quarrelling scene.
Sir G. Were't in a church,
By heaven and hell, I'll do't. [*Lady Allworth turns away.*
Mar. [*To Wellborn.*] Now, put him to
The showing of the deed.
Well. This rage is vain, sir;
For fighting, fear not, you shall have your hands full
Upon the least incitement;—and—whereas
You charge me with a debt of moneys to you—
If there be law, howe'er you have no conscience,
Either restore my land, or I'll recover
A debt, that's truly due to me from you,
In value ten times more than what you challenge.
Sir G. I in thy debt! Oh, impudence! did I not purchase
The land left by thy father, that rich land
That had continued in Wellborn's name

Enter two of Sir Giles's Servants with a Box, L.

Twenty descents: which, like a riotous fool,
Thou didst make sale of?—[*To Servants.*] Oh, you're come at last.—

Is not here inclosed
The deed that does confirm it mine?
Mar. Now, now! [*Lady Allworth advances.*
Well. I do acknowledge none: I ne'er passed over
Any such land; I grant, for a year or two,
You had it in trust; which, if you do discharge,
Surrendering the possession, you shall ease
Yourself and me of chargeable suits in law;
Which, if you prove not honest, as I doubt it,
Must of necessity follow.
Lady A. In my judgment,
He does advise you well.
Sir G. Good! good! Conspire
With your new husband, lady; second him
In his dishonest practices: but when
This manor is extended to my use,
You'll speak in an humbler key, and sue for favour.
Lady A. Never: do not hope it.
Well. Let despair first seize me.
Sir G. Yet, to shut up thy mouth, and make thee give
Thyself the lie, the loud lie, I draw out
The precious evidence; if thou canst forswear
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of
Thy ears to the pillory—
[*Two Servants place the box on the table,* L.—*Sir Giles unlocks it, and takes out the Deed.*
See!—here's that will make
My interest clear.—Ha!
Lady A. (L. C.) [*Looking over his shoulder.*] A fair skin of parchment! [*Retreats,* R. C.
Well. (C.) Indented, I confess, and labels, too:
But neither wax, nor words.—How! thunderstruck?
Is this your precious evidence? this, that makes
Your interest clear?
Sir G. (L.) I am overwhelmed with wonder!
What prodigy is this? what subtle devil
Hath razed out the inscription? the wax
Turned into dust?—
Do you deal with witches, rascal?
There is a statute for you, which will bring
Your neck in a hempen circle; yes, there is;—
And, now 'tis better thought for, cheater, know,

This juggling shall not save you.
Well. To save thee,
Would beggar the stock of mercy.
[*Retires with Lady Allworth up the Stage.*
Sir G. Marrall—Marrall!—
Mar. Sir?
Sir G. Though the witnesses are dead, your testimony,
Helped with an oath or two;—and, for thy master,
Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,
I know thou wilt swear anything, to dash
This cunning sleight;—
The deed being drawn, too,
By thee, my careful Marrall, and delivered
When thou wast present,—will make good my title:—
Wilt thou not swear this?
Mar. I!—No, I assure you: [*Breaks from him.*
I have a conscience, not seared up like yours;
I know no deeds.
Sir G. Wilt thou betray me? [*Drawing his sword.*
Mar. Keep him [*Wellborn opposes him.*
From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue
To his no little torment.
Sir G. Mine own varlet
Rebel against me!
Mar. Yes, and uncase you too:
The idiot, the patch, the slave, the booby,
Your drudge, can now anatomize you, and lay open
All your black plots, and level with the earth
Your hill of pride; and shake,
Nay pulverize, the walls, you think defend you.
Sir G. Oh, that I had thee in my gripe, I'd tear thee
Joint after joint!
Mar. I know you are a tearer;
But I'll have first your fangs pared off, and then
Come nearer to you;—[*Sir Giles retreats in despair.*]
when I have discovered,
And made it good before the judge, what ways
And devilish practices, you used to cozen with.
Well. All will come out.
Sir G. [*Advancing.*] But that I will live, rogue, to torture thee,
And make thee wish, and kneel, in vain, to die,

These swords, that keep thee from me, should fix here,
Although they made my body but one wound,
But I would reach thee. I play the fool,
And make my anger but ridiculous:
There will be a time and place, there will be, cowards,
When you shall feel what I dare do.

Well. I think so:
You dare do any ill; yet want true valour,
To be honest, and repent.

Sir G. They're words, I know not,
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's virtue,
Shall find no harbour here.

Enter two of Sir Giles's Servants, L., *and go up a little.*

Lady A. Whom have we here?

Sir G. After these storms,
At length a calm appears.—My chaplain comes.—

Enter Parson Willdo, L., *with a letter in his hand.*

Welcome, most welcome!
There's comfort in thy looks!—Is the deed done?
Is my daughter married? Say but so, my chaplain,
And I am tame.

Will. (L.) Married? Yes, I assure you.

Sir G. (L. C.) Then vanish all sad thoughts!
My doubts and fears are in the titles drowned
Of my honourable, my right honourable daughter.
Now, you that plot against me,
And hoped to trip my heels up, that contemned me,
Think on't and tremble. [*Music.*

Enter Lovell *behind,* R. U. E.

They come!—I hear the music.—
A lane there for my lord!

Well. (L. C.) This sudden heat
May yet be cooled, sir.

Sir G. (C.) Make way there for my lady and my lord!
[*Music.*

Enter two of Sir Giles's Servants, Margaret, *and* Allworth, L.

Marg. (C.) [*Kneels.*] Sir, first your pardon, then your blessing, with

Your full allowance of the choice I've made.—
Not to dwell
Too long on words—this is my husband.
Sir G. (R. C.) How!
All. (L. C.) So, I assure you: all the rites of marriage,
With every circumstance, are past;
And for right honourable son-in-law, you may say,
Your dutiful daughter.
Sir G. [*Advancing hastily upon Willdo,* L.]
Devil!—Are they married?
Well. Do a father's part, and say, Heaven give them joy!
Sir G. Confusion and ruin! Speak, and speak quickly!
Or thou art dead. [*Seizes him.*
Will. They're married.
Sir G. Thou hadst better
Have made a contract with the king of fiends,
Than these.—My brain turns!
Will. Why this rage to me?—
Is not this your letter, sir? and these the words—
"Marry her to this gentleman"?
Sir G. It cannot: [*Crosses,* R.
Nor will I e'er believe it, 'sdeath! I will not,—
That I, who never left a print
Where I have trod, for the most curious search
To trace my footsteps, should be gulled by children,
Baffled and fooled, and all my hopes and labours
Defeated and made void. [*Crosses,* R.
Well. As it appears,
You are so, my grave uncle. [*Willdo retires,* L.
Sir G. Village nurses
Revenge their wrongs with curses; I'll not waste
A syllable; but thus I take the life
Which, wretched, I gave to thee. [*Advances to kill Margaret—Allworth and Margaret cross behind to* R.
Lov. (C.) [*Stopping him.*] Hold, for your own sake!
If charity to your daughter have quite left you.
Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost here,
Can leave no hope for peace or rest hereafter?
Consider; at the best, you're but a man;
And cannot so create your aims, but that
They may be crossed.

Sir G. (L. C.) Lord! thus I spit at thee,
And at thy counsel; and again desire thee—
As thou art a soldier—if thy valour
Dares show itself, where multitude and example
Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and change
Six words in private.

Lov. I am ready.

Lady A. (R. C.) Stay, sir:
Contest with one distracted?

Well. You'll grow like him,
Should you answer his vain challenge.

Sir G. Are you pale?
Borrow their helps; though Hercules call it odds,
I'll stand 'gainst all, as I am, hemmed in thus.—
Say, there were a squadron
Of pikes, lined through with shot, when I am mounted
Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge 'em?
No; I'll through the battalia, and, that routed,
I'll fall to execution.—

[*Crosses, C.—Attempts to draw his sword.*

Ha! I'm feeble:
Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of't; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wronged orphan's tears,
Will not be drawn.—
Ha! what are these? [*Staggers back*, L.] Sure, hangmen
That come to bind my hands, and then to drag me
Before the judgment seat.—Now, they are new shapes,
And do appear like Furies, with steel whips
To scourge my ulcerous soul. Shall I then fall
Ingloriously, and yield?—No; spite of Fate,
I will be forced to hell, like to myself.
Though you were legions of accursed spirits,
Thus would I fly among you.—

[*Rushes madly towards his daughter and falls exhausted*, R. C.—*two servants raise him up—he somewhat recovers, looks wildly round, then fixing his eyes with horrible reproach upon his daughter, drops his head upon his bosom, and is borne off by the two servants*, L.

Mar. Was it not a rare trick,
An't please your worship, to make the deed nothing?

Well. What arts didst use to raze out the conveyance?

Mar. Certain minerals,
Incorporated in the ink and wax.
Besides, he gave me nothing; but still fed me
With hopes and blows.
If it please your worship
To call to memory, this mad beast once caused me
To urge you, or to hang, or drown yourself:
I'll do the like to him, if you command me.

Well. You are a rascal; and he that dares be false
To a master, though unjust, will very hardly
Be true to any other. Begone,
And look not for
Reward or favour from me, till thou'st learned
To mend thy wicked life.

[*Exit Marrall*, R.—*Allworth and Margaret advance.*

Marg. Oh, my poor father!

All. Nay, weep not, dearest: though it show your piety,
What is decreed by heaven, we cannot alter.

Lov. And heaven here gives a precedent to teach us
That, when men leave religion, and turn atheists,
Their own abilities leave them.—Pray you, take comfort;— [*To Margaret.*
I will endeavour you shall be his guardians
In his distractions;—and for your land, Wellborn,
I'll be an umpire
Between you and this, the undoubted heir
Of Sir Giles Overreach: for me, here's the anchor
That I must fix on. [*To Lady Allworth.*

All. What you shall determine,
My lord, we will allow of.

Well. 'Tis the language
That I speak too; but there is something else,
Beside the re-possession of my land,
And payment of my debts, that I must practise:
I had a reputation, but 'twas lost
In my loose course; and until I redeem it
Some noble way, I am but half made up.
It is a time of action: if your lordship
Will please to confer a company upon me
In your command, I doubt not, in my service
To my king and country, but I shall do something
That may make me right again.

Lov. Your suit is granted,
And you loved for the motion.
Well. Nothing, then, [*To the audience.*
Now wants but your allowance; and in that
Our all is comprehended: which, if you
Grant willingly, as a fair favour due
To the poet's and our labours, as you may,—
For we despair not, gentlemen, of the play:
You may expect, the grace you show to-night,
Will teach us how to act, our poets how to write.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

MARGARET. ALLWORTH. WELLBORN. LADY ALLWORTH. LOVELL. R.] [L

THE END

No. XXXIV.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

Author of "Velasco, a Tragedy," &c.

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OR,

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A Comedy

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY GEORGE W. LOVELL,

Author of Love's Sacrifice, The Wife's Secret, &c.

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

In pursuance of our design to incorporate in this series immediate republications of all new plays of merit, we announced, on the strength of the author's reputation, the comedy which we now issue in the first American reprint. The successful acting dramas of "Love's Sacrifice" and "The Wife's Secret," authorised this announcement. The latter play, which still remains in manuscript, enjoyed very great popularity. For this it is no doubt largely indebted to the exquisite representation of the leading characters by the Keans. Though far from ranking with the best productions even of the first living dramatists, its plot is well developed, though unartistical, the situations are dramatic, and the language is marked by great neatness throughout, and sometimes with true poetical beauty.

In his present effort, Mr. Lovell exhibits similar beauties and defects. It is a very neat production, the work evidently of a man of taste and refinement. All moral proprieties are observed, and there is some humour in the play, without much wit. The characters are well contrasted, and great attention has evidently been paid to the exigences of representation. We recognise the familiar traits of one or two well-established stage favourites in *Mr. Oddington* and in *Brandon*. *Fanny Hardman* is something of a novelty; and certain hereditary stage points and relations have been reproduced in *Tom Tilley*, in a sufficiently ingenious combination to entitle him to the consideration of a new character.

The success of this play must depend entirely on the manner in which it is put upon the stage. With a good Sir Anthony Absolute sort of an old gentleman for *Mr. Oddington*, a clever simpleton for *Fanny*, a couple of amusing vulgarities for *Tom*

Tilley and *Spriggs* the attorney's clerk, two pretty girls and coquettish for the nieces, one male and one female sentimentalist for *Brandon* and *Elinor*, and a couple of well-dressed and dashing sparks for the graduating collegians, to say nothing of a brisk old maid, we think this comedy might pass off with a good deal of spirit, and enjoy very considerable popularity. It outrages no probabilities, and never offends good taste or good morals; the dialogue is natural and easy, the situations are various and sufficiently striking; and though the persons of the drama hunt rather too much in couples, we are not disposed to quarrel with the *denouement* because it consummates or contemplates half a dozen marriages. The title opens our eyes to this feature of the play, and we are thus admonished in advance not to be surprised at the wholesale Hymeneal operations of our author. Some of our tragedies butcher by battalions, and it is but a fair offset that our comedies should sometimes marry in platoons.

To be fairly criticised, a comedy should be seen as well as studied. We have been able to give the present production but a hasty perusal as it is passing through the press, for but a single printed copy has been received here, and it has not yet been represented upon our stage. Under these circumstances we are certain that we have not done justice to ourselves, and fear that we may not have been sufficiently liberal to the author. But we express our critical opinions with a frank acknowledgment of the manner in which they have been formed, and claim for them no other weight than belong to those first impressions, which, whether of a poem, a picture, or a play, are frequently of very little value.

The only report we have met with touching the representation of this comedy, we must, in justice to the author, annex. The London Literary Gazette says: "It was produced with most decided and observed success. The strength of the company was embodied in the characters, which were distinctly drawn and ably developed. 'Look Before You Leap' will do honour to our modern drama, redeem it from much of its disgrace, and establish itself as a public favourite, not for a season, but for years."

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

The Author, in venturing to appear before the public in a (to him) new and hitherto untried line of writing, would gladly have pleaded beforehand for as much indulgence as can reasonably be solicited by any one who voluntarily exposes himself to the perils he deprecates.

The play has, however, in this instance, preceded the prologue; and its reception by the public and the press has been so kind and flattering, as to leave him little to say beyond tendering his heartfelt thanks to his lenient judges. Yet he may be permitted to add, that the piece having been written solely with a view to representation, makes no pretence to those higher graces of composition to which a work of a more serious class might have encouraged an attempt.

It does little more than furnish the rough material for the inimitable impersonation of Mr. Farren, the hearty, irrepressible buoyancy of Mrs. Glover, the eccentric humour of Mr. Webster, the indescribable whimsicalities of Mr. Buckstone—but why continue? To recapitulate all to whose co-operation the play owes its success—and who have in many cases accepted parts far below their talents—would be but to repeat the play-bill.

To one and all, the author offers his sincere acknowledgments and thanks:—though more especially to Mr. Farren, whose long-practised skill and judgment have been so freely given to aid the author's inexperience; and to the lessee, Mr. Webster, whose frank and liberal spirit so cordially encourages that long cherished boast of English literature—our National Drama.

November, 1846.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

As Acted at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, on Thursday, October 29th, 1846.

Mr. Oddington . . .	Mr. William Farren.
Mr. Rashleigh . . .	Mr. Hudson.
Mr. De Vere . . .	Mr. H. Holl.
Mr. Brandon . . .	Mr. Howe.
Mr. Hardman . . .	Mr. Rogers.
Jack Spriggs . . .	Mr. Webster.
Tom Tilley . . .	Mr. Buckstone.
Servant	Mr. Coe.
Miss Brown . . .	Mrs. Glover.
Claribel Oddington . .	Miss Fortescue.
Mary Oddington . .	Miss P. Horton.
Elinor Mortimer . .	Mrs. Edwin Yarnold
Fanny Hardman . .	Miss Julia Bennett.
Mrs. Noggs . . .	Miss Carre.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

ACT I.

Scene I.—*Bar of the Blue Boar, Oxford.*

Enter Tom Tilley, c.—Mrs. Noggs *discovered in the bar.*

Mrs. N. [*Calls.*] More claret for the Blue room—take coals to No. 7, and send Boots to No. 23.

Tom. Meanwhile, charming Mrs. Noggs, I'll attend to No. 1. Don't disturb yourself—a very little satisfies me—just give me out a small bottle of Cognac, some hot water and sugar, half a dozen good segars, and your delightful company, and then master may be as long after dinner as ever he pleases, without my hurrying him.

[*Mrs. Noggs gets them from the bar in flat,* L.

Mrs. N. Really, you are such a droll gentleman, Mr. Thomas.

Tom. Stop, Mrs. Noggs—you'll offend me; I am only Mr. Thomas, where I wants to keep strangers at a proper distance—with my friends I am Tom—Tom Tilley—never you call me anything else if you would not affront me—mind! And now you go and fetch the water, because I don't know anything about that, and I'll get out the brandy and segars, which I do know something about, eh? [*Goes to bar and brings out a bottle, &c.*] Then the table—there; [*Places the table, &c.* R. C., *near the fire,* R. U. E.]; and now the tip-top ornament of all—the crowning glory, as the poet calls it—the blooming Mrs. Noggs herself! [*Places chairs.*

Mrs. N. La, Mr. Thomas!

Tom. [*Angrily.*] What!

Mrs. N. Tom—Tom, I mean.

Tom. Oh, good! [*Mrs. N. sits* R. *of table, and Tom,* L.] Mrs. Noggs, allow me the felicity of mixing you the smallest lady's drop in existence.

Mrs. N. Thank you, sir; thank you; very little, if you please, and rather strong and sweet.

Tom. You're a nice woman, Mrs. Noggs; and, among the spoons in your bar, you shine like a diamond in its silver setting. Ah, Mrs. Noggs, [*Sighs,*] why did you ever marry?

Mrs. N. [*Sighs.*] Poor Noggs worried me into it.

Tom. Very natural; but why, then, did he quit this life?

Mrs. N. Perhaps I worried him out of it.

Tom. Natural again—uncongenial souls, may be; but, oh, Mrs. Noggs! when that unhappy man first married you, and then left you a widow, what a shipwreck he was a making of my happiness, to be sure! Why, Mrs. Noggs, if you had not been a widow, I really think I must have proposed for you.

Mrs. N. Well, really, sir, if you felt disposed that way, I should think my being a lone widow was just the thing to give you a chance.

Tom. [*Sighs.*] No, Mrs. Noggs! no! another man it might, but not me! My precious master, Mr. Oddington, has such a mortal dislike for widows, that, bless you, he'd discharge me at a minute's warning, if he thought me capable of even looking at one, as I'm now looking at you, Mrs. Noggs.

Mrs. N. What a monster!

Tom. No, he an't—quite t'other—he's a trump! But that there prejudice a team could not draw out of him!

Mrs. N. Then I say, and I will say, he's a monster, as don't deserve to live.

Tom. His misfortune, Mrs. Noggs—his misfortune, not his fault. He don't know you. [*Coach horn heard.*

Mrs. N. [*Starts up.*] There's the London coach!

Tom. Don't disturb yourself. I dare say there's no passengers worth a woman like you attending personally. I'll look. [*Looks through the red curtain in the door.*] One outside, a woman with a cloak and umbrella, wet through—sit still, Mrs. Noggs, sit still—Boots will do for her.

Miss B. [*Without.*] No, no, girl: none of your unaired

chambers for me,—show me into the bar—I tell you, I'm wet through.

Tom. That's a dragon!

Mrs. N. The bar, indeed! and a common outside! what impudence next, I wonder!

Enter MISS BROWN, C.

Miss B. Ay, ay, I knew I was right! a good fire, and a young man—all very cosey—sure to find the landlady comfortable in the bar, whatever the guests may be upstairs!

Mrs. N. [*With dignity.*] Ma'am! I don't understand such insinuations!

Miss B. There, don't make faces and talk nonsense, but help me off with my cloak; and you, young man, stir the fire and spread out my umbrella.

Tom. Well, if she ain't a rum one, I don't know one when I see it, that's all.

Miss B. You are the landlady, of course? Tell them to light a good fire in my room—I can pay for it, though I did come outside. And get me a grilled chicken—and bring me a glass of hot sherry and water. [*Mrs. Noggs fetches it from the bar.—Takes Mrs. N.'s chair and sits before the fire.*] Meanwhile, I shall dry myself here. [*Spreads out her umbrella.—Exit Mrs. Noggs,* L.] And now, young man, who are you?

Tom. I, ma'am, am Mr. Thomas Tilley.—[*Aside.*] I must keep her at a distance.—Mr. Thomas Tilley, ma'am, master of the horse to John Oddington, Esq., of No. 85, Belgrave-square.

Miss B. [*Aside.*] All right: the very man I wanted.—Well, now, don't let me disturb you. You were talking with the landlady—abusing your master, of course—all servants do—go on to me. I should like of all things to hear it.

Tom. [*With dignity.*] Ma'am, you're mistaken; my master is one of the best gentlemen living, and I would not abuse him for—

Miss B. Nothing. No, I forgot that—I was unreasonable. Here—hold your hand—there's a sovereign; now go on.

Tom. Eh? why, really, ma'am, I can't say but what

that's handsome—uncommon! But could not you take it out in something else? upon my life, I don't like talking of master's faults: he has, to be sure, his little oddities—

Miss B. Ay, that's it—go on.

Tom. But not worth the money, really, ma'am: and then I do think he's the best creature living!

Miss B. Well, one can't help that, and so you may tell me all about him, good and bad.

Tom. Thank you, ma'am; though really, as for bad, I don't think he has got anything bad in him. He has his little queernesses, as vexes one a bit now and then, just for the moment, because he is apt to think nobody knows anything but himself, and that he's always right, and everybody else wrong.

Miss B. Indeed! not at all an uncommon weakness.

Tom. And you see, ma'am, his always taking for granted that you must be wrong, makes him apt, whatever anybody says, to say just the t'other directly.

Miss B. By which, I suppose, you mean, that if you want your master to do anything, you pretend to set yourself strongly against it?

Tom. Exactly so, ma'am—'tis the simplest thing in the world—a child as knows the secret, can guide him with a thread—it's only just to pull t'other way. But then, for his good points, bless your heart, ma'am, I don't think there's such another man in the world! Every poor devil as has got an encumbrance he don't know what to do with, gives it to master, and he takes them all!

Miss B. A sort of universal residuary legatee!

Tom. I dare say you are right, ma'am, though that is a team of such uncommon big words, I can't say I quite manage them. But there was his old friend, Colonel Mortimer, now, that died about ten years ago—"Oddington," says he, on his death-bed, "my poor little Elinor, I leave her without a hundred pounds, or a protector in all the world." "That's a lie," says master, directly; that was his contradiction, you know; "she has got me," says he; "she shall be my child;" and sure enough, off he takes her to his own house, and has kept her like a lady ever since.

Miss B. Ay, I see—a good-natured caprice—

Tom. I beg your pardon, ma'am, that's another of

your hard words—but master's all of a piece all over. Two years back, his brother died, and left a couple of daughters. Well, he bequeaths them to master, of course—and, of course, too, home they comes to us. Master wipes his eyes—but he could not help smiling, as he says to me, "Tom, I think we shall have a nunnery about us soon."

Miss B. Three girls are not a bad allowance for an old bachelor, really!

Tom. Bless you, ma'am, not near enough to fill that big heart of his! There's young Mr. Brandon, now; he caught master's eye as an uncommon nice boy, particularly queer harnessed. He had neither parents, nor friends, nor fortune; but lived with a cross-grained old fellow, one Hardman, who was not exactly his guardian, because, he said, he had nothing to guard—nor he was not any relation neither, he said—and yet he kept the young gentleman in regular handsome style, though he seemed as if he hated him all the while. Very odd, was not it?

Miss B. It was indeed! Go on.

Tom. Well, young Brandon was a fine spirited boy, and could not swallow favours that came without affection, but he must make lots of wry faces at it—and a pretty cat and dog life he and old Hardman lived. This was enough for master: he could not exactly take him home, because he'd got a very good home of his own—that is, as far as house, and coals, and candles, and ceteras went; but he was petted and fondled in our house till he got like one of ourselves. And there was Miss Elinor for a play-fellow for him—

Miss B. 'Till she grew into a sweetheart, I suppose?

Tom. You are not far out there, ma'am. And when young Mr. Brandon was sent to college here at Oxford, master must run down to see him, and every chum of his soon became a sworn friend of master's. Two, in particular, as having no father of their own, master persuades himself it is his duty to look after them, and give them the benefit of his knowledge of mankind, as he calls it. He's rather proud of that, and likes to show his paces in it!

Miss B. Of course they are grateful for his advice?

Tom. Don't know about that, ma'am; but between

ourselves, I rather think they like his nieces better.

Miss B. So, so!

Tom. They and young Brandon are all going to leave college to-morrow, and master's come down to spend the last night with them; and there the four are together, up stairs, as jolly as—as you found me and the respectable Mrs. Noggs here below.

Miss B. [*Rises.*] And does he return to town with them to-morrow?

Tom. Yes, ma'am.

Miss B. That's a pity, when I came all the way down here to see him.

Tom. [*Starting.*] You came to see him—whew! [*Aside.*] I wonder what I've been saying—always my luck!

Miss B. Yes; you may have heard that he has a sister living in America?

Tom. Oh, yes, ma'am, I know—often see letters come from the old lady.

Miss B. That old lady is my very intimate friend—

Tom. Beg your pardon, I'm sure, ma'am!—[*Aside.*] there goes my luck again!

Miss B. I have just arrived from that country myself, and bring a letter from her to Mr. Oddington, which saves two and twopence. She has heard strange things of her brother's going on, and I promised her to learn the truth—so I followed him down here to see what he was really about. I never take the outside of things.

Tom. Hem! except the outside of a *coach*, ma'am, sometimes?

Miss B. The outside of the coach arrives, I believe, at exactly the same time as the inside, and is only half the expense. You need not make wry faces, young man—I have lived too long in the world to throw away good money. [*Tom hurriedly pulls the sovereign out of his pocket, examines it, and bites it with his teeth.*] Oh, you need not fear—I don't consider that thrown away—I have bought your confidence with it.

Tom. A bargain, ma'am, upon my word—dirt cheap at the money! But I say, ma'am, if I've been a little free about master, you won't split?

Miss B. Never fear. And now I shan't disturb Mr. Oddington to-night, because, I suppose, he'll be tipsy—nor

to-morrow morning, because then he'll have a headache—but I shall return to town by the next coach, and repay myself the expense of this journey, in his service, by taking up my quarters in his house for a few weeks.

Tom. [*Aside.*] That's cool!—I'm sure, ma'am, we shall be delighted to see you—particularly, if you want to buy any more confidence! But I say, ma'am, you arn't a widow, are you? Because, you see, ma'am, if you are, master has such a mortal dislike that way, I shall be obliged to you not to say you are a friend of mine, that's all.

Miss B. Absurd!

Tom. It is, ma'am; but it's his weakness. [*Bell rings.*] Hark! there's his bell. He wants me.

Enter MRS. NOGGS, L.

Mrs. N. The chicken is ready, ma'am, and a nice fire in your room.

Miss B. Very well.

Tom. [*Aside.*] Mrs. Noggs, cultivate that woman. She's better than she looks; and if she wants your confidence let her have it; you'll be no loser. [*Bell rings again.*] Coming, sir, coming! good night, ma'am, don't forget—mum about the confidence. [*Exit*, C.

Mrs. N. This way, if you please, ma'am—this way.

Miss B. Stop—my umbrella—I'm not going to leave it here to be greased by your dirty servants.

Mrs. N. No, ma' am—to be sure not, ma'am—allow me to carry it, ma'am—this way, ma'am, this way.

[*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE II.—*Another room in the Inn; a table with dessert and wine.*

MR. ODDINGTON, BRANDON, RASHLEIGH, *and* DE VERE *discovered, seated.*

Ras. A very legitimate excuse for a little jollification.

Odd. No, Rashleigh; pardon me, but you are wrong, quite wrong. The last night in college walls is an important epoch in life—too grave for senseless riot. Pass the bottle, De Vere. Yes, the last night at college is as a threshold, over which the foot is just stepping from the peaceful security of home, into the jostle of a warring world.

De V. Say the last cloud upon the rising sun, as he springs upward to his new existence!

Bra. Or the last bolt of the cage that holds the bull from springing into the arena, to fight, to suffer, and to die!

Ras. Or the last van of goods of a family moving at quarter-day.

Odd. Bah! Rashleigh, you were always execrable at a simile! Here, now, is an occasion, when even the calm blood of an old bachelor of sixty-three is moved at contemplating three fine young fellows—

Ras. Hear! hear!

Odd. In such an interesting situation—

Ras. As fellows wish to be who love their liberty.

Odd. Here, I say, you are about to enter on the world, with youth, health, spirits, and an uncontrolled competency in your hands; and, as a friend, I would ask you,—what do you mean to do?

Ras. Marry, sir.

Odd. Marry!—are you mad? Lay up in ordinary in port, just when you are fitted out for sea? Marry! why the world won't have a respectable middle-aged bachelor in it when the present generation has died off! And pray, sir, whom are you going to marry?

Ras. That, my dear sir, depends greatly upon you.

Odd. On me!—you are not going to marry me, I suppose.

Ras. You have a niece, sir—

Odd. I have two—

Ras. But the divine Claribel—

Odd. Divine!—hem! You have not lived in the house with her!—Met her once at a ball, I believe, and called to see her afterwards—an excellent opportunity to judge of her fitness for a wife. And you, De Vere? I hope I have not got two such fools among my acquaintance?

De V. I trust you will have no objection?

Odd. I don't believe you trust any such thing. You know I must have an objection. And who is the woman?—who is the second ogre, to make a meal of a single gentleman?

De V. [*Blushing.*] That, sir, rests with you.

Odd. I don't keep a marriage mart, sir, in my old age;

and I am sure absurdity never dare come to my door with a double knock.

De V. [*Embarrassed.*] You have a niece, sir—

Odd. An echo, as I live! The complaint is contagious, and they have caught it from one another. I hope, sir, you too have not set your affections on the—the—the divine Claribel?

De V. Her sister, sir—the angelic Mary!

Odd. Oh! the angelic Mary!—divine Claribel! angelic Mary! divine—angelic! Why it seems I have been living with heaven in my house for the last two years, and never had the least suspicion of it—what an old fool I must have been!—Now, my dear boys, you really have made a most execrable choice! Sad want of experience of the world! want of the Gnothi Seauton! I suppose you know as much Greek as that! Know thyself! a fine maxim—but rather difficult for young people; requiring somewhere about three and sixty years, I fancy—eh? Now be warned—take advice of my experience—I'm an old fellow, and know the world—look before you leap!

De V. You surely, sir, can reproach nothing against our choice?

Odd. But, sir, I can and do reproach every thing against it!—Marriage, if there should be such a thing, should be like punch, or mint sauce—a happy combination of pleasing contradictions:—but you—you would mix honey with treacle, and sparkling hock with Champagne! The women are the very counterparts of yourselves!

Ras. The best possible recommendation they could bring.

Odd. The worst—the very worst!

Ras. Nature herself, my dear sir, has framed us for each other. In the fascinating gaiety—the buoyant spirits—the unwearying vitality, as I may call it, of the delicious Claribel, I see, as it were, the very mirror where my own soul is reflected—

Odd. And, like a monkey with a looking-glass, you will quarrel with it in five minutes for reflecting you so truly.

De V. And the gentle placidity—the noiseless repose—the halcyon calmness of the dove-like Mary, are such counterparts of my own disposition, that—

Odd. Milk and water could hardly make a stronger mixture!

Ras. My dear sir, talking is useless. If the women of our choice are like ourselves, that very likeness makes us like them; and if they can be persuaded to like us, and you to give your consent likewise, we will dedicate to you the first little likenesses of our mutual likings with which the course of events may bless us—so say, my dear sir, if you'll be godfather.

De V. Do, my dear Mr. Oddington! I make the same request myself, as a personal favour.

Odd. Mercy on us! here's a counting of chickens!

Ras. We'll do as much for you with your two first; for I know we shall see you yet in the same interesting situation.

Odd. Me! If Cupid ever lights a fire through the bars of my ribs, I give him leave to grill my heart upon it till it is burnt to a cinder.

De V. Ah, sir! remember the Gnothi Seauton! Who shall know himself!

Odd. I do, sir! I always did! That is my distinguishing peculiarity. Come, come, now, give over this foolish notion of marrying, and don't spoil such a pleasant snug little bachelor party.

Ras. [*Aside to De Vere.*] 'Faith, we must take the other side, or we shall never get his consent.—Well, my dear sir, you must know the young ladies much better than we can: and since you think them so unworthy—

Odd. Now, stop, stop! don't misinterpret me. They are very good girls; some think them pretty, too—very amiable girls in their way—very virtuous girls, I believe—and not beggars—

De V. But still, as you say, sir, our pursuit of them is such madness, that—

Odd. Now I did not say madness—at least not exactly madness. If I thought your happiness really at stake in this foolish business—

Ras. [*Carelessly.*] No, my dear sir, no!—[*Aside.*] He's coming round fast.

Odd. The marriages, I confess, are very fit for your stations and ages—

De V. Oh, dear, no, sir; your dissuasion—

Odd. But I don't dissuade. Upon my life, De Vere, you are the most contradictory fellow I ever met!

Ras. He is, sir, he is. Now, for my part, I yield to reason: I have a reserve to fall back on, too. There is a young widow of my acquaintance—

Odd. Rashleigh, you rascal, you know I hate young widows—it's my weakness. I was jilted by one, I was swindled out of the best friend I had by another, while a third—but I won't talk about them—I never can keep my temper when I do. Some people have a cat for their antipathy, mine is a widow! The principal reason I never married, was the fear I might die, and so add to their number. But come, come! I see your hearts are set upon this foolish business, and, I suppose I must not be cruel, if the girls themselves are not. But I will not have their young feelings lightly sported with.

Ras. Sir!

Odd. Don't be angry, Rashleigh! I believe you both incapable of any deliberately dishonourable act—but I have warned you, you are all in a mistake, and your minds will change before a month—while in the mean time the attentions of two handsome young fellows may have entangled the affections of my poor girls. They are orphans, and their happiness, still more than their fortunes, is my charge.

Ras. We'll ease you of both responsibilities together, sir, at a minute's notice.

Odd. Hem! At a minute's, yes—but, perhaps, not at a month's. Now, hark you—I'll come to terms. If you are really in earnest, and dare stake so much upon your constancy, you shall each bind himself under a penalty of five thousand pounds, to marry her to whom he determines to pay his suit.

Ras. [*Rising.*] Here are pens, ink, and paper. [*Goes to table,* L.] Call it ten thousand pounds, sir, and I'll do it this instant—ten thousand pounds, I say.

[*Oddington rises and comes down,* C.

De V. [*Following.*] And so do I—I would stake the last penny of my fortune, for my dove-like Mary.

Odd. No, you shan't—yes, by-the-bye, you shall!—as much more as you please, for, in my judgment, no penalty is too severe for the guilt of caprice, where an innocent woman's affections are to be the victims.

Ras. [*Writing.*] There, sir—I think you'll find that binding—you may take it to Somerset House, and get it stamped to-morrow.

De V. And there is mine, sir, not a jot behind it; and, believe me, I feel proud in the privilege of such a glorious investment.

Odd. [*Shakes their hands.*] Well, you have acted like two honest honourable men,—and very great fools! But where's Brandon? Why, you dull, sulky, philosophical dog, what are you dreaming of there by yourself?—come forward, sir, come to confession with the rest. What do you purpose, in the world you are entering?

Bra. [*Starting up.*] To fight!

Odd. Eh! the deuce! Why, you are not going for a soldier, are you?

Bra. Oh, no, sir. The soldier only fights occasionally, and against a single enemy. The poor man has to fight at every moment, and against his whole race.

Odd. Fiddle diddle! none of your savage moods to-night! This is all-fools' holiday—everybody is going to marry, and you of course like the rest; now don't deny it—I hate contradiction. I suppose, too, my universal marriage mart must again furnish the lady, eh? though as the divine Claribel, and the dove-like Mary are both bespoke, I have nothing left to offer but my other orphan ward, poor kinless, penniless Elinor.

Bra. Oh, sir! do not lightly sport with a name, too sacred to be carelessly bandied over wine before those who are ignorant of her virtues!

Odd. Whew! But I will talk of her, you dog! I'll make a public toast of her, if I please—ay, and you shall yourself drink off the first bumper to her health amidst nine times nine! You teach *me* regard for Nelly, you presumptuous whipper-snapper!

Bra. Forgive me, sir! forgive me! But you cannot guess the thrill her very name awakens here; you do not know how I adore—how idolize—how worship her!

Odd. I do! I know all about it.

Bra. How, from the first moment I saw her, she grasped my sympathies, as one, like myself, fatherless, motherless, without a home or meal but what compassion gave her.

Odd. It's false, sir! There is no compassion in the case—it is my privilege. The other girls are my nieces, and have a claim on my protection. They are my duties; but Elinor is my delight and my joy. I suppose, though, you are as ready to swear eternal constancy as the other young fools—ay, or even to pledge five or ten thousand pounds upon it,—if you had them?

Bra. No, sir, though I were the master of millions, I would not suffer one poor penny to be gaged on so discreditable a stake. Perish the man who, to spare his gold, would affect a constancy he would not yield to spare a woman's heart—perish the woman who would accept such a substitution for a love, worlds of pure diamonds should be too poor to purchase!

Odd. [*Aside.*] He's a fine fellow, upon my life!—Well, I suppose you have settled all this between you: only, perhaps, you'll let me know when when you have fixed your wedding-day?

Bra. I have, sir.

Odd. The deuce you have, sir!

Bra. Yes, the day on which I can offer Elinor a name and station—when I have forced my way through these dark clouds that now envelope me—when I can stand before her, not as the beggar fed by another's bounty, but the unshackled master of an honest independence; for never will I marry, till with my own hand I can raise my wife above the sneers of the world's scoffing pity, or the benumbing thraldom of precarious dependence.

Odd. I am afraid she'll be rather an elderly bride, then! Now, don't be angry, Brandon, there's no occasion—I'll settle it all.

Enter Tom Tilley, L., *with a tray, &c., which he puts on table,* L.

Tom. Beg your pardon, sir, but do you know what o'clock it is? it's uncommon late.

Odd. What's that to you, sir? I like it to be late.

Tom. And Mrs. Noggs is gone to bed, sir.

Odd. And who the devil is Mrs. Noggs?

Tom. [*Aside.*] Poor ignorant man, don't know Mrs. Noggs.—Horses ordered at six, you know, sir; you'll get no sleep at all, sir.

Odd. I don't want to sleep—I hate sleep.

Tom. Then you won't go to bed, sir?

Odd. No, I won't.

Tom. [*Who has all the time been drawing a cork.*] That's right, sir,—now, I like that—shows how well I know you. Master will keep it up, says I. You'll not get him to bed to-night. And he'll want some more wine, says I—so I brought it. [*Draws cork.*] And he'll sit up all night long, says I, for I know him.

Odd. No you don't—what do you mean by that, you scoundrel?

Tom. [*Decanting the wine.*] There, and now that's decanted, he must stop and finish it. [*Places it on the table.*

Odd. But I won't stop another minute, you pudding-headed booby—do you think I am to have no sleep at all? I must go to bed this moment.

Tom. You had better—now, really, you had better stay a little longer.

Odd. I thought you had more feeling for me, Tom—when you know the horses are ordered at six o'clock. I've lost half my night's sleep already.

Ras. Should you have any objection, sir, to start at once? we should be with the young ladies so many hours the earlier.

Odd. I'll start you in a straight waistcoat if you show such another sign of madness. I never saw such unfeeling people in my life—not a particle of consideration.

Ras. Why, then, to bed, to dream of lovely Claribel! [*Exit*, L.

Bra. To dream of life, of fortune—liberty!—to dream I am a man! [*Exit*, L.

Tom. To drink to Mrs. Noggs!

De V. To dream of dove-like Mary! [*Exit*, L.

Odd. To dream of fiddlesticks! Confound them, though; they make me wish I was a young fellow once again myself! Alas, poor sixty-three! [*Exit*, L.

Tom. Alas, that Mrs. Noggs should be a widow! [*Exit*, L.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room at Mr. Hardman's House.*

Enter BRANDON *and* HARDMAN, R.

Har. Greatly as I regret, sir, to withdraw you from Mr. Oddington's pleasant society, so immediately on your return to London, still, circumstances compel me to request an hour of your leisure for myself, if I may be allowed that liberty.

Bra. (L.) Mr. Hardman, I beg I may not be mocked with this pretended deference. You know, sir, you both possess and exercise the right of controlling every hour, and every movement of your dependent.

Har. (R.) Dependent is a harsh word, Mr. Brandon—though I believe, I have indeed bestowed some benefits on you—a claim I never heard advanced by Mr. Oddington—though the affection you bear the two, is rather in an inverse proportion to their claims upon it.

Bra. Kindness, sir, wins more gratitude than *benefits*. He who sympathizes with our *feelings*, is a *friend;* while he who advances our interest, may be no more than a *patron*.

Har. A pity you should be afflicted with such! But perhaps I have still left something undone, to which you think you have a claim. True, I have, from a period to which even your childish recollection cannot stretch, adopted you as a son, and given you an unstinted allowance, and the education and training of a gentleman. That education is now completed, and still I do not purpose asking you to turn it to a worldly account. My means are still yours, and I have yet one other gift in contemplation, to set the seal to all the rest. But let me hear what further you require.

Bra. Affection, confidence, a *heart!* Your favours I acknowledge, even beyond your own recital of them; but they lie upon me like a weight that crushes me. You heap upon me benefits; yet every look and tone bespeaks antipathy, disgust, aversion.

Har. Young man, our *actions* are within our own control—our *tastes* and *feelings not* so.

Bra. Then let me ask, at least, the confidence that shall inform me why I am thus marked out for *obligation*, while affection is denied me. You tell me I do not share your blood, and I believe it; for nature made me frank, confiding, fearless—proud, it may be, but with an honourable craving after independence, that cannot eat a beggar's bread. Tell me, then, who I am, and what? If I possess no title to your bounties, withdraw them now. You have afforded me the means of earning honorable bread; and for that, even ungraciously as it has been bestowed, I thank you from my soul. Oh! sir! I pine—I wither in this false position. My spirit is fearless, and can dare a struggle with the world; but my heart is warm, and craves congenial hearts to cling to!

Har. Well, sir! [*Crosses*, L.] even this I may be able to supply you; though age, or other causes may have made my own too cold to pleasure you. In all things you will find my effort is to satisfy your will. I shall return in half-an-hour. [*Exit*, L.

Bra. Of what new enigma am I now to search the key? With this strange man I walk as in a mist; even when the path seems good, I cannot take a step without uncertainty and distrust.

Enter Fanny Hardman, L.

Fan. [*Approaches shyly.*] How d'you do, Mr. Brandon?

Bra. [*Turns.*] Ha! my pretty Fanny! I love the welcome of a friendly face; and yours is always such! [*Takes her hand.*] Why, you are quite a woman!

Fan. Yes—that's just what pa says! Don't, then, you sha'n't! for shame, Mr. Brandon!

Bra. What's the matter?

Fan. I was afraid you were going to kiss me! [*Brandon drops her hand.*] La! don't look so frightened! I did not know it was wrong—I thought sweethearts were always rude!

Bra. Sweethearts!

Fan. Yes—you want to be my sweetheart, don't you? Pa says so. He told me to come here, and if you made love to me, I was to make no objection, and we should be married as soon as ever we pleased.

Bra. Mr. Hardman told you this!

Fan. He did, upon my word. I told him I had rather not, because it seemed so queer, you know. But he flew in a passion, and swore by—

Bra. Hush—never mind—we can imagine that. But my dear Fanny—

Fan. Now don't say "dear Fanny," or I shall be afraid you are going to make love to me, after all.

Bra. Afraid? Then you had rather that I did not?

Fan. La, Mr. Brandon, you make me ashamed to answer you.

Bra. Fanny, forgive me, but I must be answered. The happiness or misery of a life may depend on your reply.

Fan. Oh! Mr. Brandon, you frighten me. I'm sure if —if—[*sobbing*] if I thought I should break your heart—oh, dear! or make you miserable for life—I could never—Oh dear! Oh dear!

Bra. My dear Fanny!

Fan. He calls me "dear Fanny," again! Oh, what shall I do? If you love me so very much, I—

Bra. Fanny, I have danced you on my knee as a child, romped with you as a girl, shared with you a thousand childish joys and sorrows. I must be heartless indeed, not to love one who has grown up with me as a sister.

Fan. But—but—are you—[*sobs violently*]—are you *in* love with me?

Bra. My dear girl, do not let it seem harsh, or unkind, if I own that I am not.

Fan. You arn't! [*Throws away her handkerchief.*

Bra. I confess it.

Fan. You arn't! [*Dances about.*

Bra. And, from this appearance of delight, I may hope that you have never looked on me in any other light than that of a brother.

Fan. La!—bless your heart, not I! I never so much as thought of such a thing!—it's quite another man!

Bra. Ha!—there is a man, then?

Fan. Hush! don't tell pa, for the world!—but young Mr. Spriggs, our lawyer's clerk, oh, he is such a darling!—bless you, I'm half afraid of you, since you have grown to be a man, and are so learned and clever!—but that darling Jack Spriggs!—oh, you can't think how funny he is!—and sings such capital comic songs, and takes people off

to the very life—and tells such stories as would make you die of laughing. Oh, I wish you knew him!

Bra. But how came you to know so much of Mr. Spriggs, Fanny?

Fan. Why, you know, pa's no company: so I always get with the servants when I can, and then when Spriggs comes here on business, we get him into the housekeeper's room, and we do have such fun! But so you never loved me at all, after my being in such a fright about it—ha!—ha!

Bra. But I do love you—as a frank, open-hearted, good-natured girl; and I have brought you from Oxford, a necklace, and a pair of earrings.

Fan. Oh, you good kind creature! Then as you don't love me, you may give me a kiss, if you like. [*As he kisses her, Hardman enters* L.] Oh la! There's pa!

[*Hides herself behind Brandon.*

Har. [*Aside,* L.] Ha! A kiss! This makes well for my project—it shall be used. Well, Mr. Brandon, you have made good use of your time, sir. I congratulate you. You need not look thus embarrassed. I told you, harshly as you judge of me, that I would still endeavour to gratify your every wish. You said you wanted a congenial being, to share and sweeten your existence. You are at once supplied.

Bra. Forgive me, sir, but you interpret too seriously a common courtesy towards an old acquaintance.

Har. Mr. Brandon, I should be sorry to think anything unworthy of your character. The position in which I have just discovered you with my daughter, forestalls all further explanation.

Bra. Mr. Hardman!—

Har. When I have finished, sir!—I have seen this attachment long; and unequal as some would esteem the match, it still has my consent.

Bra. Sir, I protest against—

Har. Your patience yet, sir, for a minute. My daughter is my only child, and heiress of all I have; but you shall not wait for my death to put you in possession. I will at once make over, on your wedding day, a fortune more ambitious minds than even yours might well consider noble.

Fan. [*Aside to Brandon.*] Oh, Mr. Brandon—oh pray, pray don't say yes.

Bra. And now, sir, hear *me*—Why you should seek to build such large conclusions upon so baseless a foundation, I freely own is past my skill to guess. I never sought nor wished to gain your daughter's heart—nor could I, even were it offered me, accept it.

Har. [*Sternly.*] Beware, sir!

Bra. As a kind-hearted and good-humoured girl, brought up a sort of sister with me, she has my brotherly affection; but for a wife, she is and ever must be, as far from my desires as my deservings.

Har. [*Aside.*] So stubborn still! He must be terrified into obedience, then.—Once more, young man, I caution you, beware! Would you dare tell me, that you have paltered with the affections of my child?

Bra. Sir, I would scorn the wretch who could be guilty of such baseness! No, sir! Your daughter's heart for me, beats with as calm a pulse as mine for her.

Har. [*Passionately.*] Then I must call you villain! cool, calculating villain! who, destitute even of the plea of passion for your excuse, has sought deliberately to sap her young affections.

Bra. This is too monstrous, too ridiculous for a reply.

Har. Viper! whom I have warmed upon my hearth so many years, did I not find my child clasped in your arms—her unsuspecting heart resting on yours?

Bra. Sir, if you are not mad, but speak this with a purpose, make your object plain at once.

Har. Object! Repair the mischief you have done—marry her before another week has—

Bra. Never!

Fan. [*Aside.*] Oh, Harry! oh, Mr. Brandon! pray, pray don't be persuaded.

Har. I give you till to-morrow to consider; [*Crosses to* R.] if then you still refuse, I chase you from my house—send you an outcast—

Fan. Oh, pa! don't—pray don't! He's innocent—he is, really.

Bra. (L.) Proceed at once. Though you could offer me to-morrows till the day of doom, not one of them could see my resolution change, or my heart faithless where in-

deed its vows are due. To-morrow can but find me as to-day, so speak your purpose now.

Har. (R.) Then, ingrate! quit my house! starve! beg! In want and misery deplore the fortune you have cast away.

Fan. [*Crying.*] Oh! pa, pa, dear pa! I offered him the kiss.

Har. Silence, girl! I will bring proof before the chattering world, why I have turned this villain from my door. Will bid them look upon this weeping, trembling girl—my only child! Tell them, he whom from infancy I have nourished as my own, has sought to bear her off from me.

Bra. Unfathomable villain!

Fan. [*Amazed.*] Oh, my pa! what a—

Har. [*Aside.*] Peace, idiot! peace, peace, poor trembler!—The servants now shall drive him from my house; cast forth into the street whatever he calls his, and if he should again intrude here, beat him out like a strange cur! Come, my poor innocent. [*Leading her off,* R.

Fan. Oh, my!—oh, my!—what a most dreadful kiss!

[*Exeunt,* R.

Bra. I stand benumbed! bewildered! and they wait to chase me forth! Farewell, then, house that never was a home, and welcome to thee, untried world! The battle is begun! I'll plunge at once into the fray. [*Exit,* L.

SCENE II.—*Drawing-room in Mr. Oddington's House.*

CLARIBEL, R. *on sofa;* MARY, L. *on a vis-a-vis;* ELINOR, L. *at work-table.*

Cla. Heigho! I wish I was a man!

Mary. [*Looking up.*] What a strange wish!—why?

Cla. That I might discover the charms of female society. It would be a great comfort, when one has so much of it.

Mary. Thank you, Claribel, dear.

Cla. Very welcome, Mary, dear. Is that a very pretty book that absorbs you so?

Mary. It is on the charms of friendship, where perfect sympathy of tastes—

Cla. Oh, thank you, that will do; I won't trouble you for any more. I was almost off with that [*Yawns*].—Heigho again!

"There was a poor maid,
And a guardian she had,
Who went out one day for an airing, oh!
And he said, if she was good
Till he came again, he would
Bring her home with him a pretty little fairing, oh!"

Our guardian is gone out for an airing—to Oxford, the very horticultural garden for young men, where they grow them for prizes; I wish he would bring us home a fairing. What should you like, Mary?

Mary. I think a volume of nice new poems.

Cla. Mary, you are a hypocrite!—a demure, smooth-faced hypocrite!—I'm ashamed of you. You know you are hoping with all your soul that he'll bring home that pretty, simpering, blushing, pinky, Mr. De Vere.

Mary. I think, sister, Mr. De Vere is far more like a gentleman than that wild, foolish, big boy, Mr. Rashleigh!

Cla. Big boy, indeed!

[*Mary and Claribel rise and come forward.*

(L.) Well, upon my word, miss, I never in my life—

Mary. (R.) Oh, pray don't excite yourself—I did not know the gentleman was so near your feelings.

Cla. (L.) You are jealous, Mary, dear. I fancy if he had carried your hand to his lips with the same earnestness he did mine, you would not have taken him for a boy then. But no matter, poor thing! you have little experience in the attentions of gentlemen.

Mary. True, I do not flirt with every man who has the misfortune to sit near me, nor write down in my pocket-book, as a lover, every one who smiles when he says "good morning."

Cla. Dear, how modest we are, having no temptation to be otherwise! Boy!—ha! ha!—why the fellow actually tried to slip off one of my rings, only the nasty thing was so tight, it would not move!

Mary. A man would have rather tried to slip one on.

Cla. Oh, we grow witty, too! I suppose the modest De Vere did make that experiment?

Mary. Mr. De Vere had too much respect for me. He bowed over my hand—

Cla. Like Sir Charles Grandison, as I live—ha! ha! ha! Well, well, child, don't be angry! I dare say Mr. De Vere is, in poetical language, a very nice young man:

but now, Mary dear, you must confess he is a little—I don't wish to be offensive—but just a leetle—spooney!

Mary. Spooney! A refined expression from the school-room, I suppose. A natural consequence of association with boys. [*Goes up,* R.

Cla. Don't be bitter, Mary, love, or I shall think you feel guilty. [*Crossing to* ELINOR, L.] Come, Elinor, the silent, you ought to be a judge, for you have had a lover ever since the memory of man. What materials do you recommend as making the best?

Eli. The most sincere and honest heart. That gem will always shine the brightest, which is of the purest water.

Cla. What a brilliant of the first water that dear Rashleigh must be!

Mary. I prefer pearls to diamonds, softness to glare!

Cla. Pearls! oyster shells, love. [*Noise of carriage.*

Eli. [*Starts up,* L.] Hark, a carriage!—

Cla. (R.) And it stops. [*Runs to the window.*] It is—it is my duck of an uncle,—and oh, delicious! charming! glorious! [*Clapping her hands and dancing about.*

Mary. What is the matter?

Cla. Guardy's come from his airing,

And brought home the fairing!

He has actually both of them! both! the diamond and the oyster shell! [*Mary goes to a glass; Elinor stands in eager expectation.*] Here they come, here they come!

Enter ODDINGTON, RASHLEIGH, *and* DE VERE, L.

Odd. Well, girls, here I am. Mr. Rashleigh, Claribel, I think you have met before.

Cla. [*To Rashleigh.*] Have we?

Ras. [*Catching her hand.*] Cruelest as most beautiful—would you persuade me all my sufferings, my pangs, have made so little impression?

Cla. You look remarkably well, after them!

[*They go up.*

Odd. Mary, my love, I believe you and Mr. De Vere are not quite strangers. [*Goes up.*

Mary. [*Modestly.*] We have met, I think.

De V. We had that exquisite felicity—that is to say, I had—I mean Miss Oddington, that I—that she—[*Aside.*]

Oh, curse my infernal bashfulness! What a fool I am making myself!

Mary. [*Aside.*] What a charming modesty! How timid, how respectful! [*They stand bowing and curtseying.*

De V. You are—

Mary. No, sir, I am not—

De V. I beg pardon, I thought you were! [*Retire up.*

Odd. [*Comes down* c.] Why, Nelly, Nelly! what's the matter? Don't look so disappointed. Have not I brought you a lover, like the rest of them? Never mind! we'll find you one directly, better than either of these—eh?—Poor fellow, that old Hardman has forced him off—home as he calls it—a pretty home! pretending business: but I know it was, in reality, only to annoy me and the poor boy.

Eli. (L. c.) But he is well, and happy?

Odd. To be sure—to be sure he is! I'll tell you what, Nelly, my love: if that foolish fellow does not propose for you, I'll be beforehand with him, and propose for him. He'll never be good for anything, till he is married—nor you neither, I suspect, you pale-cheeked little moper. I'll make all the settlements myself.

Eli. My kindest and best of fathers, you forget I have a rival in Henry's breast.

Odd. A rival?

Eli. Aye, and one you would not for the world displace from thence—his love of independence.

Odd. Bah! nonsense! Independence is only a pretty word for pride. They ought to have whipped this foolery out of him at Eton—and if they have not, I will. It is absurd, and spoils him.

Eli. And yet you love him for this very feeling.

Odd. I don't: I hate him for it. I tell you I'll have my own way in spite of him. I'll make him a Nabob if I please, and you an Indian Princess! Do you think I'll be dictated to by a nest of chirping unfledged girls and boys? [*Retires up.*

Ras. [*Comes forward with Claribel.*] I'll wager a gold ring, and that the plainest the jeweller can make, that in a week you shall prefer me before all the other pets in your house. I'll exhibit more tricks than your poodle—more affection than your love-birds—

Cla. More talk than my parrot, and more vice than my pony! like enough. Well, begin at once—display your accomplishments! and first, as rival to my darling Frisk, what tricks can you do?

Ras. In your presence, only one—begging!

Cla. Nay, then, you break down at once! for if I give you what you ask, you'll have no more tricks left. There, there, it's quite a failure—Frisk begs a thousand times better.

Ras. Bewitching tormentor; I love you with an ardour—

Cla. Oh, that's the old game of forfeits—"I love my love with an A." I should be wearied to death before you had got half through the alphabet.

Ras. And I should exhaust all the alphabets of every language, before I had found letters for half your perfections.

Cla. I should grow wrinkled under such a long wooing! I suspect you have mistaken your vocation, and addressed the wrong lady. There is my sister Mary—she would listen with patience, till you loved her with a Z, because she was zoological. Take my advice, and try your fortune with Mary. You look like—

Ras. A baby, I suppose! since you give me a doll to play with!

Cla. Oh, fie! fie!—poor Mary! [*Laughing.*] I begin to love the creature dotingly, already! [*Aside.*

[*They go up a little,* R.

De V. [*Advancing with Mary.*] Here—that is—I do not mean here—but there—where the purifying influences of—the distant sheep bell—the etherialized spirit panting after its unseen desires—while nature—holy and serene—exposes—that is—I fear I scarcely make myself understood.

Mary. Oh, dear sir, yes; my own tastes are too much in sympathy to—that is—not to—to sympathize—

De V. Exactly. How fascinating is such a congeniality, so much beyond my deserts—where my hidden heart, like a stream, bathes its surface in the soft beams of the moon's beauty—while its—underneath—that is—where—where—[*Aside.*]—How infernally I am blundering!—this cursed diffidence—

Mary. [*Aside.*] How becoming to him is this modest embarrassment!

De V. [*Aside.*] I'll to the point, and plunge in at once! Mary—I mean Miss Oddington—Miss Mary Oddington—I should say—I—the deep devotion that seals my tongue—the fascination—the honour—respect—

Mary. Oh, sir, you surely can never mean so to flatter me, while my brilliant sister is by.

De V. [*Energetically.*] Your sister! I had rather be tied to the sails of a windmill, to be whirled in one dizzy everlasting circle, than—I beg your pardon; I forget myself.

Mary. Poor Claribel! [*Smiles.*] How truly fortunate am I in the conquest of such a heart!

Ras. [*Taking Oddington's hand.*] My dear sir, congratulate me! I have spoken, and the peerless Claribel does not frown on my presumption.

De V. [*Takes his other hand.*] Oh, my dear Mr. Oddington, I cannot conceal from you the progress I am making with the seraphic Mary!

Odd. Poor wretches! I am very sorry for you, I am sure! Now, do pause—it is not yet too late—do look before you leap; for when once a man has admitted a woman—

Enter SERVANT, *with a letter and card,* L.

Ser. The lady, sir, is waiting below.

Odd. [*Looking at the card.*] Miss Brown! Miss Brown!—who is she? Ah! the letter is from Bessy, my dear good old sister!—show the lady—

MISS BROWN *enters,* L.

Miss B. I'm here—that will do, young man.

[*Exit Servant,* L.

Mr. Oddington?

Odd. The same, madam; and most happy if I can serve you!

Miss B. And are you really Mr. Oddington? Let me look at you! Let me shake your hand! I am delighted to see you!

Odd. [*Embarrassed.*] A mutual pleasure, ma'am.—[*Aside.*] A most strange woman!

Miss B. And you are really Mr. Oddington?

Odd. Yes, ma'am, I am really Mr. Oddington. Do you find anything so very strange in that?

Miss B. Why, you see, I have just arrived from America, and you are one of my first English realities. I have heard your sister talk so much of you, that I look on you with the same interest I mean to do on the Tower, or the Monument, or St. Paul's, or any other curiosity of the place—By the bye, you must take me to see them all, for I don't know a soul here but yourself.

Odd. [*Embarrassed.*] I shall be most honoured, madam. Your card has no address; but if you will inform me where you are staying—

Miss B. Staying!—why, you surely would not turn me out into an hotel; and when I tell you I don't know a creature in the place. I have settled to stay with you while I am in town: it will be so much more agreeable to all parties. And so I have brought my few things with me—don't look so frightened!

Odd. Frightened, ma'am! I assure you, honoured, gratified,—overwhelmed!—[*Aside.*] What am I to do? This is unprecedented! horrible!—Richard! [*Calls.*

Enter SERVANT, L.

—take this lady's luggage—

Miss B. Oh! don't trouble yourself, it's all done; I gave the housekeeper directions. [*Exit Servant,* L.

Odd. [*Aside.*] Well, this is the—the—the coolest effrontery!

Miss B. But who are these dear girls? Your nieces, of course? Why did not you introduce me? How do you do, my dears?—let me salute you—I am delighted to have the pleasure of your acquaintance—I hope you are comfortable with Mr. Oddington?

Odd. [*Aside.*] Oh, this is a dream—a nightmare!

Ras. (R.) [*Aside to Oddington.*] The man who once admits a woman! ha! ha!—

Odd. Psha, sir! it's no laughing matter—to have another petticoat tied to me, when I have three on already.

Ras. Aye, and tied in a knot, too, for you won't get her off in a hurry. She means to be the future Mrs. Oddington.

Miss B. You look astonished—ha! ha! you don't know

me yet: but you will in time, and like me, too. Your sister, Bessy, is very fond of me.

Ras. [*Aside to Oddington.*] And begs you'll make her her sister-in-law: consigns her to you for that purpose; you'll find the invoice in the letter.

Odd. [*Aside.*] These young dogs will repeat the story, and make me the laughing stock of all London. Imported a savage—taken a prisoner by a Choctaw Indian in my own house! I must send them away,—Claribel, my love, Mr. Rashleigh is fond of music; Mary, my dear, Mr. De Vere would like to see the conservatory.

Miss B. Stop! stop! Who are these young men? You are really dreadfully remiss in your introductions?

Odd. [*Impatiently.*] Nobody, ma'am, nobody! [*Aside.*] I'm at fever heat.—Mr. Rashleigh—Mr. De Vere—Miss—Miss—[*Looks at the card*] Miss Brown.

Miss B. Sweethearts, of course. Come here, my dear. [*To Elinor, who goes to her,* L.] Have you not a sweetheart, too?

Odd. [*Aside to Claribel and Mary.*] Take them away! I'm going mad!

Cla. [*To Rashleigh.*] Come to the music-room, and you shall be the He to my She in a Squabbling duet!

Ras. The only duet in which I could never join you.

Cla. Out, flatterer! Come and try.

[*Exeunt Claribel and Rashleigh,* L.

Mary. [*To De Vere.*] The conservatory, sir?

De V. When you are there, I shall see no other flower!

Mary. [*Aside.*] How elegant a compliment!—May I conduct you, sir?

De V. I blush at the labour—Verdant nature—perfumes—brightness—Oh! Heavens! what dove-like eyes!

[*Exeunt Mary and De Vere,* R.

Odd. (c.) What is that cannibal doing now? [*Watching Miss Brown, who is holding Elinor's hand, up,* 1.. c.] Handling the innocent child? She sha'n't touch her. I'll be the only martyr myself! I have strength, and I can bear it. Elinor, my love, go and—[*Draws her away, then hesitating.*] no, stop—on second thoughts, you shall stay and protect me.

Miss B. Nay, I must absolutely protest against your

robbing me of everybody but yourself. Besides, I should feel it quite indelicate to be left alone with you.

Odd. Madam! [*Aside.*] Upon my life, she would be safe enough!

Miss B. Well, you know best! But really, I feel quite a love for this dear child, and do not like to part with her.

Odd. Eh, hem! [*Aside.*] Not absolutely ferocious, neither. But that's nothing—anybody must love Elinor.

Miss B. She looks sad.

Odd. I beg your pardon, ma'am; she is particularly happy.

Miss B. A gloom on the brow of innocent youth, is like a black cloud on a summer sky, that ought to be all brightness.

Odd. Excuse me, ma'am; in my opinion, a summer sky wants a little shade now and then. Yes, ma'am, an occasional touch of sorrow is good for young people. It improves their hearts.

Miss B. Oh, sir, it is not thus we philosophize, when our own happiness is concerned.

Odd. [*Aside.*] Hum—that's true, though.

Miss B. To me, a saddened brow or a tearful eye, always looks like a failure in the purposes of creation. I would have all happy—all virtuous. Poverty, vice, and pain, should be but the recorded wonders of a former world: and wealth, like a river, should only flow to fertilize and nourish the happy valley that beholds its course.

Odd. Eh? My dear madam, you astonish—you delight me! I honour such sentiments, and those who utter them. [*Goes to shake her hand, but pauses.*] No—yes, I will.

[*Shakes her hands heartily.*

Miss B. Oh, if I had a little country estate—

Odd. [*Eagerly.*] I have!

Miss B. My tenantry should not be mere trembling serfs, to bring their yearly tribute-money—but my friends—my children!

Odd. Right, ma'am! right—you shall go and see mine.

Miss B. The labourer should find that his lot had sympathy, as well as servitude. The toils of the day should still leave strength for the sport of the evening.

Odd. It shall! Bless me, how I mistook this woman!

Miss B. I would revive the antique games—

Odd. We will!

Miss B. Erect a maypole—

Odd. Buy fiddles!

Miss B. Have dances!

Odd. Running in sacks!

Miss B. Wrestling!

Odd. Grinning through horse collars—Jubilee! Jubilee! We'll do it all! you shall go down and help me! Why, I feel quite a young man again at the very thought of it. And Nelly, Nelly shall be Queen of the May!

Miss B. But you forget, I am to go and live at an hotel.

Odd. Never, ma'am—never! You shall be welcome here for a month, a year, forever, if you will! Madam, I honour you! Allow me to carry your umbrella!

[*Exeunt*, L.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

Scene I.—*A Street.*

Enter Jack Spriggs, R.

Spr. More dirty work for poor Jack Spriggs! It's very odd, but nobody ever gives me a respectable job! It's hard—extremely hard, upon my life it is! And what is a man to do that is born with refined tastes, educated in expensive habits, tortured with elegant desires, and can only earn eighteen shillings a week at regular work? Stop, here he comes. Defendant going to enter an appearance. Sergeant Spriggs retained for the plaintiff.

Enter Brandon, L.

Ah, how d'ye do, Mr. Brandon? delighted to see you!—delighted to be allowed by my benignant fate, so early an opportunity of expressing my sympathy with your capricious fortune!

Bra. When I wish for sympathy, sir, I'll not forget to send for you. [*Going—crosses to* R.

Spr. [*Detaining him.*] Eh, stop—stop—stop!—you arn't offended, are you? I would not offend you for the world

—upon my life I would not! Bless you, I'm a good-natured, well-meaning fellow, that never hurt the feelings of anybody—Why, I could tell you of men, that after my professionally lodging them in Newgate, have been the best personal friends with me in the world!

Bra. When I owe you the same obligation, sir, I may claim a similar privilege. [*Haughtily.*] But I can postpone the pleasure till then.

Spr. Oh, come, nonsense!—don't take it so high and mighty. Bless you, *I* don't think a bit the worse of you for it.

Bra. For it!—for what, sir?

Spr. Come, come, now—that's too good—hang it!—Why, every body's talking about it already; and I bet you five shillings it will be in the papers to-morrow.—[*Aside.*] Took it to the Post, and Herald, myself, this afternoon.—A fracas in high life—wealthy Mr. H——dash—N—only daughter, beautiful as an angel, and his heiress—youthful protégé, Mr. B——dash—N—just returned from Oxford—discovered in an equivocal situation—young lady's jewels all packed up, in a small patent leather portmanteau—post-chaise waiting at the corner—indignant father turned the gay Lothario from the house—young lady been in fits ever since—not expected to recover—young gentleman supposed to have destroyed himself—dragging the Serpentine and Regent's Canal—no news of the body up to the time of our going to press. View of the chamber expected to appear in the next Pictorial Illustrated.

Bra. Would you tell me, sir, that this infernal lie is being circulated?

Spr. Which lie? the dragging for your body?

Bra. Which lie, sir?

Spr. Now, don't call me sir. It sounds so formal and unfriendlike. Nobody ever calls Jack Spriggs, "sir," except when he is serving a notice or a distress.

Bra. Answer my question. Is the vile fabrication current, that I attempted the abduction of Miss Hardman?

Spr. Oh, that it is, upon my word—upon my honour! Had it from all the servants of the house. Slight discrepancy in the evidence, to be sure. The coachman, footman, and groom, say *ab*duction; the cook, both the house

maids, and the lady's-maid, *seduction*. But is not it true? honour bright—neither way—neither *ab* nor *se*?

Bra. Sir, it is as false as—

Spr. That's enough, that's enough! Don't trouble yourself for a simile. I believe you, my dear Mr. Brandon—I believe you, sir. Your word, that's enough for me. The best informed people are sometimes in error. I've known even a newspaper mistaken. But your word, sir—your word—I'm quite satisfied—verdict, not guilty. Allow me to shake hands with you on your acquittal.—You leave this court, sir, with an unblemished—

Bra. Psha!—but the scoundrel who has thus dared to assail my character—

Spr. Oh, don't fret about a little misunderstanding—all will blow over; old Hardy will relent—take you back again—

Bra. Never! not though upon his bended knees he sued me to return! The wild bird who has chafed so long against the wires, when once his cage is opened, will not be so easily lured back again. Tell him, I only feel that I am free.

Spr. I say, though,—there's a little trough in the cage where the wild bird finds some seed when he is hungry; I've known him miss that very much when he has flown away. Poor thing! sometimes found starved to death a day or two after—eh?—Don't take it ill; I take an interest in you—upon my life I do—you've been ill used—very! But, I say, how do you mean to live? You'll forgive my liberty.

Bra. I have youth, health, strength, energy—the world before, and heaven above me!

Spr. Generalities, my dear sir—pleasing generalities. But people don't live by generalities—must stoop to details. See a good dinner all very clear at a glance—that's a generality; but can't fill your stomach except you fix on your dish and take a mouthful at a time—that's a detail, eh? Where will you begin? what's your first dish?

Bra. I have not yet given this a thought.

Spr. [*Aside.*] Hem!—I suspected as much.—Professions now are genteel—very; but don't begin to pay till about five-and-forty. It's a long fast from your age till then. Trade wants capital—or credit—afraid you have not got either.

Bra. But I have my education—my talents—my pen.

Spr. [*Shaking his head.*] Hem! Pen! Could get you writing perhaps in our office—seven shillings a-week, and find every thing yourself, except your stool. Ah! I was afraid you would not like that.

Bra. I meant no slavish pen that plies for hire, but that which makes immortal—literature.

Spr. Easy writing—devilish hard publishing though. The booksellers won't, and you can't. Might write, perhaps, for the magazines and annuals, gratis, if the Duke of This, and Lady Agnes That, and the Honourable Mr. T'other, left you any room: and if you kept it up well for a dozen years or so, you might begin to get known, and perhaps a bookseller would publish for you, then, and share the profits—when you could find them.

Bra. But I have learning, and can communicate the knowledge I have acquired—a tutor—

Spr. Better be a footman. He has companions, the tutor has none. The kitchen is too low for him, and the drawing-room too high: and so he flits about by himself in the dusk, like a bat, because he is neither exactly a bird nor a beast.

Bra. Your arguments are sufficiently discouraging; yet I have such a fund of hope and energy within, that, let me but remove this weight of calumny that presses on my name, and all the rest seems light and easy.

Spr. Hem! but that's difficult, sir, very; particularly if the papers have got it. Could not undertake to get it contradicted, except as an advertisement—special paragraph—cost a good deal, and nobody believe it, then. You see a bit of scandal is public property, interests everybody. The contradiction is private property, interests nobody but the one person, and spoils a good story besides. Nothing exciting in a contradiction—could not undertake it without—I say, you won't think me impertinent, but have you got any—[*Slapping his breeches pocket.*]—any of the ready?

Bra. Some ten or twelve pounds.

Spr. [*Aside.*] Ten or twelve pounds!—Quite a little fortune! My dear sir, my dear Mr. Brandon, this requires every attention. When Mr. Oddington heard the report—

Bra. Mr. Oddington! How! Would you tell me it has reached there?

Spr. Bless your heart, the very first place it went to! That's what I say, you see; the first report is always interesting—A deputation of Mr. Hardman's servants waited on Mr. Oddington's household—

Bra. This is beyond endurance! I'll fly there this instant.

Spr. [*Shakes his head.*] No go! Did not I mention it? The doors are ordered to be shut against you.

Bra. Condemned without a hearing! I'll—

Spr. Now stop, now stop! you're so impetuous. I had a thought—but you make me quite nervous.

Bra. What is it?

Spr. There you go—no patience—you're putting it all out of my head.—[*Aside.*] Ten or twelve pounds! What a comfortable little sum!

Bra. But your thought?

Spr. Bless me, how it's escaping me! Very odd; but when I want to think, I'll tell you what I'm always obliged to do—

Bra. This is torture!

Spr. First I dine. I never can think, do you know, before dinner. By-the-bye, have you dined yet? That's a capital house at the corner!

Bra. [*Impatiently.*] Psha!

Spr. I don't think so. Then a bottle or so of wine, and a glass of brandy and water to stimulate the imaginative faculties; then a stroll to White Conduit, or the Eagle, and a cool segar to quiet the mental excitement; then three or four games of billiards, to reduce the muscular irritability; and then—why then, I'm up to anything.

Bra. I shall go mad!

Spr. No, don't! because, when you know what Miss Mortimer said—

Bra. Miss Mortimer! has she too heard this villainous invention?

Spr. Did not I tell you? Bless my heart, there's my throat again! The most extraordinary complaint in my throat, when I talk much! I can't speak another word till I've swallowed an oyster, and a glass of stout—you have not dined, you say?

Bra. You shall eat, drink, and swill—only tell me what Miss Mortimer—

Spr. Upon my life, it's too bad; I would not, on any account, let you pay, only it is not a credit house; and changing my trousers, I have left my purse at home.

Bra. I will pay anything—give anything! Put me out of this suspense.

Spr. It's really extraordinary—hem!—hem!—all here! [*Putting his hand to his throat.*] All round!—It's only just at the corner.

Bra. Tell me, but in one word—

Spr. I can't—upon my life, I can't speak a word—my throat is getting in such a state—I can't utter a single syllable, till I've—There, you see—that's the house—I'll introduce you. [*Going.*

Bra. But, Miss Mortimer—

Spr. The doctors say it's the uvula.

Bra. Curse your uvula!

Spr. Oysters, I think, you said, for a whet to begin with? [*Exit*, L.

Bra. [*Following.*] Scoundrel!—tell me what Elinor—what Miss Mortimer— [*Rushes after him*, L.

Scene II.—*Drawing-room in Mr. Oddington's house, as before, but lighted.*

Rashleigh *and* Claribel *seated on a sofa talking*, L.; De Vere *and* Mary *at a chess table*, R. C.

Cla. Now, really, my dear Charles, you have protested that same thing so often, that it is growing quite monotonous!

Ras. My precious Claribel, I do but try by the reiteration to persuade myself it can be true, that that exquisite little hand is really, really promised to me.

Cla. But as that exquisite little hand has only just the same number of fingers as every other exquisite little hand, I think we may now give up that subject as exhausted, and talk a little common sense!

Ras. My beloved Claribel, you are really capricious to-night.

Cla. And you tiresome!

De V. My angelic Mary, I have scarcely heard the sound of your sweet voice to-night.

Mary. Check!

De V. Nay, that is speaking to the purpose too!

Mary. See, you have lost your queen—you really must not talk at chess.

De V. What is the loss of a queen, when I have won an angel!

Mary. Check!

De V. I beg your pardon!

Ras. [*Yawns.*] What a nice quiet game you are having there.

De V. [*Suppressing a yawn.*] Very—delightful!

Cla. You look pale, Charles: you are not well.

Ras. A little headache—I have really talked so much—

Cla. Go and play a game with Mary.

Ras. And quit your side? Impossible!

Mary. Mate!

De V. [*Rising, comes down* c.] I am proud to be vanquished by such a foe.

Mary. Won't you try to retrieve yourself?

De V. I am afraid it is late. [*Looks at his watch.*] Dear is it still so early?

Mary. You are weary, Edward.

De V. Weary! when I can gaze on you?

Mary. Go and chat with Claribel.

De V. [*Hesitating.*] Oh, no; really—

Cla. Do, Mr. De Vere; and Charles will play a game with Mary.

Ras. Nay, upon my word—

Cla. Oh, I give you permission—I'm not jealous. Come, Mr. De Vere—come and sit by me—if you can put up with such poor company.

De V. The conversation of an intelligent woman is always delightful! [*Sits by her.*

Ras. [*To Mary.*] Will you risk the laurels you have won?

Mary. If *you* are my antagonist—

Ras. Conquest agrees with you. You look more beautiful than usual, to-night! [*Sits at the chess-table.*

Mary. [*Smiling.*] You wish to keep your compliments from rusting.

Enter Oddington, r.

Odd. Bah! lovers are no company. They leave me to

drink my wine alone. [*Turns and sees them.*] Eh! what! the deuce! Changed sides! [*Bursts into a smothered laugh.*] What a wonderfully clear-sighted old fellow I am! Really, my knowledge of the world is quite astonishing—even to myself!

Ras. [*Seeing him, starts up confused.*] Ay, yes—yes, a very curious move, certainly. Thank you for showing it to me. [*Resumes his seat by Claribel.*

De V. [*Also changing places.*] A—a, if you have done, Rashleigh, I'll thank you for my place again.

[*All look embarrassed.*

Odd. Changed sides and back again! I told them so. But I was an old fool! ha! ha! [*Chuckling.*] I'll keep them to their bonds! I'll make them pay for it!—oh, I'll have a rare triumph! [*To them.*] What, there you are?—turtles! perfect turtles! Not a word, not a look to spare! Is there nobody for *me!* Here, Nelly! Nelly! I want company. Where's Nelly? Where's—[*Aside.*] No, I won't—those fellows would laugh at me, say I was getting a little partial, perhaps,—Psha! nonsense! But no—no—no, I won't ask for Miss Brown.

Enter Elinor *and* Miss Brown, L.

Eli. I think I heard you call me.

Odd. To be sure I did—I can get nobody to talk to me.—But, eh! What's this? you have been crying, Elinor.

Miss B. She too can get nobody to talk to her.

Odd. Why, you foolish little thing, did not I tell you Brandon was pounced on by that fellow, Hardman, and can't come. It's no fault of his, poor fellow.

Eli. I know it—I know he would not waste a minute needlessly; and I am wrong—unjust to him—unkind—

Odd. No, you arn't! And now you talk of it, he might certainly have been here long ago.

Enter Servant, L., *with letter.*

Ser. A letter, sir. [*Exit,* L.

Odd. Miss Brown—Will you allow me, ma'am? I don't know the hand. [*Reads.*] Eh! what!—why—what's this? Thomas! Richard! [*Calls—crosses* L.

Enter SERVANT, L.

Who brought this letter? Where does it come from? We shall all go mad! What do you stand gaping there for? [*To Servant.*] Do you want to hear my letters, sir? Go about your business! [*Exit Servant,* L.] Read, ma'am! read! [*Gives the letter to Miss Brown.*] There's a scoundrel for you! There's a villain!

Eli. What is it? [*Trembling.*

Odd. [*Crosses to* C.] Nothing—nothing, love! Don't cry—never mind—He has discovered himself—that's a comfort! Don't cry! A viper! a—a—

Eli. What is it? Oh! speak to me—what is it?

Odd. [*Passionately.*] Read! read! [*Snatching the letter from Miss Brown, who is still reading it,* L., *and giving it to Elinor.*] I beg your pardon, ma'am! [*To Miss Brown.*] A crawling caterpillar!—a canker!—a grub! Oh! if I had my heel upon him!—

Ras. [*Advancing* R., *with De Vere.*] What is the matter, sir?

Odd. Oh, nothing, sir—nothing extraordinary. A rehearsal of your own part, that is all.—You'll play it next, sir—ay, and you. [*To De Vere.*] I'm a fool! a soft easy fool—an idiot. That scoundrel, Brandon, sir—he has been detected in an amour—an amour with Hardman's daughter! a planned, a deliberate thing, sir—an elopement! all prepared—stopped just as they were starting. They have turned him out of the house: the bloodless stock-fish! why did not they shoot him? I would!

Eli. It is a false, a wicked, lying scrawl. Look, he who wrote it dared not put his name. Out on the unworthy slander! Thus—thus—I spurn it!

[*Tears up the letter.*

Odd. Why, you little idiot, do you mean to doubt it?

Eli. Ay, and deny it from my soul; which I would stake on Henry's truth.—And you, sir, would you wreck the confidence of a whole life of love and honour, upon a nameless slander, such as this? Oh, sir, an hour will see you blush at your precipitancy!

Odd. It won't—I am not precipitate! I never was—and you are a little fool! You don't know what material these young profligates are made of. Tell her, Rashleigh;

tell her, De Vere; lay your hands upon your hearts, and tell her if it is so impossible that men, that gentlemen, can strive with every effort to win one woman's love, and then turn round and fix their worthless fancies on another!

Ras. [*Aside to De Vere.*] Confoundedly awkward, is it not?

De V. [*Aside.*] Infernally!

Odd. Oh, my poor girls, keep your young hearts safe in your own possession! The treasure, once obtained, is but a toy, and wearied of immediately.

De V. Sir, on my honour you do your sex injustice.

Odd. I am glad to hear it, sir; and should be more so to believe it. Miss Brown, ma'am, how shall I apologize for disturbing your quiet, with this storm of our domestic troubles?

Miss B. Don't mention it, sir—don't mention it! [*Crosses to* c.] I have not the least objection to be in a storm now and then; and as no ship was ever wrecked that had me on board, perhaps I am lucky. So take courage, my love. [*To Elinor, aside.*] I don't believe a word about it; but we must humour him.

Odd. I am ashamed of my sex, ma'am.

Miss B. Save yourself the trouble; you can't think half so ill of them as I do.

Odd. Madam!

Miss B. It is true. Elinor, my dear, this shocking story being yet unconfirmed, we might hope it would prove unfounded after all; but if Mr. Oddington believes it, his experience of the world forbids us to entertain any opinion opposed to his.

Odd. [*Aside.*] That is an extraordinary woman! I never met with such good sense—such discernment!

Miss B. And even at the worst, do you know, you will smile at it all in a twelvemonth. Do not shake your pretty little head! I know—

Eli. Not him!—not what it is to love—and to be truly loved.

Miss B. You shall judge of that, my dear. I have had no less than three lovers; was in turn on the very point of marriage with all the three; and yet here I am, single still! Ay, and a very buxom, cosey, comfortable sort of old maid I make, too—don't I, Mr. Oddington?

Odd. [*Bows.*] A very charming one; but you are one who never can grow old.—[*Aside.*] Three lovers, though! that's frightful!—very far from a maiden heart!

Miss B. Well, my wedding clothes were purchased when my first love proved false, and left me for an extensive clearing down West, which he calculated was seventy-five per cent. better than my shares in the Ohio Bank. It was a temptation, certainly, and could not be had without the lady, or else I don't think he'd have been false.

Odd. A mercenary scoundrel, madam! such a man was unworthy a regret.

Miss B. Very true, sir, though I did not think so at the time. It almost broke my heart—I cried for four-and-twenty hours at a spell, and gave all my wedding-clothes to my maid. But in a month's time, I regretted the clothes more than I did the man. And when my second intended forsook me to marry a West India estate—I kept my wedding things for the next occasion.

Ras. Upon my word, ma'am, you're a pattern of philosophy.

Miss B. It pays in the end, for it saved all the expense of outfit the next time. But when my third sweetheart married a distillery in Kentucky, I promise you, I was regular savage! I threw my wardrobe all of a heap into the box; sent for my lawyer; brought an action for breach of promise; and got five thousand dollars damages! It did my heart good. I never regretted *that* specimen of male falsehood.

Odd. I am very sorry you did that, ma'am!

Miss B. When a woman is once thoroughly up, she is more savage than a wild cat! However, I grew mild again after my verdict; and when I came over here, I packed up my unlucky trousseau, and brought it with me—as there was no saying whether I might not get an offer in England, you know. I have it up stairs now.

Odd. [*Aside.*] I feel a cold shudder all through me! Pooh! nonsense! What is it to me if she had brought a dozen breach of promise actions? Stuff! ridiculous! I shall not feel easy, though, till I have got that infernal trousseau sent out of the house!

Miss B. [*To Elinor.*] And now, my dear, will you venture again to call me inexperienced in matters of the heart?

Eli. Experienced, indeed, in human falsehood, and human baseness; but these concern not Henry. He was never mercenary, never unkind. He was ever the soul of honour, truth, and constancy!

Miss B. He *was*, my love, I have no doubt; for Mr. Oddington admitted him to his friendship, which implies all the rest.

Odd. [*Aside.*] That woman would make a stoic love her.

Ras. Sir, my life upon it, Brandon is incapable of the conduct charged upon him.

Odd. [*Sharply.*] Is he, indeed, sir?

Mary. I perfectly agree with Mr. Rashleigh.

Odd. What's Mr. Rashleigh to you, ma'am?

De V. And I—my knowledge of him—

Odd. [*Impatiently*] Knowledge! knowledge!—Boys and girls always pretending to knowledge! Hold your tongue, sir.

Cla. For my part, I'll believe anything bad of your horrid sex!

Odd. You have no business to believe anything on the subject, Miss Oddington; it's indelicate in a young lady.

[*De Vere, Rashleigh, Mary, and Claribel, go up,* R.

Miss B. [*Laughing.*] Poor souls! all wrong alike.

Enter Servant, L.

Ser. The clerk from Messrs. Quill and Crotchet's, sir, with some deeds he promised to bring.

Odd. I won't see him! What does he mean by coming at this time of night?

Ser. He says he won't go, sir. He will see you to-night; and I think he's not quite sober.

Enter Spriggs, L.

Spr. What do you mean by that, you scoundrel?—Leave the room! [*Exit Servant,* L.] Mr. Oddington, your servant, sir. Ladies, your slave.

Odd. What impertinence is this? Leave the house directly.

Spr. Mr. Oddington, this is a case of men, and not of manners. Do you think, for a dirty blue bag, I'd have interrupted such pleasant society?

Odd. You are drunk, sir! leave the house, I say.

Spr. Drunk, Mr. Oddington, is a coarse phrase. I am not drunk—never was. Coachmen and porters get drunk; gentlemen are only elevated—a little excited, as they say in the police courts. I've been dining with a friend—Brandon—

All. Brandon!

Spr. Ah! he can carry a good deal, but, 'faith, he got very elevated at last—glorious! You see, being turned out of Hardy's, and missing little Fanny, made him savage, rather; and a man in that condition don't count his bottles.

Odd. Would you tell me you have been dining with Mr. Brandon?

Spr. Look at me—do you doubt it?

Odd. I do! I doubt everything!

Eli. Oh, do not—do not believe him! It is a conspiracy—a plot!

Odd. It is not any such thing! Nothing in the world more probable!

Spr. And then he would drag me to the Eagle, where the brandy and water made him worse.

Odd. The Eagle! Brandy and water! Go on—I don't believe a word—but go on!

Spr. But he should not play at billiards—upon my life he should not—he plays badly—very! No steadiness of hand. To get betting too! Bless you, in half an hour he was regularly cleared out. Eleven pound seven shillings and ninepence. I counted it.

Odd. A low gambler, too! Capital! aha! all infernal lies! But never mind—go on.

Spr. He wanted to stop and make a regular night, but, says I, "No, Harry—no, my boy; I've had my *nuff!*"—So I left him; "for business," says I, "business,—Mr. Oddington expects me."

Eli. Sir—Claribel—Mary—gentlemen—have none of you a tongue to bid this slanderer be silent?

Odd. It is not slander—I'll swear to the truth of every word.

Eli. Speak—some one speak for me! [*Turns from one to another.*] None—none will pity me! [*Faints, &c.*

Miss B. Look—look—she faints! [*Catches her.*

Odd. My child! my poor dear child!

Spr. I'm a scoundrel—I'm a villain—upon my life I am—I wish somebody would blow out my brains—I deserve it—Poor thing! [*Looks confusedly round.*] A glass of water!—waiter, a glass of water! Cold, without! I'm a rascal—upon my life I'm a scoundrel! [*Exit,* L.

Odd. You are—you are! It's the first time I ever agreed with a man in my life, but I can't help it! Elinor! Nelly! Nelly!—Miss Brown!

[*All busy with Elinor—Curtain falls.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Chamber in Hardman's House.*

Enter HARDMAN *and* SPRIGGS, R.

Har. And you have accomplished all as I directed?

Spr. Every bit of it. Upon my life, I think I'm a clever fellow—I do indeed. So trustworthy, too. You saw the paragraphs in the papers, of course; not badly done, were they?

Har. Rather *over*done.

Spr. Oh, you must colour a little strong to produce any effect. Never catch the attention without it. I learnt that secret from the penny-a-liners:—"Determined suicide!" "Miraculous escape!" "Devouring element!"—

Har. But now what will he do?

Spr. That's exactly what he can't guess. He proposed a dozen schemes in a breath; but I floored him on every one of them, and left him as helpless as a baby.

Har. Good, good—very good! Then he will soon be back again, tame in his cage; and you, too, shall not fail of your reward. My only fear is that soft-hearted Oddington. The letter and report may both be disbelieved. He will go there, and—

Spr. Find the door shut in his face. Oh! I took care of that. Upon my life, I'm invaluable! Went there myself—told all the story over again—coloured a little, you know—painted rather high. The old gentleman proposed to shoot him; the young lady fainted away; and every-

body cursed him ten fathom below the bottom of the Red Sea. No, no—no fear from *that* quarter.

Har. Very good, indeed. Perhaps I may appear harsh, Mr. Spriggs; yet I am but as the surgeon who inflicts a moment's pain to give an after life of ease and health.

Spr. Hem! rather a severe operation, too, this; but then you see you've such a sharp instrument, eh?

Har. I do but seek the young man's good.

Spr. [*Aside.*] That's so very extraordinary!—His good, eh? that's just what they used to tell us at school, when they gave us the salts and senna. I hope you'll give him the lump of sugar after it, for the whole thing is very nauseous—upon my life it is! My feelings were—

Har. Your feelings?

Spr. Yes! it's very unreasonable, I know, sir, for me to have feelings; but then I am such a soft-hearted fool by nature! You'll excuse my liberty, sir, but did you—[*Hesitating.*]—did you ever have a thing on your *conscience* that did not agree with it?—something that laid so heavy, it gave you a sort of moral indigestion?

Har. What canting is here?

Spr. Something you could not help thinking of when you went to bed at night!—that would not let you sleep, or if you did, rode on you like a nightmare, with disagreeable dreams!

Har. Who told him I felt this? [*Turning gloomily away.*] These bug-bears of our childhood, all our manly strength is insufficient to shake off. They check the joyous laugh, and turn it dull and hollow—glare on us with strange meanings from the most familiar faces—point every careless word into some dark allusion, and make life a fitful fever of suspicion—one bramble on the foot collects a tangled train growing with every step—the light snow-flake swells to an avalanche, bounding down—down—with ever-growing speed, till the accumulated mass leaves ruin in its track!

Spr. You'll excuse my remark, sir?

Har. [*Starting.*] Eh! What! Who spoke—ah, my good fellow, you were talking of—what?

Spr. Of my conscience, sir.

Har. Fool!

Spr. I'm delighted to hear you say so, sir. I'm a poor

waif and stray, scrambling about the world to pick a living as I can; and with my elegant tastes, expensive habits, and very limited income, often obliged to do uncommon dirty work. I ought to be used to it, I'm sure—but somehow, that poor young lady—you'll excuse my making the remark, sir—but I never felt so uncomfortable after any job in all my life.

Har. You mean you want your *pay*. There, [*Giving him a bank note.*] and now keep a close watch upon him: urge every argument to speed him home again, so he will come obedient, and prepared to wed my daughter.

Spr. [*Aside.*] Marry Fanny! what! he really means that! I could not have believed it! I did not believe it.

Har. While he is stubborn, he must suffer. Yet not quite to *despair*. Rather than that, I will myself still send him some slight aid. I would not have his *blood* upon my head for all the wealth the world could offer me. [*Exit*, L.

Spr. [*Calling after him.*] Had not you better give it me now, sir, to be ready? Hum! he's gone. But he really does want this fellow to marry my Fanny—wants me to help him, too! What an unprincipled old reprobate! But I've found him out! Bless my heart, how mischievous I feel! I'll thwart him—I'll countermine him—I'll make him tremble at the name of Spriggs! Hardman, from this day forth, Spriggs is thine enemy!—And now, let's see what he has given me. [*Unfolding bank note.*] Five pounds!—the dirty old screw! I wonder at how much he reckons my whole soul, when he takes such a slice out of it for five pounds! After what I've been doing, I should think I must have got about ten shillings' worth left—a little fag-end not worth keeping!

Enter FANNY, L.

Fan. Pa's gone to his room, and shut himself in.

Spr. Fanny, pa may go to—never mind, Fanny—nowhere—nowhere.

Fan. But I say, if he should go out to-night, will you take me to the Haymarket?

Spr. [*Sighing.*] No, Fanny, not to the Haymarket.—I'm low and melancholy. I must go to a *tragedy*.

Fan. La, what's the matter?

Spr. I don't know, Fanny: I'm not what I used to be

—perhaps it's the brandy and water; I've taken rather too much of it lately. I've had a nasty job—a very nasty job—making people all miserable—lovers too; was obliged to screw myself up a peg or two to get through it.

Fan. Make lovers miserable! Oh, Jack, I did not think you had such a hard heart; I would not have believed you had it in you.

Spr. I can't afford to be particular, Fanny, how can I —with elegant desires—expensive habits—refined tastes —and only eighteen shillings a week, except when I get special employment.

Fan. Very true: but it's very shocking, too, I'm sure, Jack, and we shall never be lucky if you do such wicked things.

Spr. And then to find they don't pay neither, after all! Look here, a beggarly flimsy *five*, for all I've done! To be a scoundrel that's ashamed to look himself in the face, when he shaves, for *five pounds!* I think it's since I fell in love with you, Fanny, that I've felt uncomfortable on the matter of character.

Fan. I'm sure, Jack, I'm very sorry. I would not, if I knew it, make you uncomfortable for the world.

Spr. It's no fault of *yours*, you angel! but somehow, a man can't begin to love without feeling a desire to be *respectable*. It's a great pity!—

Fan. I say, Jack! la, I've an idea!

Spr. You don't say so!

Fan. I have—quite a new one. Suppose you try and *be honest.*

Spr. Bless her! how the innate virtue oozes through in spite of education! But no, [*Shaking his head,*] it won't do, Fanny—I can't afford it. I began in that line, but they soon starved me into the other. I don't know how it is, but people always pay so shabbily for everything in the *virtuous* way, and now I am afraid it's too late to change. A character is like a trade—it wants a sort of apprenticeship. You cannot set up in business of a sudden, with no previous practice: nobody will trust you with work.

Fan. La, I'm sure, Jack, *any*body would trust *you*, you that can be so funny, and sing such songs, and tell such stories!—you might make a fortune any day you liked, if

you'd only try. And then we could be married, and we'd go to the play three nights a week, and to the Eagle or White Conduit the other three, and care for nobody; oh! would not that be fun? And you should take me to all the sights and all the shows in the day-time!—and you should dress so nice, and everybody admire you; and I should love you so—oh! you can't think how I should love you, when I was your wife! Now, do try and make a fortune, there's a dear good Jack! and if you are *ever* so honest, I won't like you a bit the less.

Spr. Hem! but I'm afraid your *father* would!

Fan. Oh! it's all nonsense talking about pa—if you don't get the fortune, you'll never get his consent to marrying me, I promise you; I just gave a little hint of that one day to try him—and, oh my! did not he fly out!

Spr. And if we were to run away, that would be no better; he's got no milk of human kindness in him—he'd never forgive us. Quill and Crotchet would discharge me, and *he'd* leave us to starve—the poor dear little babies and all.

Fan. Now you'll make me cry, Jack, if you say such dreadful things; but you *like* to make me cry, I think—you always do when I'm in good spirits. [*Sobbing.*

Spr. [*Putting his arm around her.*] Now, Fanny—now my darling—my angel!

Fan. Go away, do!

Spr. But, Fanny—

Har. [*Without.*] Fanny!

Fan. Oh, la! there's pa again!—He is so jealous when you are in the house!

Har. [*Without.*] Fanny!

Fan. Yes, pa!

Har. [*Without.*] What are you doing?

Fan. My knitting, pa!

Har. [*Without.*] Come here!

Fan. I've dropped a stitch!

Har. [*Without.*] Come here, I say!

Fan. Let me go—let me go, Jack! I must—good bye, Jack! I'll send you word when he goes out. [*Exit,* L.

Spr. [*With a deep sigh.*] My heart's uncommonly queer. I can't go on in this way—it must end! I sometimes think the best thing I could do would be to hang myself,

and rid the world of such a rascal! I'll do *something*—I don't know what, yet—but something great. I'll—I'll—I'll go and get another glass of brandy and water!

[*Exit*, R.

SCENE II.—*A Room in Mr. Oddington's House.*

Enter MR. ODDINGTON *and* TOM TILLEY, R.

Odd. Hold your tongue, Tom!—he is a villain—He is a wretch—a scoundrel!—I won't hear his name, I tell you!

Tom. Very right, sir—I quite agree with you—he *is* a rascal, sir—a scamp—a scrub!

Odd. That's nothing to you, Tom—I don't like to hear you abuse him—he was always very kind to you—

Tom. Don't talk of me, sir—I'm nobody—he might have *kicked* me if he had liked, and welcome—but it's you and Miss Elinor, sir—that's what I say! Oh, sir, it's shocking—horrible, sir!—

Odd. Human nature, Tom—poor weak human nature! I can't help pitying him, too.

Tom. Ah, sir, there it is!—you are so soft-hearted, it's my belief you'll end in forgiving him, after all.

Odd. Never, Tom, never!—if there is one thing more than another on which I pique myself, it is my firmness of purpose. No, Tom, I may pity the man, but I can never forgive the vice; I've cast him off, Tom—done with him;—my doors shall never open to him again—never!—never!—

Tom. That's right, sir, that's quite right; I like that!—and now I'll go and shoot the bay mare.

Odd. Eh! What! Shoot the mare—what do you mean, what has happened to her? Bless my soul, I would not lose that horse for a hundred guineas.

Tom. Why, you know, sir, she was regular vicious yesterday.

Odd. Well, well, what of that? She is generally the best tempered creature in the world.

Tom. Very true, sir, very true; but I thought though you might pity the *horse*, you could never forgive the *vice*.

Odd. Eh?

Tom. Mr. Brandon, you know sir, was always uncom-

mon quiet-going, beautiful in harness, till a day or two ago, that they say he showed a bit of vice; but it's all right; sir, no doubt one may break a fine young fellow's heart for a single fault, though one would not shoot a *horse* for it,—oh, we'll keep him out, sir, never fear!

Odd. Tom, you are an impudent scoundrel, and you do just what you like with me.

Tom. Bless your dear heart, if I did I'd balm you like an Egyptian mummy, and keep you as long as the world endured.

Odd. But you are a kind-hearted fellow, Tom, and I like you, I regard you—I esteem you, Tom.

Tom. [*Aside.*] Upon my life, now, it goes against me, to play tricks with such a jolly old trump as that! Only one is forced to do it for his good.

Odd. I have been thinking, Tom, we have been a little too precipitate—and—don't say anything to the servants—but if that unhappy young man *should* wish to see—not *me*—*I* won't see him!—but if he should wish to see anybody else, you know—just to try to explain his conduct—you—you [*Hesitating*], you may let him in, if he wishes it, but don't mention my name.

Tom. Thank you, thank you, sir—now that's like yourself, again.

Odd. Eh! what?

Tom. [*Checking himself.*] So soft-hearted, sir—it's wrong; really wrong.—[*Aside.*] What a perverse old angel it is, to be sure!—However, we won't shoot the bay mare now, sir.

Odd. Don't be a fool!—And Tom, I don't think I gave you your christmas-box?—here!—here is five pounds for yourself—hold your tongue, don't say anything—but go and tell Miss Mortimer I want to speak to her.

Tom. [*Looking at him for a moment, as if hesitating to speak, then turning abruptly away—crossing,* L.] Well, I say nothing—only I should just like to have my hand on the living man, as said he was not the best trump in the pack—that's all. [*Exit,* L.

Odd. That is an affectionate fellow, but his zeal is too violent—I must not let him lead me—no, I'll not let anybody lead me. I'm glad I took poor Brandon's part, though—Tom is too severe upon him—I should not won-

der if he had been a good deal belied—done, perhaps, to set me against him.

Enter ELINOR, L.

Ha, Nelly, come here, my love.—I'm a cross-grained old fellow, a'nt I—now don't deny it—you know I am!—but I've been thinking, Nelly, that is no reason why you should be moped and shut up from everybody you want to see.

Eli. [*Agitated.*] Oh, no, sir! indeed, no! I have no want, no wish—I desire to see no one!

Odd. But I say you ought to see him. He has a right to be seen, and to be heard in his defence. I hate contradiction, and all the world is so full of it. I insist on your seeing anybody you please; and they are perfectly welcome, though I may not choose to see them myself.

Eli. Oh, sir, I understand—I appreciate your goodness. Against your will—without your consent, I would not have allowed him another interview, though I am as confident of his innocence and honour as of my own. Oh! I would pledge my life that nothing but the opportunity is wanting for him to explain all, and, with that explanation, make us all happy once again.

Odd. [*Smiling and patting her head.*] I dare say you are talking very sensibly; but, mind, I have no idea who *he* is who is to produce such wonders with a word; and I don't ask, so don't attempt to tell me. I am going out, and shall leave you to take care of the house. The girls and their lovers are gone to the Botanical Gardens. I think I shall take Miss Brown there: she has seen nothing of London yet, and I really must show her some attention. Good bye. [*Going* R., *then returning,*] By the way, you girls are extravagant pussys! I dare say you want a new bonnet now, or a shawl, or something! If you find he wants—that is, if you want a hundred, or a couple of hundred pounds, or three, or four, or five, I don't care how much; just let me know, and I'll never ask what you mean to spend it on. Good bye! [*Going.*

Eli. [*Detaining him.*] Oh! let me bless you for your kindness!

Odd. You simpleton! have not I your blessings every hour of my life? and is not it that which makes me such

a happy old fellow? There, give me a kiss—Good bye!

[*Exit*, R.

Eli. Oh! kindest, best—most excellent—most generous of men! and Henry, he is not—he cannot be unworthy of such goodness!

Enter Tom Tilley, R.

Tom. Miss Elinor!

Eli. Well?

Tom. [*Confused.*] I hope I'm not taking too great a liberty, miss—but—he is in such a terrible way, and looks so bad—quite off his feed, miss—I'm sure, miss! and he only wants to speak to you for five minutes before going away for ever—and I'm sure it's all a parcel of lies altogether, miss! and the governor has not the least objection—and so I—I—

Eli. Quick—quick! what—speak!

Tom. Why I let him in, miss—don't be frightened; he is in the next room, only waiting a nod from you to come in—I won't ask you to answer, miss—but if you don't say no—a nod is as good as a wink, and I shall understand. Bless your heart, you can't think how sympathetic I am with young lovers, since I knowed Mrs. Noggs! Thank you, miss, thank you—that will do! Aha!

[*Exit, rubbing his hands*, L.

Eli. [*Much agitated.*] So soon! I am not ready—I ought to think—to collect myself.

Enter Brandon, L., *he stands motionless, his eyes cast down.*

So! he only meets me so!—no look, no word! Sir—Mr. Brandon—[*With a struggle.*] Henry, speak to me! let me but hear your voice—its tone shall tell me all.—Still silent!—Henry, in mercy speak to me, if but one word!—or look upon me—raise your eyes to mine!—Still—still! I'll not believe it!—you are as false as all the world—false to yourself—this is but pride—I will not be deceived by it!—I, then, must speak. Hear me! I have loved—do love you, Henry, as woman loves but once; you shrink from me—I know you do—not that you have done me wrong, but that you now are poor—an outcast from what was your home—prospectless—friendless. Henry, I can still cling with unabated love to penury, to friend-

lessness, to want—yet hear me still: there dwells within my soul a sense stronger than love itself, which, from dishonour, would fly with loathing, though in the parting my heart should snap its very strings!—Now you have heard me—now, Henry, now—look on me—speak to me!—

Bra. [*Springing to her, and kissing her hand.*] I dare—I do! Thus, thus, in spite of malice—in spite of adverse fortune—of the world! My own pure, noble Elinor!

Eli. Oh—I am too—too happy!

Bra. I have been traduced, inexplicably slandered; but I am innocent—as innocent of wrong as even your own pure thoughts—

Eli. I do not need assurance. I will not hear it. I never wronged you, even with a suspicion.

Bra. And you acquit me?

Eli. From my soul I do!

Bra. Then I am all a man again, and fit to struggle with the world! But thou art free.—Elinor, words, promises have passed between us:—till happier days may smile upon me, I give yours back. It was bestowed on one wealthy, at least, in an unblemished honour with the world, rich in high buoyant hopes; it is resigned by a poor homeless outcast—

Eli. No—no—not homeless. Here, in my breast, his home exists eternally.

Bra. Elinor, years of toil, I cannot guess how many, lie before me—

Eli. Though they passed all that man has ever numbered yet, my love would still outlive them. I may not offer more; but, Henry, claim me at what time, under what circumstance you will, my heart but waits a widow in your absence—pining to hear the call that summons me to join you!

Bra. Oh! woman! woman! what a pure treasure of exhaustless wealth dwells in thy love! I came in here a beggar—broken in spirit as in means—bankrupt in all things. I am now rich beyond the wealth of princes—rich *in thee!* Then let our bodies sever, but our souls shall rest still linked; Love, the electric chain wound around both, and thrilling each alike, faithful to every touch, though worlds should part us!

Eli. But, wherefore part? I, too, have strength to strive—firmness to suffer—

Bra. Thou to strive—to suffer! Not though thy lightest pain could win me empires!—Nay, never droop; we'll turn our backs upon the sinking glory of our past day, and by another path struggle through some short hours of night, secure to meet again, ere long, as bright a beam as that which now seems lost. Come, courage—courage! No tears—no tears! make my last memory a smile! [*Leads her off.*

SCENE III.—*The Botanical Gardens; in one part an alcove.*

DE VERE *and* MARY *discovered, seated,* R., *on Garden seat.*

Mary. Yes, it is very warm indeed.

De V. Exceedingly warm—[*After a pause.*]—the town is very dull now.

Mary. [*Suppressing a yawn.*] Uncommonly.

De V. How this weather oppresses the senses—

Mary. Yes, quite stupefies them, apparently.

De V. [*Starting.*] Did you speak?

Mary. No.

De V. I beg your pardon.

[*Nods—Mary sighs and settles herself in the corner.*

Enter RASHLEIGH *and* CLARIBEL, L. U. E.

Cla. My dear soul, you have said that already fifteen times. I counted them.

Ras. Excuse me, my love, but I don't believe you know *what* I have said; for your own tongue runs so unceasingly, you listen to nothing else.

Cla. You are positively describing *yourself*, and a very admirable portrait. How my uncle would compliment you on your self-knowledge—your Gnothi Seauton!

Ras. Upon my life, Claribel, you are absolutely vexatious!

Cla. That you have said *nineteen* times.

Ras. Psha!

Cla. You are like my musical-box, you are delightful to hear once or twice, but you are set to sadly few tunes.

Ras. I believe, myself, I should be improved by a change. [*Turns away, then starting.*] Confound it, here comes Mr. Oddington: if he finds us sparring, it will keep him in jokes for a twelvemonth.

Cla. [*Bursting into a laugh.*] Charles—Charles! look here! a show, a show! [*Pointing to De Vere and Mary.*

Ras. Ha! ha! ha! [*Aside.*] Why, De Vere, De Vere!

Cla. Mary! [*De Vere and Mary start up confused.*

Mary. [*Embarrassed.*] A thousand pardons, really, Mr. De Vere.

De V. I am at a loss for words to apologise.

Ras. Never mind words, my dear fellow. Look who is just at hand, and be a little gallant for your reputation's sake!

Cla. On my word, I think he's making love to Miss Brown! Look, how tenderly respectful! Ha! ha! ha!

Ras. Hide, hide, and we shall have some sport! I'd give half my fortune to catch old Gnothi Seauton tripping. To cover—to cover! He has not seen us.

[*They conceal themselves.*

Enter ODDINGTON *and* MISS BROWN, L.

Miss B. But such a proposal from you, Mr. Oddington, whose bachelor tongue has for sixty-three years railed against matrimony in all its shapes!

Odd. My dear Miss Brown, I never thought to meet with such a woman.

Miss B. But your consistency—your self-knowledge, your—what's that hard Greek word you are so fond of?

Odd. Psha!

Miss B. Think of the fate of your pet theory!

Odd. My dear madam, I could prove to demonstration, if it were necessary, that I—I have made no mistake at all in myself—that I—I—in short, that I—

[*Miss Brown bursts into a violent fit of laughter.*

Miss B. Really, Mr. Oddington, this declaration is so surprising—so unexpected—you must let me laugh—upon my word you must. And at your years!

Odd. The tastes are formed and matured by judgment.

Miss B. [*Laughing.*] Oh, I have no quarrel with your *taste.*

Odd. My dear madam, I will be candid with you. I esteem your virtues, I honour your principles—I love your society. You tell me that you must leave me, and I feel your absence would leave a void not easily to be filled up. Upon what other condition than that I offer, can I hope

still to retain you near me? If I were a *woman*, I would ask you to be my friend and my companion; but being unfortunately a *man*, the same request must take another form—a—in fact, what I proposed to you just now—[*Aside.*] though, upon my life, it sounds so absurd, I am ashamed to repeat it!

Miss B. Platonic enough to satisfy the most scrupulous! Well, sir, I will be as candid as yourself, and will confess for you the same esteem, the same regard with which you honour me. I will consent to share your fortune—to pass with you all my remaining days—nurse you in sickness—comfort you in health—and do my best to merit the—the—[*Smiling.*]—brotherly affection, may I call it, with which you flatter me.

Odd. [*Kissing her hand.*] My dear madam, you render me the happiest man alive!—let me retain your glove in pledge of your sweet promise.

Miss B. And return home with a bare hand?

Odd. Mine shall supply the place of what it steals.

[*Taking her hand in his, and holding it to his heart; Rashleigh and De Vere come forward.*

Ras. (L.) Bravo, bravo—excellent!

De V. (R.) Very handsomely done, indeed, Mr. Oddington.

Odd. [*Aside.*] Plague on it, I'm afraid I look like a fool. [*Attempts to laugh.*

Ras. Oh, Miss Brown, have you not already sufficiently learned the inconstancy of our perfidious sex?

Odd. Mr. Rashleigh, such allusions are out of taste.

Ras. [*Aside to Oddington.*] I speak as your friend, sir—remember the fatal trousseau!—remember the five thousand dollars damages—oh, my dear sir, be warned by my experience of the world; pray look before you leap!

Odd. [*Aside.*] I must—I'm sure I must look like a fool—or they would never dare to take such liberties.

Ras. [*To Miss Brown.*] Will you, madam, permit me, till the happy day arrives, in the absence of your natural protectors, to act as your guardian, and make your interests my charge?

Miss B. With pleasure, sir—there is my hand on your appointment.

Odd. What nonsense now?

Ras. Patience, sir, patience. [*Imitating him.*] I believe you incapable of any *deliberately* dishonourable act, but before a month your mind may change, while in the mean time the attentions of a handsome young fellow may have inextricably entangled the affections of my poor girl.

Odd. [*Aside.*] My own words.

Ras. She is an orphan—and her happiness, still more than her fortune, is my charge.

Odd. [*Aside.*] Confound the fellow, what a memory he has!

Miss B. What is the jest, gentlemen?

Ras. No jest, madam; but a very serious business. Mr. Oddington, who is the impersonation of all that is benevolent and prudent, holds that no man is entitled to address a lady on the subject of marriage, till he has first given her a pecuniary bond that he will carry his proposals into effect, if she accepts him.

Miss B. An admirable precaution, and worthy of his knowledge of the world.

De V. And as he has compelled others to submit to this little formality, consistency requires that he should follow his own prescription.

Odd. [*Starting.*] Eh!

Ras. And that I, now I am placed in his responsible situation, should imitate his admirable example.

Odd. [*Aside.*] Trapped—caught by two boys!

Miss B. Oh, sir, with Mr. Oddington, this must be quite unnecessary.

Odd. [*Aside.*] Noble-minded, disinterested woman!

Ras. Pardon me, madam, I am your guardian, and you must not interfere.

De V. A pencil note will do; here is my pocket-book.

Odd. Absurd!

Ras. [*Forcing it on him.*] Write, sir, write, if you are a man of honour!

Odd. Psha!

De V. Write, sir—"Dear angel!"

Odd. Don't be a fool.

Ras. "Loveliest of your sex!"—Five thousand pounds, mind, I won't take a farthing less.

Odd. [*Aside.*] Now, who could ever have foreseen this? yet I am glad of it, too. [*With desperation.*] Yes, cer-

tainly, I am very glad of it, she will refuse to accept it, of course; she will, yes, of course; and then these young rascals will see what a woman she is. I have perfect confidence in her—perfect— [*Hesitating.*

Ras. Come, sir, come.

Odd. [*Writing, with an attempt at indifference.*] Oh,—there, sir, since you desire it—there. [*Tears out the leaf.*] I have perfect confidence in her.

De V. Witnesses! witnesses!

[*Beckoning Claribel and Mary, who advance to them.*

Ras. Be witness, ladies, that Mr. Oddington delivers this as his act and deed.

Odd. Here's a crowd—it's a plot—a regular plot. But never mind, she'll make them all ashamed of themselves; it will be but the greater triumph for us. Miss Brown, madam, after what has passed, I offer this paper to your possession. It is a promise of marriage—the penalty five thousand pounds—and although your delicacy may disincline you from accepting it—

Miss B. [*Taking the paper, and placing it deliberately in her pocket.*] Oh dear, no—I will take it with the greatest pleasure imaginable—just in case of accidents. Why, do you know, when I brought my breach of promise action, the proving the promise was the greatest difficulty. Now this would do all at once!

Odd. [*Aside.*] I hope I have not done a very absurd thing! I don't feel at all comfortable.

Miss B. And now if you'll give me your arm, we will go home, and I'll get the creases out of my wedding dress. Ha! ha! ha! You see I did quite right to bring my poor trousseau over, after all!

Odd. [*Aside.*] Curse the trousseau, what does she allude to that for?

Miss B. Come, come—your arm, your arm! How reluctantly you move! You surely do not repent already?

Odd. Repent, my dear madam! I am only bewildered in the excess of my happiness. Repent! What the devil should I repent for, I wonder!—[*Aside.*] She shan't wear her infernal trousseau though, I'm resolved! I'll tear it up! I'll burn it! I'll annihilate it rather!

[*Exit with Miss Brown,* L. U. E.

Rus. Ha! ha! ha! ha! Bravo, Gnothi Seauton!

De V. Look before you leap, sir!

[*They all follow, laughing, Rashleigh giving his arm to Mary, and De Vere his to Claribel.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter SPRIGGS (*carrying a blue bag,*) *and* FANNY, R.

Spr. Run, Fanny, run!—[*Aside.*] I've done him! I've done the Governor, doubly done him! Got his secret and his daughter too! and he is to be at Quill and Crotchet's at twelve o'clock. Oh! won't there be a blow up then. Run, run, my beautiful little goddess! quick, ere the mighty Jupiter, your father, hurls after us his blue lightnings, the police-officers.

Fan. La, Jack, what stuff you do talk! me a goddess, indeed! I should like to know which of them?

Spr. Iris, my divinity; a lady that was always accompanied by a bow.

Fan. Then I wonder you arn't ashamed of yourself, Jack, to compare me to such a brazen thing as she must have been. I am sure I never keep company with any beau except you.—But dear! dear! I am in such a quandary—what ever will pa say when he finds I have run away?

Spr. Why, he'll swear like Jupiter Tonans.—[*Aside.*] But he'll think his daughter the least part of his loss. We must run, my treasure.

Fan. I'm sure I have done nothing but run ever since I left home, and I am ready to drop. I had no idea running away was anything like this. I thought it was only good fun; but I'm sure it's the hardest work I ever did in my life! And where are we running?

Spr. Where your pa will never go to look for us—to church! See, here's the licence.

Fan. La, I shall be so ashamed! But people don't take old blue bags to church when they are married, do they?

Spr. People always take their dearest friends there, Fanny—and that bag—but no matter—you'll know by and by. That bag contains my destinies, and those of all our race—our *future* race. That bag is my Ægis! With that bag in one hand, and Mrs. Spriggs in the other, I will dare the old Governor's vengeful malice to the utmost!—You'll excuse my being poetical, my love—I'm excited.

Fan. Oh! think of daring pa! what *will* he say!

Spr. I'll give you *another* pa, Fanny. The parish clerk shall be your pa, in less than half an hour. Hush! stop—no—run—here's Mr. Brandon coming! No—stay! I *must* speak to him, too. I really have so many things to do, I can't think how I am ever to get through them all! And all before twelve o'clock. I *must* get my bag to Mr. Oddington's, that's certain; and I must get Fanny to church, that's *as* certain; and yet, I must stop to speak to Mr. Brandon, too; that is almost as certain as any of them. Pull down your veil, Fanny, and keep your back to him—there—so—

Enter Brandon, L.

How d'ye do, Mr. Brandon—how d'ye do?

Bra. Happy and sound in *heart*—but in my *means*, one step above despair on fortune's ladder, and that is all!

Spr. [*Shaking his hand.*] I'm delighted to hear it, my dear sir, I'm delighted! You'll enjoy good fortune so much the more—when you get it! You must go to Mr. Oddington's directly—don't stare—they want you there very particularly!

Bra. They! Who?

Spr. Mr. Oddington, or Miss Mortimer, or somebody—I don't know exactly who—and if they say *none* of them do, never mind—say I sent you—and I'll be there myself in half an hour—most particular, special business,—you *must* go. Bless my heart, there's half-past eleven! I must run—I've got an amazing deal to do—you'll excuse me if I'm a little excited—but you'll go. [*Puts Brandon across,* R.] Thank you, I have your word. Now don't be looking at that young woman!

Bra. Fanny!

[*She turns partly round,—Spriggs stops her.*

Spr. [*Aside to her.*] Keep your back to him—keep your

back—he'll forbid the banns!—A—a friend of mine from the country, a shy young thing—very funny you should have guessed her name. Her name *is* Fanny,—something like the *other* Fanny in person, too—Fanny Hardman—is not she? Not much, though—not quite so stout—a little taller, too. There, now—[*Urging him off,*]—you know your way to Mr. Oddington's, past that white house—

Bra. But tell me first—

Spr. Yes, just so—first to the right, second to the left, and so on. You'll be sure to wait for me—very particular, upon my life! By the bye—stop! If I don't come, just look in the police reports, and you'll see what prison I'm committed to. Come and see me there. There's going to be such an explosion!

Bra. Are you mad?

Spr. Almost—and shall be quite, if you don't go! There—there. [*Pushing him off,* R.] You know your way—first to the right, second to the left. Whew! I thought I never should have got rid of him! Now, my angel, spread your wings, and skim the blue ether, or we shall be past the canonical hour! As I live, there are more of them. Rashleigh and De Vere! Give me your arm; run—run down that alley—it's a short cut—run—run, my angel!—

Fan. [*Almost crying.*] I *can't* run, I tell you—I can hardly *walk!*

Spr. Twenty minutes to twelve! By jingo, you *must* run! [*Drags her off,* L. S. E.

Enter RASHLEIGH *and* DE VERE, L.

Ras. My head aches to very bursting! I've spent two hours with Claribel already this morning, and I ought to be back there now—but I shrink, I tremble at the thought!

De V. Oh! Rashleigh, for shame! Blessings are thrown away on you. I would give half my life for liberty to take your place, and hand you over to the unfathomable depths of Mary's dullness.

Ras. Dullness! What a term for repose as sweet as heaven's image in an unrippled lake.

De V. In a stagnant *duck-pond!* [*Sighing.*] Oh! this is all very unfortunate.

Ras. Infernally so! And to find old Gnothi Seauton

right, too! I'd give twice the amount of my absurd bond for liberty to make an exchange.

De V. Psha! *money!* If the sacrifice of *money* could set me free, I would snap my chain as quickly—as I could draw a draft on my banker. But my *honour* is at stake—and, worse than all, I verily believe the poor inanity *loves* me, as much as she can love *any*thing!

Ras. [*Aside.*] Confound him for a puppy!—though *I* too cannot but see, whenever we are not absolutely quarrelling, that whatever heart the scatterbrain Claribel possesses, is devoted to me!

De V. [*Aside.*] What an insufferable coxcomb!

Ras. No—nothing is left but endurance.

De V. True! true!—and that for life! A pretty prospect at our years!

Ras. It would be cruel—heartless—to let them guess our indifference—

De V. Oh! that of course is out of the question—though I am weary and disgusted with acting a part I cannot feel. Oh, Rashleigh, how you are to be envied! Claribel has an exhaustless fund of conversation!

Ras. Exhaustless conversation *indeed!* Yes, so has a mill-clack! It is *you* that are to be envied, my dear fellow. That heavenly repose of Mary's—though *you* may not have the taste to enjoy it—will, at least, never make your head split, as mine does at this moment—

De V. Repose! Oh, she has plenty of *repose*—and so has the duck-pond.

Ras. De Vere, your simile is offensive.

De V. Scarcely so much so, I think, sir, as your *mill-clack.*

Ras. Bah! that infernal Claribel would—

De V. Mr. Rashleigh, I cannot, and *will* not stand by to hear such language applied to Miss Oddington! If she has no nearer friend at hand, *I*, sir, *I* call upon you to retract it!—

Spriggs *and* Fanny *run on and retire again,* L.

Ras. When *you* retract your slander of her sister, sir. I blush, indeed, that I should have heard, without more immediately resenting it, language no *gentleman* could have employed in speaking of a *lady!*

De V. No gentleman, sir! This must be explained!

Ras. You may read the expression which way you please. Ay, and any further satisfaction you may desire, in such a cause, you will find me prompt to render!

De V. And me, sir, to demand! I make that injured lady's quarrel my own. My friend, Lieutenant Benson, sir, will have the honour of waiting on you—

Ras. I will go home at once, sir, and expect him. I have the honour to wish you a good morning, sir!

[*Bows ceremoniously, and exit,* R.

De V. [*After returning his bow as formally.*] A scoundrel! I'll go in search of Benson this instant! Insult a being like that angel Claribel! [*Exit,* L.

Enter Spriggs, *who has been listening, and* Fanny.

Spr. Here's a go! my adored Mrs. Spriggs, I shall never be able to get through all this—upon my life I never shall. There are those two fellows going to fight a duel now, because I am in a hurry.

Fan. Well, I'm sure, Jack, we've been in hurry enough this morning to last for a twelvemonth! and I won't hurry any more, that's poz! I am married now, and it's not fit for a married woman, I know. They can fight well enough without *us*, I am sure!

Spr. Very possible, but they *must* not! No—no—must not be selfish, Fanny. A policeman, a friend of mine, lives just round the corner: I'll call on him and set him after them. But I shall never be able to get through it all; I'm sure I never shall! Come, Mrs. Spriggs—come, my flying angel—run—run—run!

Fan. [*Half crying.*] I *can't*, then—you know I can't!

[*Exit Spriggs, urging her off,* L.

Scene II.—*A Room in Mr. Oddington's House.*

Claribel *and* Mary *discovered; Claribel seated on sofa,* R., *Mary on vis-a-vis,* L.

Cla. Yes, Mary, love—dreadful, indeed, [*Mournfully.*] to pass a long life with a man one can't endure!

Mary. [*Sighing.*] *Mine* will not be a *long* life, dear. My heart will soon break. Rashleigh's cheerful rattle will

always make music in your house—but for me, that booby De Vere, with not a word to say for himself—

Cla. Oh, Mary, love, do not speak of Edward in such terms! His quiet and manly sense commands my respect, as much as his modest reserve wins my affection and regard.

Mary. I wish you had him, then, I'm sure!—Oh, why —why were we both so blind till it was too late!

Cla. And their affections undergo no change, for they evidently take every opportunity of showing that they love *us* as much as ever!

Mary. Oh, Claribel!

Cla. Oh, Mary!—we are both very unhappy.

[*They throw themselves into each other's arms, crying.*

Enter Miss Brown, L.

Miss B. Heyday! why, girls! girls! What's the matter? Is your lap-dog dead—or have your sweethearts run away?

Cla. [*Sobbing.*] No—no. [*Aside.*] No such good fortune!—How I should like to make a confidante of her! My dear Miss Brown—[*Eagerly,*]—do you think it possible—do you think, Miss Brown, there is any *likelihood*—any hope—I mean, any fear, that they could ever run away, or—or change their minds?—

Miss B. Really, my dear, you know what *my* experience has been.

Mary. But *they*—they have been constant a whole *month.*

Miss B. My love, I have known men change even after *six weeks.*

Cla. [*Aside.*] Oh, I cannot forego the possession of such a comforter!—Miss Brown, I want a confidante—

Mary. So do I, Miss Brown!

Miss B. Well, my dears, here I am, and enough of me for both. I have nothing else in the world to do, and I shall enjoy the office amazingly.

Cla. [*Bursts into tears.*] Oh! Miss Brown! I'm very miserable!

Mary. [*The same.*] So am I, Miss Brown!

Miss B. Then you shall tell me all about it. But some one is coming now—dry your poor little eyes, and keep

out of sight, or you will have more confidantes, and I shall lose my monopoly!

[*Retires with them to the back of the Stage.*

Enter ODDINGTON, BRANDON, *and* ELINOR, L.

Odd. But I tell you, you shall stay, sir!—If Spriggs sent you here, Spriggs is an impudent scoundrel—but now I have caught you, I'll not let you go again.—You ought to be ashamed of yourself to wish it!—You ought to have more feeling for me, Harry!—I have been miserable about you—wretched! and now you are sulky, and want to run away again.

Bra. Sir! on the assertion of a stranger, you have believed me capable of villainy the most degrading—

Odd. Well, and now, on your own assertion, and Nelly's yonder, I have unbelieved every word of it again—and without a bit better evidence. My dear boy, it is the misfortune of us men of knowledge of the world, to be suspicious—you—you will be so yourself before you are sixty. The milk of human kindness will turn sour, when it is kept so very long.

Eli. Never with you, my kindest father!

Odd. But I tell you it will, and does—and so, for fear of any further accidents, I'll have you married out of the way at once—and then you may suspect one another if you like, and quarrel if you like—and it will be no business of mine!

Bra. I cannot!—I cannot!—Oh, sir! do not torture me with the vision of a Heaven beyond my reach!

Odd. Why, you contradictory scoundrel, you are not going to refuse her?

Bra. Think of my name, slandered and despicable in all good men's eyes—think of my state—an outcast beggar's—

Odd. [*Interrupting him.*] What's that to you?—or anybody else, except me? Pray, sir, have you any very early prospect of making a fortune?

Bra. Alas, sir! I have indeed yet found none:—but time—

Odd. Time, sir! and is this precious child to wait for years, and pine away the freshness of her youthful heart, to gratify your foolish pride? Sir, that feeling is not ho-

nour, which would enjoy a blessing, and yet escape the sense of obligation for it!

Bra. Oh, sir! I fear you read my heart too truly—though I had blinded my own eyes to this. Do with me what you will!—I know my honour will be safe with you—and for myself, I will henceforth only feel my love, and my unworthiness!

Odd. There, go and make your peace with Nelly. [*Aside.*] When all is once settled, what a laugh I'll have at these learned youngsters.

Enter Spriggs *and* Fanny, L.

Spr. [*Out of breath.*] All right, here I am! Ladies and gentlemen, allow me the honour of introducing Mrs. Spriggs!

Bra. [*Amazed.*] Fanny!

Spr. Ha! ha! Yes, something like her in person—not much, though—not quite so stout, a little taller too, eh? Ha! ha! ha!

Bra. You surely are not married?

Spr. A'nt we? Ask the venerable parson—ask the respected clerk! Perhaps you'll allow me to offer Mrs. Spriggs a chair—she is a little agitated, and her position, you know, is delicate.

Bra. [*To Oddington.*] Sir, this is Mr. Hardman's daughter.—What her father—

Fan. Oh, don't talk of it, Mr. Brandon!—it gives me quite a twitteration to think of pa!

Spr. Don't tremble, my chicken, I'll extinguish him!

Odd. To what, Mr. Spriggs, do I owe the unexpected honour of your wedding visit?

Spr. That's the very thing. [*Turns to the ladies at the other end of the room, and walks towards them.*] Ladies, may I request the honour of your company—it's worth your while—upon my life it is—highly important!

Miss B. Bless me, I really believe here is another in want of a confidante! I am in rare request this morning!

Spr. Allow me to offer you an arm—nothing improper, upon my life—I'm a married man. There now—stand there, and just form a circle, will you? You'll excuse me, if I wish to produce a little effect—I may never have such another opportunity. Hem! Ladies and gentlemen

—Mr. Oddington—from the pleasant footing on which I appear to find Mr. Brandon here, I presume you are quite satisfied I told you a parcel of very abominable lies about that respectable young man!

Bra. *You* told him?

Spr. Yes—*I*—it was a painful duty—but it *was* a duty, for I was paid for it—most shabbily, too, between ourselves.

Odd. [*Aside.*] And yet I *believed* them—that was extraordinary! Not at all like me in general.

Spr. Hardman employed and prompted me—

Odd. Now don't tell *more* lies, sir—Mr. Hardman! what motive—what object?

Spr. To separate him for ever from your house, as the first step to make him marry little Fanny here.

Eli. Oh, Henry! of what a wretched conspiracy have you been the victim! And *you!* [*To Spriggs,*] can you dare look on one you have so injured?

Spr. That's the very thing, you see, miss—it made me wretched, upon my life it did. But what could I do? Mine is a hard position—elegant desires—refined tastes—expensive habits—and only eighteen shillings a week; and so, obliged to swallow all sorts of tough things, though with a very weak moral digestion, my conscience was always rising in my throat—so, at last, I resolved to make amends—and as Fanny seemed to be the chief obstacle in the way, I married her myself, to leave you a clear field!

Odd. Here's a pretty confusion of morals!

Fan. [*Puts chair back, and crosses to Spriggs.*] Oh, Jack! I am so nervous—I think I hear pa every minute!

Spr. Don't Fanny—don't hear him yet! I want all my self-possession—the main thing is yet to come. Mr. Brandon, sir, prepare to be overpowered. Mrs. Spriggs, my love, lend Mr. Brandon your smelling-bottle. You know I serve in the office of Messrs. Quill and Crotchet, Mr. Hardman's solicitors—precious bad they pay me, too. —Well, sir, yesterday, I happened, just with my side eye, to see, among a mass of private papers on Mr. Crotchet's desk, the name of Henry Brandon.

Bra. Ha!

Odd. Now take care!

Spr. I confess it moved my curiosity—and so it happen-

ed, that, as he hurried the papers away—it just happened, I say, by a very odd coincidence, a sheet of blotting paper in my hand got exactly over that particular one—and, I suppose, stuck to it—for I found it in my pocket when I got home to supper. Ladies and gentlemen, [*With great importance,*] that document is in this blue bag! It is a deed executed out in the West Indies, by Lambert Brandon, appointing, in the absence of all relations and nearer friends, his faithful servant, James Hardman, trustee of his infant son, Henry Brandon, for moneys, lands, and possessions enough for a prince.

Bra. Impossible! Oh, Elinor! now can I indeed claim thee with pride! This, then, was the secret of my strange bringing up?

Spr. To be sure it was. He had just got conscience enough to make him use you like a gentleman—while he hated the sight of you—because you always put him in mind what a scoundrel he was. And then he thought by marrying you to Fanny, he should get all the fortune in a safe, legal way!

[*All gather round Brandon, congratulating him.*

Odd. I don't believe a word of it!

Spr. Very natural—I deceived you once; but now you shall see. [*Opening the bag.*

Fan. [*Screams.*] There *is* pa! I'm sure I heard his name!

Spr. Help! murder! murder!—He has followed us! Preserve me! protect my bag!

[*Puts it in a chair and sits down upon it,* R. U. E

Enter Tom Tilley L.,—*all come down.*

Tom. Oh, sir! Oh, ma'am! Oh, miss! Oh, Mr. Brandon! Oh, everybody!—such a row! such a go! Mr. Hardman—

Fan. There! I said so!—I knew it was pa!

Tom. He's bolted!

All. Where?

Tom. Off to France, or America, or somewhere. Oh, there is such a mess! such fun!—and Quill and Crotchet have sent down there for Mr. Brandon to come and hear something to his advantage—the clerk told me about it—but I would not stop for any more; and so now I'll run back for the rest. Oh, there is such a row! [*Runs out,* L.

Spr. I've blown him out of the water.

Fan. Oh, Jack, you have ruined him!

Spr. To be sure I have—but I have married you, and saved you from being ruined with him!

Fan. Oh, yes, Jack, I know it was very kind of you, and very generous, just at such a moment; but still I can't help crying for poor pa! [*Sobbing.*

Spr. Don't cry, Fanny—there's a great moral lesson about to be given. There, in your fugitive old progenitor, you see the fate of vice; while now you are going to behold the recompense of virtue in the handsome acknowledgment these gentlemen are about to make *me.*

Odd. Virtue!—Why, you scoundrel—

Spr. Hollo!—I say, old gentleman, softly, there—softly;—remember Mrs. Spriggs is by!

Odd. Have not you robbed your employers, sir?

Spr. Robbed them!—rob Quill and Crotchet?—Ha! ha! ha!—no small credit to do that. They robbed *me,* I know, of seven shillings a week, at least—gave me only eighteen shillings, when I was honestly worth five and twenty; and that with my expensive habits, elegant tastes, refined ideas—

Odd. Psha! And have you not betrayed the man that trusted you?

Spr. Trusted *me!*—that is a good one! I rather think I trusted *him*—sold myself to him, body and soul, upon tick; and when we came to settle he gave only a five-pound note for the lot; why, I have been ashamed of myself ever since! No, no—I owe nothing to any of them, except Mr. Brandon here—and there, [*Crossing to Brandon, and giving him the deed,*] you are paid! And now, [*Turning away,*] I dare say somebody will pay *me!*

Bra. Depend upon it, Spriggs, you shall not find me deficient in gratitude, if it were but for Fanny's sake!

Spr. Don't say another word! I'm satisfied. I'll answer for it, the two of us will fetch more than ten pounds, at any rate.

Re-enter TOM TILLEY, L.

Tom. Oh, la, sir!—here's another row! This is something like being alive!—a duel, sir!

All. A duel!

Spr. Hold your tongue! I know all about it—I'll tell them!

Tom. No, you don't! It's my news—I brought it myself, and I'll have the telling of it!

Spr. Will you, though—but you shan't. Mr. Rashleigh, sir—

Mary. [*Screams.*] Ha! Charles!

Tom. And Mr. De Vere, sir—

Cla. [*Screams.*] Ha! Edward!

Spr. They're gone to fight—

Tom. A duel!

Spr. Hold you're tongue!

Tom. Hold your own!

Odd. Silence, you fools—both—are you mad? Why, they are the dearest friends in the world—

Spr. Have been, perhaps, sir.

Tom. But they have quarrelled now—

Spr. About the young ladies.

Cla. & Mary. About us!

Tom. Like two turkeycocks. That's all I know at present, but I'll run and get some more. An't it fun? I call this something like, now! [*Runs off,* L.

Odd. What the devil is the meaning of it all?

Spr. Aha! you're obliged to come to me at last. Mr. Rashleigh called Mr. De Vere a scoundrel, because Mr. De Vere said Miss Mary was as dull as a duck-pond!

Mary. [*With horror.*] What?

Spr. And Mr. De Vere called Mr. Rashleigh no gentleman, because Mr. Rashleigh said Miss Claribel's tongue was more unbearable than a mill-clack!

Cla. The wretch!

Odd. Fighting a duel for one another's mistresses!—But this must be prevented. [*To Spriggs.*] Where are they?

Bra. Allow me, sir. Where is the place? [*To Spriggs.*

Spr. Don't be alarmed! I've sent policemen A 67 and B 94.

Cla. [*Pulling Spr.*] Don't stand talking there, but fly!

Mary. [*Pulling him another way.*] Save him! he is exposed to—

Spr. [*Confused.*] B 94.

Cla. Will you leave him to—

Spr. A 67.

Odd. Death, sir! will you answer me?

Spr. [*Bewildered.*] A—

Bra. Where are they to meet?—quick—quick.

Spr. B——, oh, do be quiet!

Mary. That wretch, De Vere, will murder him!

Cla. Rashleigh has no heart—no feeling!

Spr. [*At whom all are pulling.*] But I have, and you'll be the death of *me!*

TOM TILLEY *runs in*, L.

Tom. It's all over!—both are safe—here they come. Nobody hurt—not even the seconds. [*Exit*, L.

Miss B. That's a pity! If the seconds were shot now and then, duels would be far less common!

Enter RASHLEIGH *and* DE VERE, L.

Cla. [*Springing into De Vere's arms.*] Edward, oh, Edward!

Mary. [*Doing the same to Rashleigh.*] Charles!

Odd. Stop! stop! What are you about, girls? You have made a *mistake*—you have got the wrong men!

Ras. [*Looking at Claribel.*] May I dare believe—am I awake?

De V. [*Looking at Mary.*] Can I trust my eyes? Mary, am I indeed so happy as to find you love my inestimable friend?

Mary. Duck-pond!

Ras. Claribel, dare I hope that I am indifferent to you! and that that excellent man has your affections?

Cla. Mill-clack!

Odd. Now are not you a pair of pretty fellows? Ha! ha! ha! I told you how it would be—but I was an old fool! It is very odd, really, but I never am wrong. Nobody ever can deceive me.

Miss B. [*Aside.*] Can't they? You dear self-satisfied old coxcomb—we'll see about that directly!

De V. Nay, sir, show a little mercy; when you yourself—

Odd. I—sir!

Ras. Think of your bachelor boasts—think of my sweet ward—think of Miss Brown!

Odd. [*Embarrassed.*] That's nothing to the purpose. I never said anything against Miss Brown. It was widows

only that I forswore! Miss Brown, they are all going to be married, and we—we—

Miss B. [*With modesty.*] Oh, Mr. Oddington—pause, sir, consider—

Odd. I have considered, madam.

Miss B. You know so little of me.

Odd. I know your heart—I desire nothing more.

Miss B. But you know nothing of my fortune—

Odd. I ask no fortune, madam—I have abundance for both.

Miss B. Nor of my family—

Odd. I have not the least desire for a family!—

Enter Tom Tilley, *hastily*, L

Tom. Mrs. Green—Oh, Mrs. Green—

Miss B. [*Alarmed.*] What's the matter—

Odd. You are drunk, Tom—there's no Mrs. Green here.

Tom. The children, ma'am, the precious children!

Miss B. [*Screams.*] My innocent babes! What of them?

Odd. Your babes! what the devil do you mean, ma'am?

Tom. Oh, Mrs. Green! Master Richard has been knocked down by a cart—but don't be frightened, he is not much hurt: and Miss Sarah has thrown down the urn all over herself—but don't be alarmed, ma'am, she is not much scalded; and Miss Lucy—La! ma'am! I forget what has happened to the rest, but I'll go and see for some more.—[*Aside.*] However, I think that will serve master for one dose.

Odd. [*Shouts.*] Stop! do you hear me, sir? Stop! Who are all these?

Miss B. My children—my dear fatherless children!

Odd. [*Gasping.*] Your fatherless children! Why, what are you, woman—what are you?

Miss B. A poor lone widow at present—

Odd. [*Staggering back.*] A widow!

Miss B. Though soon to be your happy wife—

Odd. [*Furiously.*] I'll see you—I beg pardon—I don't know what I say—

Miss B. Have not I your promise?

Odd. No!

Miss B. Your written promise?

Odd. No!

Miss B. Have you not wooed me?

Odd. [*Shouts.*] No! no! no!

Miss B. Have you, too, changed your mind?

Odd. No, ma'am, it is you have changed your condition!

Miss B. Have you not known yourself?

Odd. I have not known you, ma'am! I've been defrauded—bamboozled—tricked—

Miss B. Look here, sir! your written bond!—the penalty five thousand pounds!

Odd. It's a swindle—a gross swindle! [*Walking about.*

Miss B. [*Following him.*] It was my love alone concealed that one misfortune, which they said would make me hateful in your eyes—

Odd. [*Still walking to and fro.*] A widow! think of my being promised in marriage to a widow! Think of my paying a widow five thousand pounds!

Ras. In my opinion, no penalty can be too great where an innocent woman's affections are made the victims!

Odd. She is not an innocent woman, sir!

Miss B. Come, Mr. Oddington, my condition you can change—myself shall remain unalterable!

Odd. [*With feeling.*] Oh, woman—woman—how different I believed you! I thought you rich in every human excellence. I have been, indeed, deceived! Yet, even *now*, I will not think you quite so unprincipled as you appear. Poverty, perhaps, has seduced you. Want has tempted you too far. You shall receive your hard-earned money. Now go.

Miss B. [*Affectionately.*] John!

Odd. [*Not regarding her.*] A dream of excellence is over—not the first! [*Going.*

Miss B. [*Stopping him.*] John!

Odd. Fie, madam; leave me!

Miss B. John!

Odd. Madam, this is indelicate!—it's—it's beneath your sex.

Miss B. [*Playfully.*] Johnny, dear!

Odd. [*Turning amazed.*] Eh! what! why, is she mad?

Miss B. John! have you, indeed, so perfectly forgot me?

Odd. Forgot you!—forgot *whom?*

Miss B. Have thirty years so completely changed poor Bessy?

Odd. Bessy!

Miss B. Your little *sister*, Bessy!

Odd. Bessy!—Bessy was a thin slip of a girl—

Miss B. And so was *I.* But slips don't remain thin for thirty years!

Odd. Bessy was married—

Miss B. And so was *I!*—or I should not be a widow now. I came here to join my only relative; I had heard you were a queer, odd, perverse sort of an old bachelor; and as I am rather queer and odd myself, I thought I would see you first *incog.*, and judge if we should be likely to live comfortably together.

Odd. [*Examining her.*] Bessy had light hair—

Miss B. And—hush!—whisper! [*Whispers him.*

Odd. You don't mean that!—now, upon your honour?

Miss B. I do!

Odd. And you are really Bessy?—*really?*

Miss B. I'll write you a certificate of it—I think you know my hand.

Odd. Now, don't deceive me, [*Laying his hands upon her shoulders,*] Bessy!

Miss B. Johnny!

Odd. My pretty little sister!

Miss B. My curly-headed little brother!

Odd. Oh, Bessy!

Miss B. Oh, Johnny! [*Falling into each other's arms.*

Odd. I never was so delighted to see anybody in my life!—Oh, you sad rogue! But I might have expected it of you—you were always the same.

Miss B. Yet remember—I really am a widow!

Odd. I'll never say another word against a widow, as long as I live!

Tom. Hurrah! hurrah for Mrs. Noggs! I'm off to Oxford! Hurrah for the widows! [*Runs out,* L.

Odd. Curse me, if that fellow is not going to bring another widow into the house!

Miss B. But my five thousand pounds—what a pity I could not earn it!

Odd. You shall have it, Bessy.

Miss B. No, sir; I'll show you that even a widow can be disinterested. But I'll use it, notwithstanding. As I suppose you will not let my pet Elinor accept—my old *trousseau*, I'll furnish her a new one; and a little settle-

ment for pocket money too—after I have squeezed a thousand pounds out of it for my confidential friend, Tom! and another for this young man, [*Pointing to Spriggs,*] to whom we all owe some return!

Spr. [*Starting.*] A thousand pounds! Oh, ma'am—oh, sir! I can't—I can't take it. I'm not worthy of it—it's too much—it—it—I shall burst out crying directly!

Odd. What do you mean by that, sir? You shall take it, if I choose, and I'll put you in the way of getting an honest living, too. We owe a great deal to you, sir. Brandon's fortune recovered, and these young fools saved from a duel—you must be put beyond the temptation of want any more!

Spr. Fanny, if this is the way they pay virtue, hang me if I ever do another dishonest thing as long as I live!

Fan. No, Jack—*that* you shan't!

Odd. We make a thousand laws to punish vice, which still grows on in spite of them—but we make not one for the reward of virtue, though none can say how rich a crop a little timely cultivation of it might encourage.

Ras. Mr. Oddington—here are two culprits, who have—ahem! have forfeited their bonds.

Odd. Settle the money on your wives, you jackanapes and don't say another word about it.—We have all been fools alike—no, by-the-bye—Nelly has not!

Eli. [*Taking Brandon's hand.*] The love that has held fast through years and sorrows, is the only one that need not fear a change!

Odd. Don't boast—or you'll quarrel and forswear one another before you get married, yet—though I mean to get all the licences to-morrow morning. You've been foolish—very, very foolish—but I dare say you won't do it again. However, your friends may—so if you see anybody contemplating matrimony—I think there are one or two—just give them my advice. I'm an old fellow—sixty-three—and ought to know.—Don't be rash! "LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP!"

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

SPRIGGS. FAN. MISS B. ODD. CLA. DE VE. MARY. RASH. R.] [L.

THE END.

No. XXXV.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &C.

KING JOHN.

A Tragedy

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

ALSO, A LIST OF AUTHORITIES FOR COSTUMES,

BY CHARLES KEAN, ESQ.

AS PRODUCED WITH GREAT SPLENDOUR AT THE PARK THEATRE.

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No. XXXV.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THIS play is founded on a historical drama in two parts, published in 1591, with the title of "The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England," the authorship of which is attributed by Malone to Marlowe, by Farmer to Rowley, and by other commentators to Shakspeare himself. Of these conjectures, it is now the received opinion that the last is untrue. From this old drama, however, did Shakspeare undeniably gather the crude materials, which, after being purged in the crucible of his genius, took the shape of his own accredited production; in which there is not a scene or a character that is not to be found, in its rudimental state, in the older play. But with what wonderful art has he retreached, expanded, transmuted and vivified these unpromising materials! With his magic pen he touched the dry bones of the old, forgotten chronicle, and lo! forms of undying beauty, majesty, and power, started up, now composing picturesque groups, and now representing incidents which vividly exhibit to us the martial, religious, and political peculiarities of a rude age, and are rendered impressive by their being blended with evocations of human passion, which must always appeal to our sympathies because they must always be true to our nature.

We can but glance at a few of the improvements Shakspeare made upon the hints he borrowed. In the old play, Philip Faulconbridge, when interrogating his mother in regard to his parentage, draws his sword and threatens to kill her if she conceals the truth. How differently does Shakspeare make him elicit the delicate secret—with what irresistible pleasantry, and, at the same time, what gentlemanly tenderness! In another scene of the old play, the same personage is represented as rifling a convent; an incident which has been judiciously rejected, though it affords an opportunity for some amusing surprises, and must have been not unpalatable to the anti-papal taste of the times. Another amendment is the absence of Lady Faulconbridge from

the scene where the question of her infidelity is discussed before the King. The characters of Constance, Hubert, and Arthur, have been so much improved in the remoulding, that they may be classed among Shakspeare's most original creations. The same may be said of that salient and consummate picture of a bold, gay-spirited soldier, Philip Faulconbridge, the hint for which seems to have been taken from these two descriptive lines:

"Next them a bastard of the king deceased,
A hardie wild head, rough and venturous."

To modern readers it is a subject of surprise, that neither in the old chronicle play nor in Shakspeare is there any allusion to what is now considered the most momentous event of King John's reign, the signing of Magna Charta. We can only account for this omission by the inference, that, in the times of the writers, the importance of that instrument in connexion with the progress of popular liberty, had not yet been felt or appreciated.

The "King John" of Shakspeare was not published till 1623—after his death. It had been acted with success before that year, however; and Davies conjectures that Burbage was the original *King John*, and Taylor, who performed Iago and Hamlet, was the *Philip Faulconbridge*. Both these characters have had many celebrated representatives since that period. The contemporaries of Garrick speak of his personation of the King in their accustomed tones of panegyric. In the last masterly scene with Hubert, he is said by Davies to have been eminently superior to all other actors. His action was more animated; and his quick transitions from one passion to another, gave an excellent portrait of the turbulent and distracted mind of John. When Hubert showed his warrant for the death of Arthur, saying,

"Here is your hand and seal for what I did,"

Garrick snatched the warrant from his hand, and, grasping it hard, in an agony of despair and horror, looked up as if anticipating the judgment of Heaven upon his head for the murder. In the dying scene, he is described as being wonderfully impressive. The tortures of a man under the effects of a mortal poison, were inimitably delineated. Every word of the melancholy news uttered by Faulconbridge, seemed to sever the strings of life one by one, until, the last being broken, the monarch expired

before the unwelcome tale was completed. But, notwithstanding the applause of his audiences, Garrick himself seems to have been dissatisfied with the capabilities of the selfish and vacillating character of John; and he finally abandoned it for that of Faulconbridge, although his physical qualifications were unsuited to the part.

How admirably are the gloomy portions of the tragedy relieved by the introduction of this gallant, adventurous soldier of fortune, with his fine animal spirits, his humour, and his intrepidity! And how natural is the change that comes over his mood, after the murder of Arthur and the humiliation of the King! His jesting spirit forsakes him, but not his reckless courage and his quick resentment of the least approach to insult or oppression. Among the modern personators of this character, Charles Kemble is deservedly the most celebrated. Faulconbridge in his hands was not the vulgar braggart he is too often made; but a gentleman in heart, whose vauntings are the overflow of spirits attendant on a sanguine, vigorous organization, untempered by collision with courts and courtiers.

The impassioned and highly tragic character of *Constance*—the character whose attribute, as Mrs. Jamieson well observes, is power—power in affection, power in defiance, power in grief, power in despair—the character, whose sorrows are so mighty that she summons kings to bow to her throne—found a worthy representative in Mrs. Siddons. According to Campbell, it was not unusual for spectators to leave the house when her part in the tragedy was over, as if they could no longer enjoy Shakspeare himself when she ceased to be his interpreter. She was the embodied image of maternal love and courage, of wronged and righteous feeling, of proud grief and majestic desolation. Her vicissitudes of hurried and deliberate gesture, would have made you imagine that her very body seemed to think. Her elocution varied its tones from the height of vehemence to the lowest despondency, with an eagle-like power of soaring and stooping, and with the rapidity of thought. The great actress herself, in her remarks upon this character, lets us partially into the secret of her success in the impersonation. She says:

"Whenever I was called upon to personate the character of Constance, I never from the beginning of the play to the end of my part in it, once suffered my dress

ing-room door to be closed, in order that my attention might be constantly fixed on those distressing events which, by this means, I could plainly hear going on upon the stage, the terrible effects of which progress were to be represented by me. Moreover, I never omitted to place myself, with Arthur in my hand, to hear the march, when, upon the reconciliation of England and France, they enter the gates of Angiers to ratify the contract of marriage between the Dauphin and the Lady Blanch; because the sickening sounds of that march would usually cause the bitter tears of rage, disappointment, betrayed confidence, baffled ambition, and, above all, the agonizing feelings of maternal affection to gush into my eyes. In short, the spirit of the whole drama took possession of my mind and frame, by my attention being incessantly riveted to the passing scenes."

The twenty-fourth of October, 1842, this great historical drama was produced by Mr. Macready at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, in a style of unaccustomed magnificence. Before that period, the representation had lacked those accompaniments, which filled the poet's imagination as he wrote, and the absence of which detracts so materially from the delusion of the royal encounter. We were called upon to imagine the power of England concentrated in some six or eight shabbily-dressed supernumeraries; while that of France was obliged to be content with half that number. Mr. Macready made an innovation upon the prescriptive customs of the stage in this regard. He did what was still better: he restored much of the original text of Shakspeare, and improved and re-arranged the business. The present acting edition is the first ever published containing the new restorations and directions.

To the enterprise and good taste of Mr. Charles Kean, the American public is indebted for an opportunity of witnessing the presentation of this tragedy with a due regard to fidelity of costume, splendour of decorations, and liberality of supernumerary aid. In historical accuracy, the dresses and equipments he has supplied are even superior to those of Drury Lane; so that the following description of the production of the pageant at that establishment, from the London papers of the day, will be equally applicable to the style in which it is to be put upon the stage at the Park:—

"We have had nothing so great as the revival of this play. In the first scene, King John appears enthroned and surrounded by his barons, hurling defiance at the French King; the Gothic hall being hung with tapestry, but above showing the bare stone walls, adorned with only a square canopy over the chair of state, and the carved timbers of the roof, exhibiting the rude pomp of elder days. In the next scene, the chivalry of France and England, arrayed in the glittering panoply of war, meet before the gates of Angiers; the lofty ramparts and bastions of the town,

stretching out in dim perspective along the river's bank, frown defiance on the rival forces; and while the two monarchs hold parley with the citizens on the walls, we have full opportunity to note the details of this sumptuous and striking scene. The quaint heraldic devices on the shields and surcoats of the knights, enliven with their gaudy hues the glitter of their coats of mail; the regal habiliments of the kings, the flowing robes of the ladies, the parti-coloured habits of the heralds, and the flaunting banners, adding a brighter glow to this warlike pomp: the host of warriors are in frequent action, and the shifting of the throng as each party advance and retire, produces new combinations of colour that prevent the eye from being fatigued. In the succeeding scenes the Pope's Legate swells the pageant with the pomp of the Romish church, and brings new elements of discord into play: the grief of Constance now casts a shade of gloom over the dazzling scene; and the subsequent entrance of King Philip, defeated and cast down, attended by a few dejected followers, prepare the way for the catastrophe of Arthur's death. The contrast of this and the following scenes with those that have gone before, is striking to the most careless spectator: John is seen again enthroned, but shorn alike of pomp and power; his abasement before the Pope's Legate is followed by a second defeat in his own kingdom, his death by poison concluding the tragedy.

"In this revival, the accoutrements are complete, from the helmet to the spur of each mailed warrior. Not a distinction is missed in the appointments. From citizen to baron, gentleman to knight, herald to man-at-arms, soldier to servant, priest to king, gradations are marked with picturesque exactness. The scenery has had the same attention. The council room, the field before and after battle, the fortifications of Angiers, the moated and embattled fortress of Northampton, the glitter of the royal tent, the gloom of Swinstead abbey—they have all the character of truth, the character of simple and strong fidelity."

In 1744, Colley Cibber undertook, as he modestly expressed it, "to supply the deficiencies of Shakspeare," and to render the same service for King John that he had done for Richard III.; but the success of his attempt was not equal to that in the instance of the latter play. His "Papal Tyranny," as he called his patch-work production, is now either forgotten or remembered only with a smile. In 1800, a stage edition of King John, as arranged by John Philip Kemble, was published, embracing, doubtless, the *business* of Garrick and other eminent actors. Of this, Mr. Macready has availed himself, in the preparation of the present judicious abridgement; but he has also introduced much that is novel in the externals of the scene, besides restoring many passages from the original text, which should never have been omitted. The number of contested readings in this play is often embarrassing to an editor. We have adopted those which seem to be most in accordance with the custom of the stage, and which are generally those that are most immediately intelligible to an audience.

COSTUMES.

KING JOHN.—*First dress*: Crimson damask gown, with rich jewelled belt; cloth of gold undergown; cloth of gold robe, with jewelled border, lined with green silk, scarlet stockings; black and gold shoes; white jewelled gloves; gold crown richly jewelled; beard and moustache. *Second dress:* Chain armour, arms, legs and hood; crimson velvet surcoat, showered with gold; gold waist-belt and sword; plain gold crown; gold spurs; crimson shield, with three gold lions.

PRINCE HENRY.—Scarlet cloth gown; white undergown; blue robe; crimson cap; waist belt.

ARTHUR.—Light blue velvet gown, showered with gold; cap ditto. *Second dress:* Tight blue jacket, open in front, showing a white shirt; full breeches, tied below the knee; blue stockings and russet shoes; being the disguise of a sailor boy of the 13th century.

EARL OF SALISBURY.—Fawn colored gown, tight sleeves, rich waist belt hanging in front; blue cloth robe; red stockings; black pointed-toed shoes, embroidered with gold; white gloves with gold embroidery; red velvet cap with gold; sword.

OTHER ENGLISH NOBLES.—Same fashion as Salisbury's, varying the colours. All wear beards. *Second dress:* All in chain armour, with various surcoats and weapons, with their respective arms on their shields.

PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE.—Buff gown, below the knee edged with blue; with blue hood thrown back; buff stockings, and black pointed shoes. *Second dress:* Chain mail, with yellow surcoat.

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE.—Same as first dress of Philip Faulconbridge, but of other colours.

JAMES GURNEY.—Dark coloured cloth shirt, with hood thrown back; dark stockings; and russet shoes.

PETER OF POMFRET.—Long drab shirt, with a dark cloak or scarf; flesh coloured legs and rude sandals; long white hair and beard.

ENGLISH HERALD.—Parti-coloured gown of red and blue, with a bag on the right hip, with the three lions of England emblazoned; one stocking red, and the other blue; red hood thrown back, and white wand. Two attendants dressed in a similar manner, without wand.

SHERIFF OF NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—Dark gown and hood, with a gold collar and dagger.

PHILIP OF FRANCE.—Rich surcoat.

CHATILLON AND ATTENDANTS.—In 1st scene dressed in long gowns and cloaks, very richly embroidered, with Phygrian caps; change to armour at close of 3rd act.

FRENCH NOBLES.—In surcoats of various colours, each carrying his arms on shield.

AUSTRIA.—A suit of mail armour, with a lion's skin on his back.

FRENCH HERALD AND ATTENDANTS.—Same fashion as English, only blue and white.

CARDINAL PANDULPH.—Scarlet robe.

QUEEN ELINOR.—White long gown, figured with gold, richly jewelled belt, embroidered crimson robe, crown, and cowl.

CONSTANCE.—Black velvet dress, embroidered.

BLANCH.—Blue long gown flowered with gold, jewelled waist-belt, and white veil

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.—Grey cloth long gown, trimmed with black and gold, black velvet robe, and cowl.

SCENE.—*Sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.*

SUPERNUMERARY CHARACTERS.

Fitzwalter, Robert de Rouse, Oxford, Hereford, De Clare, Percy, Arundel, De Warrene, two Knights, five Esquires, six Bishops, two mitred Abbots, one Archbishop, six Monks, Apostolicus Notarius, Grand Master of Knights Templars eight Knights Templars, two Knights Hospitallers, two Royal Pages, two Italian gentlemen attendants on Cardinal, St. Omer, Bretel, Roye, De Beaumont, Neuville, D'Arras, Blois, eight French Knights, first Citizen, six attendant Citizens, six Citizen Soldiers, Standard-Bearers of England, France, Austria, &c.

AUTHORITIES FOR THE COSTUMES OF KING JOHN.

We are indebted for the following list of authorities for dresses and equipments to Mr. Charles Kean, who has exhibited no slight extent of antiquarian research in its preparation :—

KING JOHN—FIRST DRESS: His effigy, in the choir of Worcester Cathedral. This statue is five feet, one inch, long; it is carved in Purbeck marble, and was probably made immediately after the monarch's decease.—*Wild's Illustrations of the Architecture and Sculpture of the Cathedral Church of Worcester.* The earliest *monumental* effigy of an English sovereign to be found in England, is that of King John, in Worcester Cathedral. The body was discovered in the year 1797; and a description of the dress, in full, will be found in W. Fairholt's "Costumes in England," page 101. Jewelled or embroidered gloves were worn by persons of exalted rank, and the principal clergy.—*Vide Fairholt.* (The effigies of King Richard I. and Henry II. of England, are in Normandy, France.)

SECOND DRESS—His great seal, and the impression of a seal used before he ascended the throne, and affixed to one grant in Sir John Cotton's library, and to two in the chamber of the Duchy of Lancaster,—in the latter of which the arms are two lions passant; but "when he came to be king," says Sandford, in his Genealogical History, "he did bear the arms of his brother, King Richard, namely, *Gules, three lions passant gardant,* or; for which *vide* his great seal." The mace is introduced from the 23rd plate in Meyrick's Armour. The seal of this monarch affords the *first* example of an English king wearing a surcoat over his suit of mail. Surcoats originated with the Crusaders. They were at first without armorial bearings, which were confined to the shield, and were simply of one colour, party coloured or variegated.—*Meyrick's Ancient Armour, 1st vol., page* 86. Surcoats were also flowered with gold or silver, as may be seen in Charles Hamilton Smith's work on the ancient costumes of Great Britain; *vide* that of Earl of Oxford, *anno* 1215, and Sir Hugh Bardolf, *anno* 1204.

PRINCE HENRY & PRINCE ARTHUR, DUKE OF BRETAGNE.—These dresses are designed from costumes of the period—*(vide Montfaucon.)* Arthur is dressed from a valuable work in my possession, now out of print, by J. R. Planché, Esq.

EARL OF SALISBURY.—FIRST DRESS—From MS. in Bodleian library. A similar figure is introduced by Strutt, in his 1st volume of "Dresses and Habits of the People of England," as a nobleman of the 13th century—plate 56. All the other barons are dressed in the like costume, the colours being varied.

SECOND DRESS—Effigy of the Earl, on the south side of the nave of Salisbury cathedral. He was called Longespee or Longsword, from a long sword which he usually carried. He was the base son of King Henry II. by Rosamond Clifford, commonly called Fair Rosamond. He bore the arms of his father-in-law, Earl of Salisbury, namely, *Azure, six lions rampant, or.—Vide Sandford's General History.*

EARL OF PEMBROKE.—SECOND DRESS—Effigy of the Earl, in the Temple church, London, with additions from the monument of the Earl of Oxford. The beard on the upper lip signifies his adherence to the king. He used for his arms, *d'or, party de Vert, au lyon rampant de Guelles, sur le tout, arme et lampasse d'Azur.—Vincent's Discoverie of Brook's Errors.*

NORFOLK.—SECOND DRESS—Heylin's "Help to English History."

ESSEX.—SECOND DRESS—Temple church, London.

ROBERT DE ROUSE.—21st plate of Meyrick's Ancient Armour.

OXFORD.—"Ancient Costume of Great Britain," by Charles Hamilton Smith, Esq., *anno* 1215. The spear added from a MS. in the Cotton library, B. M.

HUBERT,
FITZWALTER,
HEREFORD,
DE CLARE,
PERCY,
ARUNDEL,
DE WARRENE,
} Thompson's Historical Essay on the Magna Charta.

TWO ENGLISH KNIGHTS.—Edmonson's "Knighthood."

HERALD,
TWO ATTENDANTS,
TWO TRUMPETERS,
TWO ROYAL PAGES,
FIVE ESQUIRES,
SHERIFF OF NORTHAMPTONSHIRE,
PETER OF POMFRET,
} Knighton's "Dress and Habits of the 13th Centnry."

TWO MURDERERS, (Attendants on Hubert in 4th act.)—Ditto.

PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE.—First Dress—From the enamelled figures on King John's silver cup, in the possession of the Corporation of King's Lynn, Norfolk. Also introduced by Strutt in his "Dresses and Habits," 1st vol., 54 plate.

Second Dress.—Effigy of a Knight of the 13th century in Malvern church, Worcestershire. The battle axe added from the one in the drawing of Richard I. Cœur-de-Lion; *anno* 1194, plate 13, 1st vol. Meyrick's "Ancient Armour."

ROYAL STANDARD OF ENGLAND AND STANDARD BEARER.—From Herbe's "National Costumes."

STANDARD OF NORMANDY AND BEARER.—Ditto.

STANDARD OF ACQUITAINE.—Ditto.

THE KNIGHT in a long green surcoat is introduced from its peculiarity. The drawing will be found in the 1st vol. of Meyrick's "Ancient Armour," plate 15. It is taken from the monumental effigy of a knight in Malvern church, Worcestershire. He carries a buckler instead of a shield, and in his right hand a *martel de fer*. *Anno* 1220.

FRENCH.

KING PHILIP—(surnamed Augustus.)—Montfaucon's "Monarchie Francaise." There being no effigy of King Philip *armed*, Planchè has arranged this dress from various regal remains of the 12th and 13th centuries, which is to be found in the work from which Prince Arthur's costume is taken.

PRINCE LEWIS.—He is erroneously called the Dauphin, by Shakspeare, a title first borne by Charles V. of France, during the lifetime of his father, John.—*Vide* Mezcray's Histoire de France, vol. 1st, page 825. The only effigies of Lewis in Montfaucon, are those which represent him as king. He is armed, therefore, with the exception of the helmet and shield, from an engraving of his half brother, Philippe, Comte de Boulogne, son of Philip Augustus and Agnes de Mezanie, his third wife, born in 1200, and who was killed at a tournament, 1233.

CHATILLON.—First Dress—A painting by Stothard, from an enamelled tablet, formerly in the church of St. Julian, at Mans, and supposed to represent Geoffry Plantagenet, earl of Maine and Anjou, who died. *anno* 1149. Montfaucon informs us this style of dress was general towards the close of the 12th century.

Second Dress—Williment's "Regal Heraldry."

GILES, VICOMPT DE MELUN,
BERTRAND DE ROYE,
THIBAUD, COUNT DE BLOIS,
GILES DE BEAUMONT,
} Williment.

THE CHATELAINE D'ARRAS.—Montfaucon.

THE CHATELAINE DEST. OMER,
BALDWIN DE BRETEL,
EUSTACHE DE NEUVILLE,
TWO FRENCH KNIGHTS,
FRENCH HERALD.
TWO ATTENDANTS,
TWO TRUMPETERS,
} Herbe's "National Costumes."

THE BANNER OF THE ORIFLAMME OF FRANCE.—Minestrier's "Art de Blazon," and also, Herbe's "Costumes."

TWO FRENCH ROYAL STANDARDS, and STANDARD OF BRETAGNE, accompanying Prince Arthur.—Herbe's "National Costumes."

TWO KNIGHTS OF BRETAGNE.—Ditto.

SIX FRENCH KNIGHTS, in suits of mail, carrying green shields, with gold crosses, are from Montfaucon.

LEOPOLD, DUKE OF AUSTRIA.—The introduction of Leopold, Duke of Austria, in this play. Constance's addressing him by the title of Limoges, and the repeated allusions to his having killed Richard Cœur-de-Lion, &c., are errors sufficiently notorious. There is no positive authority for the costume of this character, further than the general representations and descriptions of contemporary warriors and crusaders. Shakespeare, however, has made the lion's hide too particular to be dispensed with. The battle axe in his hand is from a drawing of one kept in the Belfort tower, at Ghent, weighing about 18 pounds, and said to have belonged to Baldwin Bras de Fer, Earl of Flanders. Leopold VII., second Duke of Austria, bore, originally, *azure, six larks, or*; but in consequence of his surcoat, which was cloth of silver, being covered with blood, with the exception of the belt, at the siege of Ptolemais, (Acre,) he assumed the device displayed on his shield, namely, *Gules, a Fess, Argent.* He died A. D. 1194. *Vide* Henninge's "Theatrum Genealogicum," vol. 3., Camden's "Remains," Nisbett's "System of Heraldry," etc.

CITIZENS OF ANGIERS.—Herbe's "Costumes."

CITIZEN SOLDIERS, from a transcript of Matthew Paris, in Bennett College Library, Cambridge, marked C. V. XVI.

CARDINAL PANDULPH.—Picart informs us, that "cardinals wore only the common vestments of priests, which were like the monkish habit till the time of Innocent IV.", (A. D. 1243), who gave them the *red hat*, in the council of Lyons; but they first used it, according to De Curbio, the year after the council,—that is, in 1246, on occasion of an interview between the Pope and Lewis IX. of France. "That the cardinals were allowed," however, "to wear *red shoes* and *red* garments, in the time of Innocent III., raised to the see A. D. 1198, appears from several writers who flourished at that time; but by what pope that privilege was granted them is uncertain."—*Vide* Picart's "Religious Ceremonies," Bower's "Lives of the Popes," etc. As King John died A. D. 1216, and the *red hat* was not given to the cardinals until A. D. 1243, it is an error to introduce it in this play. The entire dress is from the authority of Planchè.

THE GRAND MASTER OF THE TEMPLARS.—Copied from the print in Dugdale's "Warwickshire," page 963. The same will be found in Charles Hamilton Smith's "Ancient Costumes of Great Britain."

THE EIGHT KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.—From the Temple church, London. The Knights Templar are introduced, as we read that two companies of that order preceded Cardinal Pandulph "to arrange a meeting between the legate and King John, at Dover." *Vide* Matthew of Westminster, page 271.

NOTARIUS APOSTOLICUS.—From Williment.

TWO GENTLEMEN IN ATTENDANCE.—Williment.

ARCHBISHOP.—An official habit of an archbishop in the 13th century.—1st. vol Strutt's "English Dresses," plate 68.

SIX BISHOPS.—From Heylesdon church, Norfolk. Also found in the "Ecclesiastical Habits of the 12th century," by Strutt, plate 48.

TWO MITRED ABBOTS.—From St. Alban's Abbey.

TWO PRIESTS.—From the Hospital of St. Cross, near Winchester. Also in Strutt, plate 48.

SIX MONKS.—From Dugdale's Monasticon.

TWO KNIGHTS HOSPITALLERS.—From Edmonson's "Knighthood."

TWO PRIESTS carrying Temple banners—one with banner of the Trinity, and one with banner of the Host.—From Dugdale's Monasticon.

FEMALE COSTUME.

QUEEN ELINOR, widow of King Henry II.—From the Queen's effigy in the Abbey of Fontevraud, Normandy. A similar robe, covered with crescents, is also mentioned as having been worn by Richard I. Cœur-de-Lion. *Vide* "History of British Costume," in the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge," page 89.

TWO LADIES IN ATTENDANCE.—Designed from costumes of the period *vide* Montfaucon.

QUEEN CONSTANCE.—From the effigy of Queen Berengaria, wife of Richard I. Cœur-de-Lion, in the Abbéy of Fontevraud, Normandy, with the exception of the coronet.

BLANCH OF CASTILE.—From a drawing favoured me by Charles Hamilton Smith of an unmarried lady of rank of the 13th century.

TWO LADIES IN ATTENDANCE.—Designed from costumes of the period, *vide* Montfaucon.

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.—MS. in Harlean Library, B. M. marked 1627.

The litter of King John, introduced in Act 5th, is from a MS. in the British Museum, Royal 16, G. VI. Gestes de Rois de France, jusqu'a la Mort de St. Louis. This MS. belonged to Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester. A most interesting description, together with a drawing, will be found in Charles Hamilton Smith's work of Ancient Costume of Great Britain. The lions on the curtains are introduced from King John's shield.

The machines and engines of war introduced before the walls of Angiers, will be found described in Meyrick's Ancient Armour, 1st vol., 26th plate. Shakespeare makes King John speak of the "thunder of his cannon." This is an anachronism, as artillery was not introduced until the 14th century, according to Grose; and Sir L. R. Meyrick thus confirms it, saying, "there is reason to conclude that it was known as early as the time of King Edward II." *Vide* Fosbroke's Encyclopædia of Antiquities; page 907, Vol. 2nd.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Drury Lane, 1842.	*Park, Nov.* 1846.
John, King of England	Mr. Macready.	Mr. Charles Kean.
Prince Henry, his son		Miss Denny.
Prince Arthur, his nephew	Miss Newcombe.	2d Miss Denny
Earl of Pembroke		Mr. A. Andrews.
Earl of Essex		" Milot.
Earl of Salisbury	Mr. Elton.	" Chanfrau.
Robert Bigot		
Hubert	" Phelps.	" Dyott.
Faulconbridge	" Anderson.	" G. Vandenhoff.
Robert Faulconbridge		" Fisher.
James Gurney		" Povey.
Peter of Pomfret		" Matthews.
English Herald		" Anderson.
English Knight		" Gallot.
Executioner		" Heath.
Citizen of Angiers	" Waldron.	" G. Andrews.
Philip, King of France	" Graham.	" Barry.
Lewis, the Dauphin	" Hudson.	" Stark.
Archduke of Austria		" Pearson.
Cardinal Pandulph		" Bass.
Melun		" Sutherland.
Chatillon	" Lynne.	" Bellamy
Queen Elinor	Miss Ellis.	Mrs. Abbott.
The Lady Constance	Miss Helen Faucit.	Mrs. Charles Kean.
Blanch		Miss Kate Horn.
Lady Faulconbridge		Miss Gordon.

For Supernumerary Characters see Costumes.

KING JOHN.

ACT I.

Scene I.—*A Room of State in the Palace.*

King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, Salisbury *and others, discovered.* *John on Dais,* c., *seated; Queen Elinor seated on a stool on the King's* r.; De Warrene *seated on the edge of Dais,* r.; Archbishop *seated do.* l; *Heralds on each side; the Barons, Bishops, and Knights form a large circle round the dais.* Norfolk, *who is discovered in the act of speaking to the King, exits* l., *with two Knights and Herald, and returns immediately, ushering in French Herald, six French Barons, and* Chatillon. *A flourish of Trumpets is kept up till the King is ready to speak.*

K. John. Now say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. (l.) Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,
In my behavior, to the majesty,
The borrowed majesty, of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning!—borrowed majesty?

K. John. Silence, good mother: hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true belief
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories;
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,

And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.
K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?
Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.
K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment: so answer France.
Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The furthest limit of my embassy.
K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace.
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sudden presage of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have:
Pembroke, look to't. Farewell, Chatillon.
[*Pembroke and two Lords cross from* R. *to* L., *and conduct Chatillon and suite off,* L.
Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented, and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love,
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

Enter Sheriff *of* Northumberland, L. *who speaks to* Essex.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right, for us!
Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you, and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.
Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judged by you,
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?
K. John. Let them approach.— [*Exit Sheriff,* L.
Our abbeys, and our priories, shall pay

Re-enter SHERIFF, L., *with* FAULCONBRIDGE *and* ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *who advance* C., *and both kneel in front of the King.*

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

Faulc. (L.) Your faithful subject I; a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. (R.) The son and *heir* to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother, then, it seems.

Faulc. Most certain of one mother, mighty king;
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother:
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Faulc. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it:
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year.
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow.—Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Faulc. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slandered me with bastardy:
But whe'er I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him;—
Oh! old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face;
The accent of his tongue affecteth him.
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak;
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father lived,
Your brother did employ my father much,—
And once despatched him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourned at my father's;
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak:
But truth is truth:
Upon his death my father did bequeath
His lands to me; and took it, on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his:
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate:
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him;
And if she did play false, the fault was hers,
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives.
Your father's heir must have your father's land. [*Rises and descends. Queen E. follows, and approaches Faulc. Some Nobles accost the King, as if referring to the litigants.*

Rob. Shall, then, my father's will be of no force
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Eli. (up c.) Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-Lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

Faulc. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuffed;
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,

Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face:
I would not be Sir Nob in any case.
Eli. I like thee well. Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.
Faulc. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance.
[*Queen E. goes up to the King, and Faulc. crosses to Robert F.*
Your face hath got five hundred pounds a-year,
Yet sell your face for five-pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.
Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Faulc. (R.) Our country manners give our betters way.
K. John. What is thy name? [*Advances* L. C.
Faulc. Philip, my liege—so is my name begun:
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.
K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bearest:
Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great:
[*Faulc. kneels in front of the King, who strikes him on the right shoulder with his sword.*
Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.
Faulc. Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand: [*Rises.*
My father gave me honour, yours gave land.
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got Sir Robert was away.
Eli. [*To the King.*] The very spirit of Plantagenet!—
I am thy grandame, Richard: call me so.
Faulc. Madam, by chance, but not by truth: what though?
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch;
Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night,
And have is have, however men do catch.
Near or far off, well won is still well shot;
And I am I, how'er I was begot.
K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thy desire:
A landless knight makes thee a landed 'squire.—
Come, madam, and come, Richard: [*To the Court*]—we must speed

For France, for France; for it is more than need.

[*A flourish of trumpets* R. *Exeunt all but Faulc.—King and followers,* R., *Robert F. and others,* L.

Faulc. Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee,
For thou wast born i' the way of honesty.
A foot of honour better than I was,
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:
"Good den, Sir Richard!"—"God-a-mercy, fellow!"
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names—
'Tis too respective, and too sociable,
For your conversion.
But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?
What woman-post is this?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge *and* James Gurney, L.

O me! it is my mother.—How now, good lady!
What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Faulc. My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's son?
Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?
Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son—why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

Faulc. James Gurney, [*Crosses to him,*] wilt thou give us leave awhile?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Faulc. Philip?—sparrow! James,
There's toys abroad: anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit Gurney,* L.

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son:
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast.
"Therefore, good mother,
"To whom am I beholden for these limbs?
"Sir Robert never holp to make this leg."

Lady F. (R.) Hast thou conspired with thy brother, too,
That for thine own gain should'st defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Faulc. (L.) Knight, knight, good mother—Basilisco-like:
What! I am dubbed—I have it on my shoulder!
But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son;
I have disclaimed Sir Robert, and his land:
Legitimation, name, and all is gone.
Then, good my mother, let me know my father:
Some proper man, I hope—who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

Faulc. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. Then Richard Cœur-de-Lion was thy father.
Heaven, lay not my transgression to my charge!

Faulc. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Against whose fury and unmatchéd force
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!
Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin; [*Crosses up to* R.
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:
Who says it was, he lies! I say, 'twas not.
[*Exeunt*, R. U. E.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*France. Before the Walls of Angiers. Sentinels discovered on the Walls.*

Enter, R., KING PHILIP, *preceded by* FRENCH HERALD, *Nobles, Soldiers, &c., and followed by* LEWIS *the Dauphin*, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and Attendants. Enter*, L., AUSTRIA *and Followers. King Philip advances to meet Austria.*

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria!
Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,

Richard, that robbed the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave Duke came early to his grave;
And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither hath he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf,
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John.
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. [*Crossing to Austria.*] Heaven shall forgive you
Cœur-de-Lion's death,
The rather that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war.
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstainèd love.
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, Duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
Even till that England, hedged in with the main,
Salute thee for her king. Till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

[*Arthur returns to Constance, who passes him as she addresses Austria.*

Const. Oh! take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital to your love.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well, then, to work. Our cannon shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town.—
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages.
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood.
My lord Chatillon may from England bring

That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON *and Suite*, R. U. E.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger, Chatillon, is arrived.—
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stayed, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I.
His marches are expedient to this town;
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Até stirring him to blood and strife:
With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;
With them, a bastard of the king deceased,
And all th' unsettled humours of the land:
[*Distant March*, R. U. E.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlooked for is this expedition!
[*Crosses to the Dauphin.*

Enter, R. U. E., KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, FAULCONBRIDGE, PEMBROKE *and Forces, with* ESSEX, HUBERT, SALISBURY, NORFOLK, *and other English Noblemen*, ENGLISH HERALD, TRUMPET, *and* GUARDS, *and occupy the* L. *of Stage.*

K. John. Peace be to France; if France in peace permit
Our just and lineal entrance to our own:
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England; if that war return

From France to England, there to live in peace!
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face:
[*Leading Arthur up*, R.
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son: England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's: In the name of Heaven,
How comes it, then, that thou art called a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which own the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. John. [*Up*, L. C.] From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. [*Up* R. C.] From that supernal Judge, that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy;
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong.

K. John. Alack! thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse: it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?

Const. Let me make answer:—thy usurping son.

Aust. (R.) Peace!

Faulc. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Faulc. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
[*Advances*, C.
An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard:
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; i' faith, I will, i' faith.

K. Phi. Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.

Lew. Women and fools, break off your conference.—
[*Goes up*, C.
King John, this is the very sum of all:
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon: I do defy thee, France.—
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand,

And out of my dear love I'll give thee more,
[*Arthur goes to his mother's side.*
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.
Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.
Const. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child:
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a good grandam.
Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.
Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.
Const. His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be bribed
To do him justice, and revenge on you.
Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!
Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call not me slanderer: thou and thine usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy.
Eli. I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy son.
Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will; a cankered grandam's will!
K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate.
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls,
[*Trumpets sound, and are answered from within,* L.

Enter Citizens *on the walls.*

These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.
Cit. Who is it, that hath warned us to the walls?
K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.
K. John. England, for itself.
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—
K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet called you to this gentle parle.
K. John. For our advantage; therefore, hear us first.—

These flags of France, that are advancéd here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither marched to your endamagement:
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French,
Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates;
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,
Behold, the French, amazed, vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapped in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king; whose laboured spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.
[*Leading Arthur up a little,* R. o
Lo! in this hand stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys.
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town.
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes.
Then, tell us; shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challenged it,
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

Cit. In brief, we are the King of England's subjects:
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we rammed up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed—

Faulc. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.
K. Phi. As many, and as well-born bloods as those,—
Faulc. Some bastards, too.
K. Phi. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.
Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.
K. John. Then Heaven forgive the sin of all those souls,
[*Going down,* R.
That to their everlasting residence
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!
K. Phi. Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!
K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth
In best appointment all our regiments.
Faulc. Speed, then, to take advantage of the field.
K. Phi. It shall be so;—[*To Lewis.*]—and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right!
[*Exeunt,* R. S. E.
Faulc. St. George, that swinged the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence!—[*To Austria.*] Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.
Aust. Peace! no more. [*Exit,* R.
Faulc. Oh! tremble, for you hear the lion roar.
[*Exit,* R.

Alarums. Enter a French Herald and two Attendants to the Gates, R. U. E.

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in,
Who by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground:
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly displayed,

Enter an English Herald with two Trumpets and Attendants, R. U. E. *The Trumpets sound a parley.*

To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells:
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day.
Our colours do return in those same hands,
That did display them when we first marched forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes.
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answered blows:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

[*Flourish of Trumpets,* R. U. E.

Enter, at R. U. E., King John, *with his power,* Elinor, Blanch, *and* Faulconbridge; *at* R. S. E., King Philip, Lewis, Austria, *and forces.*

K. John. (*Up,* C.) France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right run on?

K. Phi. (*Up,* R.) England, thou hast not saved one drop of blood,
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more: and by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom those arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead.

Faulc. [*In front,* L. C.] Ha! majesty, how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?

Cry, havoc, kings! back to the stainèd field,
You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!
K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?
K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England, who's your king?
Cit. The king of England, when we know the king.
K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.
K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear possession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.
Cit. A greater power than we denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong barred gates.
Faulc. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presences be ruled by me:
[*Crosses*, &c.—*King John comes down*, L.
Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, chargèd to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawled down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point;
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side, her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?
K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads;
[*Crosses*, &c.
I like it well.—France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground,
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?
K. Phi. Let it be so.—Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
Into this city's bosom.
Aust. I from the north.
K. Phi. Our thunder from the south,
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.
Faulc. Oh, prudent discipline! From north to south,
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth: [*Aside.*
I'll stir them to it.—Come, away, away! [*Goes up,* c.
Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while to stay,
And I shall show you peace, and fair-faced league;
Win you this city without stroke, or wound;
Persèver not, but hear me, mighty kings.
K. John. Speak on with favour: we are bent to hear.
Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,
Is near to England: look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid.
Oh! two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
Two such controlling banks shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can
To our fast-closéd gates: fling them wide ope,
And give you entrance; but, without this match,
The sea enragéd is not half so deaf,
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
More free from motion; no, not Death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.
Faulc. Here's a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcase of old Death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
Zounds! I was never so bethumped with words,
Since I first called my brother's father, dad. [*Crosses,* R.
Eli. [*Up,* L. C.] Son, list to this conjunction; make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough,
For by this knot thou shalt full surely tie
Thy now unsured assurance to the crown.

I see a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark how they whisper.

Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threatened town?

[*Elinor brings Blanch to King John.*

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city: what say you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read, I love,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Crosses to Blanch. King John, Philip and Elinor, go up in conference.*

Faulc. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye,
Hanged in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quartered in her heart, he doth espy
Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,
That hanged, and drawn, and quartered, there should be
In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

K. John. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

Blanch. (c.) That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak, then, Prince Dauphin: can you love this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love,
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then I do give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,
Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—
Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well.—Young princes, close your hands. [*Lewis kisses Blanch's hand. The Citizens leave the walls. English and French mingle amicably.*

Aust. And your lips, too; for, I am well assured
That I did so, when I was first assured.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at Saint Mary's chapel presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemnized.—
Is not the lady Constance in this troop?
[*Melun speaks to Lewis.*
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

K. Phi. Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady?

K. John. We will heal up all;
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance:
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity. [*Exit Salisbury,* R. S. E.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlooked for, unprepared pomp.

[*Gates open, and Citizens enter bareheaded and kneel,* R., *presenting the keys of the city.—Exeunt all but Faulconbridge, in grand procession.*

Faulc. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part;
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As Heaven's own soldier, rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,—
This smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity,—
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapped on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
From a resolved and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
[*Sound of a distant flourish and shouts.*
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,

When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail
And say, there is no sin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say, there is no vice but beggary.
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee!

[*Exit through the gates*, L. S. E.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. The French King's Tent. A Dais with one chair on it*, L. U. E.—*table with crucifix, book, &c.*, R.—*Sentries patrolling before the entrance*, C., *who disappear as the scene proceeds. A chair on the Stage*, L. *Shouts and flourishes are heard.*

Enter SALISBURY, CONSTANCE, *and* ARTHUR, L. C.

Const. Gone to be married? gone to swear a peace?

[*Advances*, C.

False blood to false blood joined? Gone to be friends?
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard:
I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punished for thus frighting me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Oppressed with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?

Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. (R.) As true as, I believe, you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. Oh! if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
Lewis marry Blanch! Oh, boy! then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?—
Fellow, begone; I cannot brook thy sight.

Arth. (L.) I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bidd'st me be content, were grim,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crookéd, swart, prodigious,
Patched with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and fortune joined to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose. But fortune, Oh!
She is corrupted, changed, and won from thee:
Sh' adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath plucked on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty.
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear. [*Crosses*, R. *Arthur follows her.*

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. (*Putting Arthur*, R.) Thou may'st, thou shalt: I will not go with thee.
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
[*Sits on the ground*, R. C. *A Flourish*, L. U. E.

Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor, Faulconbridge, Austria, *and the whole of the*

French and English parties. The Attendants place the other chair on the Dais.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day,
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holyday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day! [*Rising.*
What hath this day deserved? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides, in the calendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
This day all things begun come to ill end:
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day.
Have I not pawned to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguiled me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty, which, being touched and tried,
Proves valueless. You are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league.—
[*King Philip sits on the Dais.*
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured kings!
A widow cries: be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armèd discord 'twixt these perjured kings!
Hear me! Oh, hear me!

Aust. (R.) Lady Constance, peace!

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
[*Goes,* L., *and then up a little.*
Oh, Lymoges! Oh, Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil; thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward;
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by,

To teach thee safety! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Oh, that a man should speak those words to me!

Faulc. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Faulc. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this: thou dost forget thyself.

[*Faulc. returns up,* L. *Trumpet,* R. U. E.

Enter PANDULPH *and Suite,* R. C.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pan. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven.
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
I, Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more,—that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toil in our dominions;
But, as we under heaven are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without th' assistance of a mortal hand:
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart
To him, and his usurped authority.

[*All appear alarmed at King John's temerity.*

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.
K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself,—
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.
Pan. [*Up,* R. C.] Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand cursed, and excommunicate:
And blesséd shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be called,
That takes away by any secret course,
Thy hateful life.
Const. [*Going up to Pandulph.*] Oh! lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile.
Good father Cardinal, cry thou amen
To my keen curses; for without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.
Pan. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic,
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.
Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.
Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.
Faulc. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.
Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because—
Faulc. Your breeches best may carry them.
K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?
Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?
K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regreet?
Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,

And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? Oh! holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so:
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order, and then we shall be blessed
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pan. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church,
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pan. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith:
Oh! let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven performed,
That is, to be the champion of our church!
But, if not, then know,
The peril of our curses light on thee,
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But in despair die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Faulc. Will't not be?
Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms! [*Crosses up*, c., *Blanch following.*

Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
Oh, husband, hear me!—even for that name
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Const. Oh! upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Fore-thought by heaven.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love. What motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour. Oh! thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

Lew. I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,

When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pan. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need.—England, I'll fall from thee.

[*Leaves the throne and crosses,* R. C.—*general excitement*—*Nobles prepare for battle, cross,* R. *and* L., *and crowd round their respective kings; English,* L.; *French,* R.

Const. Oh, fair return of banished majesty!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour. [*Rising.*

Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—

[*Exit Faulconbridge,* L. C.

France, I am burned up with inflaming wrath; [*Advances.*
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valued blood of France.

K. Phi. Look to thyself: thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats.—To arms let's hie!

[*Tumult and alarums—the English exeunt first,* L.—*the French follow. Noise of battle as the scene changes.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Plains near Angiers.*

Alarums, excursions. Enter FAULCONBRIDGE, L.

Faulc. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief.

Enter AUSTRIA, R. *They fight and exeunt,* R. *Re-enter* FAULCONBRIDGE, R., *with the lion's hide, which he throws off,* R., *as he speaks.*

Faulc. Austria's head, lie there
While Philip breathes.

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, &C., L., *and* HUBERT, ESSEX, &C., R.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy.—Philip, make up:
My mother is assailéd in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear. [*Going,* L.

Faulc. My lord, I rescued her;

Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end.

[*Exeunt*, L., *rapidly. A retreat is sounded, during which the scene changes.*

Scene III.—*The same.*

Enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, Faulconbridge, Hubert, *and Lords*, R. U. E.

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind,
[*To Elinor*, R.
So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad:
[*Goes to Arthur*, L.
Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. Oh! this will make my mother die with grief.
[*Weeps.*

K. John. Cousin,—[*To Faulconbridge, who advances* R. *of King.*] away for England: haste before;
And ere our coming, see thou shake the bags,
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels
Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Faulc. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highness:—Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair safety: so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, my gentle cousin. [*Faulc. crosses*, L.

K. John. Coz, farewell. [*Exit Faulc.*, L.

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.
[*Takes Arthur aside*

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. Oh! my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—

But I will fit it with some better time.—
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.
K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet;
But thou shalt have: and creep time ne'er so slow
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say,—but let it go:
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience: if the midnight bell,
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night:
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessèd with a thousand wrongs;
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,
(Which, else, runs trickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
A passion hateful to my purposes,)
Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words,
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.
But, ah! I will not:—yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.
Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it.
K. John. Do not I know thou would'st?
Good Hubert! Hubert—Hubert, throw thine eye
On yond' young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And whereso'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.
Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.
Hub. My lord?
K. John. A grave.
Hub. He shall not live
K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember.—[*To Queen Eli.*] Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.
Eli. My blessing go with thee! [*Exit,* R.
K. John. For England, cousin; go.
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho!
[*Exeunt,* L. *Hubert and Arthur last.*

Scene IV.—*The Same. The French King's Tent.*

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulph, *two Gentlemen, and French Herald,* L. C.

K. Phi. (L.) So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of convicted sail [*Crosses,* R.
Is scattered and disjoined from fellowship.
Pan. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.
K. Phi. [*Crosses,* L.] What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Enter Constance *and two Ladies,* L. C.

Lew. Look, who comes here? a grave unto a soul;
Holding th' eternal spirit against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.—
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.
Const. Lo, now, now see the issue of your peace!
K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!
Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death.—Oh, amiable, lovely death!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,

And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
Oh, come to me!

K. Phi. Oh, fair affliction, peace!

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry.—
Oh! that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth;
Then with a passion would I shake the world,
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern invocation. [*Crosses*, R.

Pan. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so.
I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost!
I am not mad:—I would to heaven I were,
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
Oh, if I could, what grief should I forget!—
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canonized, cardinal;
If I were mad, I should forget my son.
I am not mad: too well, too well I feel
[*Lewis goes up and leans dejectedly on table*, R.
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses.

Const. To England, if you will.

Pan. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Oh, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven,
I shall not know him: therefore, never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pan. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.
Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.
K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as of your child.
Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,*
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form:
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my wit.
Oh, lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world,
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure!
[*Exit*, L. *Ladies follow.*
K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.
[*Exit*, L.
Lew. (R.) There's nothing in this world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.
Pan. What have you lost by losing of this day?
Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.
Pan. (L.) If you had won it, certainly, you had.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore mark.
John hath seized Arthur, and it cannot be,
That whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplaced John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
It cannot be but so.
Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

* It has been not inaptly suggested, that the pathetic expressions of the grief of Constance for the loss of Arthur, are probably indebted for much of their characteristic truth to the calamity which Shakspeare had himself sustained by the death of his only son, who had attained the age of twelve, and died the year this play was produced

Pan. You, in the right of Lady Blanch, your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did. [*Crosses*, L.

Pan. How green are you, and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conspire with you:
This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal.

Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pan. Oh! sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him.
The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side;
Or as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. [*Lewis animated.*] Oh, noble Dauphin!
Go with me to the king. 'Tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent:
Now that their souls are topfull of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strange actions. Let us go;
If you say, ay, the king will not say, no.

[*Exeunt*, L. C., *through the tent.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

Scene I.—*Northampton. A room in the Castle. A door,* C. F., *and one* L., *before which hangs a tapestry. An antique table and chair,* R. C., *towards the front. Door,* C. F. *is locked, and a key in the lock.*

Enter Hubert *and two Attendants.*

Hub. Heat me these irons hot: and, look thou stand
[*Gives the irons to 2d Attendant.*

Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful. Hence, and watch.

1st *Att.* I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

[*Going*, L., *pauses, and speaks.*

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't.—

[*Exeunt Attendants*, L. *Hubert unlocks door*, F., *and calls.*

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR, C. D. F.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

[*Goes to chair*, R., *sits, and leans on table.*

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

[*Arthur, who has been playing with his bow*, L., *suddenly looks at Hubert intently, then goes to him.*

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. [*Aside.*] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate,
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day.
In sooth, I would you were a little sick:
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. [*Aside.*] His words do take possession of my bosom.— [*Rises and gives him the warrant.*

Read here, young Arthur. [*Aside.*] How now, foolish rheum?
I must be brief; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I must.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time,
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning; do, an if you will.
If Heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why, then, you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?
Hub. I have sworn to do it,
And with hot irons must I burn them out.
Arth. Oh, oh, oh!
An if an angel should have come to me, [*Weeping.*
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him; no tongue but Hubert's.
[*Pause.*
Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c., L. *Arthur runs shrieking to cling round Hubert,* R. *The 2d Attendant puts down the pan of fire, and gives the iron across to Hubert. 1st Attendant has the rope, and seizes Arthur.*

They both strive to disengage and drag him away as he says, "Nay, hear me," &c.

Hub. Do as I bid you.

Arth. Oh! save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas! what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle; I will stand stone-still.
For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound.
Nay, hear me, Hubert: drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly.
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within: let me alone with him.

1*st Att.* I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Attendants,* L.

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart.—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. [*Weeping.*] Is there no remedy? Oh! Oh!

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. Oh, heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to; hold your tongue.

Arth. Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert:
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. Oh, spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you.
Lo! by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.
Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
[*Pause.*
Hub. [*Throws away the iron—kneels and embraces Arthur*
I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes.
Arth. Oh! now you look like Hubert: all this while
You were disguised.
Hub. [*Goes,* L., *listens, and returns.*] Peace! no more.
Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports;
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
Arth. Oh, heaven!—[*Kisses Hubert.*] I thank you, Hubert.
Hub. Silence! no more. Go closely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt,* D. F.

Scene II.—*The Same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter, L. C., *through Arch,* King John, *crowned;* Pembroke, Salisbury, *and other Lords. The King takes his State.*

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crowned,
And looked upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.
Pem. This once again, but that your highness pleased,
Was once superfluous: you were crowned before,
And that high royalty was ne'er plucked off;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any longed-for change, or better state.
Sal. Therefore, to be possessed with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.
Bigot. (C.) To this effect, before you were new-crowned,
We breathed our counsel; but it pleased your highness
To overbear it.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possessed you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong (when lesser is my fear),
I shall indue you with: mean time, but ask
What you would have reformed that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,
Both for myself and them, heartily request
Th' enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent.
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so: I do commit his youth

Enter HUBERT, L. C.

To your direction. [*John rises—all bow.—Pembroke and Lords,* R., *cross to Essex, &c.,* C.] Hubert, what news with you?

[*Hubert whispers with him*

Sal. This is the man should do the bloody deed:
He showed his warrant to a friend of mine.
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast:
And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
What we so feared he had a charge to do.

Pem. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.
[*To Hubert.*
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us, Arthur is deceased to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we feared his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick.
This must be answered, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it.
So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell. [*Going*, C.
Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury: We'll go with thee.
[*All go up.*
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.
[*Exeunt Lords*, L. C.
K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent:
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achieved by others' death.

Enter KNIGHT, L. C., *and kneels.*

A fearful eye thou hast: where is that blood
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
How goes all in France?
Knight. From France to England.—Never such a power
[*Rises.*
For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land.
The copy of your speed is learned by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come that they are all arrived.
K. John. Oh! where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?
Knight. My liege, her ear
Is stopped with dust; the first of April, died
Your noble mother; and, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy died,
Three days before.
K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful Occasion!
Oh! make a league with me, till I have pleased
My discontented peers.—What! mother dead?
How wildly, then, walks my estate in France!—
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?
Knight. Under the Dauphin.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE *and* PETER *of Pomfret, with two*

Attendants, L. C. *Faulconbridge goes down,* C. *Hubert is on the* R.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full. [*Crosses,* L.

Faulc. (C.) But, if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin, for I was amazed
Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Faulc. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express:
But as I travelled hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possessed with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's a prophet that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so? [*At back,* C.

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him: imprison him:
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I yield my crown, let him be put to death.
Deliver him to safety, and return.
For I must use thee.—Oh, my gentle cousin!
[*Exit Hubert with Peter and Attendants,* L. C.
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived?

Faulc. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is killed to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies.
I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.

Faulc. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.—
Oh! let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion.
Be Mercury; set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.

Faulc. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.
[*Exit*, L. C.

K. John. Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers,
And be thou he. [*Exit Knight*, L. C.
My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT, C.

Hub. (R.) My lord, they say five moons were seen tonight:
Four fixéd; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. John. (L.) Five moons?

Hub. Old men and beldams, in the streets,
Do prophesy upon it dangerously.
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears, makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embatteléd and ranked in Kent.
Another lean, unwashed artificer,
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.
[*A pause. King crosses*, R.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murdered him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advised respect.

Hub. [*Showing warrant.*] Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. [*Taking it.*] Oh! when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation.
[*Drops warrant and crosses,* L.
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes ill deeds done! Had'st not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature marked,
Quoted, and signed, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind;
But, taking note of thy abhorred aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death:
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

K. John. Had'st thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,
And bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,

And consequently thy rude hand to act
The deed which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more! [*Crosses*, R.
My nobles leave me; and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub. [*Picks up warrant.*] Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never entered yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought,
And you have slandered nature in my form;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.
Young Arthur is alive.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? Oh! haste thee to the peers:
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature: for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh! answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste.
[*Exeunt, John*, R., *Hubert*, L.

Scene III.—*The Same. Before the Castle.*

Enter Arthur *on the walls*, L., *disguised as a Ship-boy.*

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down.—
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!
There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.

If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die and go, as die and stay.
[*Leaps down into the round tower, rolls through the entrance arch, and down the steps,* L., *on the Stage.*
Oh, me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones.—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!
[*Dies.*

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, BIGOT, *accompanied by three other English Noblemen,* R. *Salisbury has an open letter in his hand. The Lords crowd round him as they enter.*

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's Bury:
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pem. (R.) Who brought that letter from the cardinal?
Sal. The Count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with-me, of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.
Big. (L.) To-morrow morning let us meet him, then.
Sal. Or, rather then set forward, for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.
[*All going,* L.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE, R. U. E.

Faulc. Once more to-day well met, distempered lords.
The king by me requests your presence straight.
Sal. The king hath dispossessed himself of us:
We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks.
Return and tell him so: we know the worst.
Faulc. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.
Faulc. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore, 'twere reason you had manners now.
Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.
Faulc. 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else.
Sal. This is the prison. What is he lies here?
[*Seeing Arthur, stoops to examine the face.*

Pem. Oh, death! made proud with pure and princely beauty,
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.
Big. Or, when he doomed this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.
Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.
Faulc. It is a damnèd and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice and the purpose of the king:
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,—
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this head,
By giving it the worship of revenge.
Pem. & Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter Hubert, r. u. e.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you.
Arthur doth live: the king hath sent for you.
Sal. Avaunt, thou hateful villain! get thee gone.
Hub. I am no villain.
Sal. (l. c.) Must I rob the law? [*Drawing his sword.*
Faulc. (c.) Your sword is bright, sir: put it up again
Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.
Hub. (r.) Stand back, Lord Salisbury; stand back, I say:
By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours.

I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.
Big. (L.) Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murderer.
Hub. Do not prove me so;
Yet, I am none. Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.
Pem. Cut him to pieces.
[*All draw and advance upon Hubert.*
Faulc. Keep the peace, I say.
Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.
Faulc. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.
Big. What wilt thou do, renownéd Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer?
Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.
Big. [*Going up,* L.] Who killed this prince?
Hub. [*Rushes up to the body.*] 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honoured him, I loved him; and will weep
My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.
Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum;
Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
Th' uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with this smell of sin. [*Goes,* L.
Big. Away toward Bury: to the Dauphin there!
Pem. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.
[*Exeunt Lords,* L.
Faulc. Here's a good world!—[*Crosses,* L.] Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damned, Hubert.

Hub. [*Comes down,* R.] Do but hear me, sir.
Faulc. Ha! I'll tell thee what;
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.
Hub. Upon my soul,—
Faulc. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair;
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb,
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on: or would'st thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.
I do suspect thee very grievously.
Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath,
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.
Faulc. Go, bear him in thine arms.
[*Hubert goes to Arthur's body, and is sorrowfully engaged in raising it.*
I am amazed, methinks; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven;
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest.—Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed: I'll to the king.
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And Heaven itself doth frown upon the land.
[*Exeunt,* R. U. E.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

Scene I.—*The Same. The Temple Church.*

King John, Pandulph *with the crown, Attendants, &c., discovered. King John is in the act of giving his crown to Pandulph, who places it on a cushion held by a Bishop,* R. *King kneeling, then places his hands between those of Pandulph, as doing homage. Organ music.*

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory. [*Rises.*
Pan. Take again [*Giving John the crown.*
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.
K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French;
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflamed.
Our discontented counties do revolt,
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
Pan. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
[*Rises and crosses with suite,* R.
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;
But, since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.
[*Exit,* R., *with suite.*
K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
[*To Essex.*
Say, that before Ascension-day at noon,
My crown I should give off? Even so I have.
I did suppose, it should be on constraint;
But, heaven be thanked, it is but voluntary.

Enter Faulconbridge, R.

Faulc. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out,

But Dover castle; London hath received,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers.
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
[*The nobles, &c., go up and confer.*
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Faulc. They found him dead and cast into the streets;
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damned hand was robbed and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Faulc. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away! and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
What! shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there! and make him tremble there?
Oh! let it not be said.—Forage, and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Faulc. Oh, inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cockered silken wanton, brave our fields,

And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
[*King crosses*, R.
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or, if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Faulc. Away, then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt*, R.

Scene II.—A *Plain near St. Edmund's Bury.*

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, Chatillon, *Soldiers, French Heralds, Barons, &c.*, L. S. E. *Lewis has a treaty in his hand, which he gives to Melun*, L. *The French nobles* L., *the English* R.

Lew. (C.) My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance.
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. (R.) Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and unurged faith
To your proceedings; Oh! it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker; Oh! and there,
Where honourable rescue and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury.

Lew. A noble temper dost thou show in this:
Lift up thy brow, renownéd Salisbury.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself: so, nobles, shall you all.
Look where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right

Enter, L., Pandulph *and Attendants, who go up*, L.

With holy breath.

Pan. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this:—King John hath reconciled
Himself to Rome;
Therefore, thy threatening colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me; I will not back:
I am too high-born to be propertied.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chastised kingdom and myself;
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half conquered, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave?
No, no! on my soul, it never shall be said.
[*Trumpet sounds.*
What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE, *attended by* HEREFORD, OXFORD, *two Knights, Herald, and Standard-bearer with flag of truce.*

Faulc. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am sent to speak:—
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him:
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pan. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite:
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Faulc. By all the blood that ever fury breathed,
The youth says well.—Now hear our English king,
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepared; and reason, too, he should:
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?

No! Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And like an eagle o'er his aiery towers,
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame!

Lew. We grant thou canst outscold us. Fare thee well:
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabbler. [*Going*, L. S. E.

Pan. [*Advancing*, C.] Give me leave to speak.

Faulc. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither.—
Strike up the drums! and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Faulc. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten. Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready braced,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouthed thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath used rather for sport than need,)
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribbed death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums to find this danger out.

Faulc. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.
[*Exeunt*, L.

Scene III.—*The Same. A Field of Battle.*

Alarums. Enter King John *and* Hubert, R. *Four bearers enter first*, R., *with King's litter, which is taken across and off*, L.—*then two Attendants—2d English Herald—King John supported by Hubert, and Essex last.*

K. John. How goes the day with us? Oh! tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me; Oh! my heart is sick.

Enter 2*d* ENGLISH KNIGHT, R.

Knight. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge
Desires your majesty to leave the field,
And send him word by me which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

Knight. Be of good comfort; for the great supply
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wrecked three nights ago on Goodwin sands:
This news was brought to Richard but even now.
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ah, me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on toward Swinstead; to my litter straight:
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

[*Exeunt*, L., *the King supported by Hubert and Essex.*

SCENE IV.—*The Same. Another part of the Same.*

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and others*, L.

Sal. I did not think the king so stored with friends.

Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French:
If they miscarry, we miscarry, too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say, King John, sore sick, hath left the field

Enter MELUN, *wounded, and led by two French Barons*, L.

Melun. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pem. It is the Count Melun.

Sal. [*Loud Alarums.*] Wounded to death.

Melun. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold:
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet;
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads. Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's Bury;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you

Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?

Melun. Have I not hideous death within my view?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
The love of him,—and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. [*Going to him.*] We do believe thee, and beshrew my soul,
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damnéd flight
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Calmly run on in our obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great King John.—
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New flight,
And happy newness, that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off Melun,* R.

SCENE V.—*An open Place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead-Abbey. Gates of Abbey,* R. *Night.*

Enter HUBERT, R. *He has a cross-bow, and walks three or four times past the gate before he speaks.*

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Faulc. [*Without,* L.] A friend.—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE, L.

Faulc. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
Who art thou?

Faulc. Who thou wilt: and, if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.
Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless night,
Have done me shame:—brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.
Faulc. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?
Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.
Faulc. Brief, then; and what's the news?
Hub. Oh! my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.
Faulc. Show me the very wound of this ill news:
I am no woman; I'll not swoon at it.
Hub. The king, I fear, is poisoned by a monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil.
Faulc. How did he take it? who did taste to him?
Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolvèd villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.
Faulc. Whom didst thou leave to tend his majesty?
Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,
And brought Prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardoned them,
And they are all about his majesty.
Faulc. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power.
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide;
These Lincoln washes have devoured them:
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead or ere I come. [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE VI.—*Moonlight. The Orchard of Swinstead-Abbey.*

Enter ESSEX, PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT, R. U. E.

P. Hen. It is too late: the life of all his blood

Is touched corruptibly; and his pure brain
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretel the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE, R. U. E.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief,
That being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. (L.) Let him be brought into the orchard here.—
[*To Bigot, who exits,* R. U. E.
Doth he still rage? [*To Pembroke.*

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him: even now he sung.

P. Hen. I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death.

Enter BIGOT, *Knights, Monks, &c.,* R. U. E., *carrying a bench on which* KING JOHN *is lying, a white bandage round his head. The bench is placed in front,* C.

Sal. (R.) Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest,
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty? [L. *of couch.*

K. John. Poisoned,—ill fare;—dead, forsook, cast off,
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burned bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parchéd lips,
And comfort me with cold.—I do not ask you much:
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. Oh, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.—
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confined to tyrannize

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE *and* HUBERT, R. U. E. *Both go down* R. *of couch.*

On unreprievable condemnèd blood.

Faulc. [*Kneels.*] Oh! I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. Oh, cousin; thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is cracked and burned;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turnèd to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered,
And then all this thou seest is but a clod
And module of confounded royalty.

Faulc. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him:
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devourèd by the unexpected flood.

[*King dies, falling back on couch.*

Hub. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—
My liege! my lord!—[*All advance to couch.*] But now a king, now thus.

Faulc. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—

Hub. At Worcester must his body be interred;
For so he willed it.

Faulc. Thither shall it, then.
And happily may you, sweet prince, put on
The lineal state and glory of the land:
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services,
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. [*All kneel with him.*] And the like tender of our love we make.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears. [*All rise.*

Faulc. Oh! let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these, her princes, are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

[*Organ Music.—All gather round the body of the King as the Curtain descends.*

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Bigot and Attendants.

Essex Hub. Faulc. P. Hen. K. John. Sal. Pem.
R.] [L.

THE END.

No. XXXVI.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

Author of "Velasco, a Tragedy," &c.

THE NERVOUS MAN

AND

THE MAN OF NERVE

A Farce

IN TWO ACTS.

BY WILLIAM BAYLE BERNARD.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

NEW YORK:

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PRICE 12 1-2 CENTS.

EDITORIAL EXPOSITION.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THIS admirable farce was first represented at Drury Lane Theatre the 26th of January, 1833. Its author, Mr. Bernard, is an American by birth; his father, who was a capital personator of Irish characters, having been for a number of years manager of the Federal Street Theatre in Boston. The son has, we believe, been long a resident of London; and some of the most amusing afterpieces of the day are from his pen. Among the best of these is the one now under consideration, and which was acted and published originally under the title of "The Nervous Man"; but the part of the Irishman was found so prominent, that this appellation was not regarded as sufficiently comprehensive; but the felicitous addition of "The Man of Nerve" made it complete.

The piece succeeded greatly at Drury Lane. The acting on the part of Farren and Power could not be excelled; and never did performers appear more to enjoy what they had to do and say. The rest of the actors acquitted themselves as well as could be desired; and Power gave out the farce for repetition amid every demonstration of pleasure on the part of the audience. Not many months afterwards, this lamented actor introduced the piece upon the American stage; and who that ever saw him in the character of the imperturbable *Mc Shane*, can forget that most irresistible and mirth-provoking personation? Nothing could be more racy and hilarious than his manner throughout; and the rich tones in which he made a demand upon the nervous man for a loan, accosting him with "amiable weakness," &c. cannot but live in the memory of all who witnessed the exhibition.

Though the Irishman is the hero of the piece, the character of *Mr. Aspen* is one worthy to be confided to the talents of ac-

tors like Farren and Placide. But he is a fidgetty, rather than a nervous man; and the result shows that his troubles are mostly imaginary. He is not an unfaithful specimen, however, of certain members of that unhappy class known as old bachelors:—men who, having devoted their lives to professional or mercantile routine, become crusted over with selfishness, in the absence of undeveloped sympathies and affections, until their wronged and discontented natures, feeding upon themselves, find vent in habitual irritability and sensitiveness to trifling annoyances.

"Mc Shane," says Mr. Foster, "is an Emeralder of the first water; his confusion of *meum* and *tuum* is carried to the utmost limit of Hibernian imagination; he takes a man's place in the mail, seizes possession of his friend's estate, reduces the tenants' rents, invites the county to a series of entertainments, and gives away a friend's daughter with the most consummate impudence; nothing disconcerts him, no rebuke repulses him; insult, indeed, provokes allusion to the shooting gallery, but it is evident that he would breakfast with his antagonist ten minutes before parading time; he carries universal benevolence beyond the bounds of the most enthusiastic philanthropy; every man is his friend, and he loves every man's wife, visitors, daughters, dinners, breakfasts, suppers and beds, with an unwearied intensity; if he should kill his host in a duel, it would only be for the preservation of his benefactor's reputation. We have known many of this amusing class. We have known many, whose escapades have exceeded anything ever seen on the stage. Jonathan Wild and Count Fathom might have been improved by them; yet we will admit that Power's *Mc Shane* was a *pot-pourri* of their collected essences."

Great dramatic skill is shown in the whole construction of this piece. The situations are humorous, without being improbable; the dialogue is pointed and sprightly; the characters *are* characters; and the picture of the nervous man's self-inflicted discomforts, is not without its lesson. The arrival in this country of two Irish comedians of high merit, Messrs. Leonard and Collins, has caused this piece to be frequently revived of late at our principal theatres.

TO THOMAS WOODFALL, ESQ.

This Farce is very cordially inscribed by the Son an old Friend.

THE AUTHOR.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Drury Lane, 1833.	*Park*, 1846.
Mr. Aspen, the Nervous Man	Mr. W. Farren.	Mr. Bass.
Mc Shane, a Man of Independence	" Power.	" Collins.
Vivian, a Country Gentleman	" Bedford.	" Bellamy.
Capt. Burnish, } *Patronizers*	" Balls.	" Sutherland.
Lord Lounge, }	" Brindal.	" A. Andrews.
Merton, Aspen's Rival	" Baker.	" M' Douall.
Doctor Oxyde, his Physician*	" Ayliffe.	"
Brown, his Clerk	" C. Jones.	" Gallot.
Biggs, his Servant	" C. Honner.	" Anderson.
Topknot	" Taylenre.	" Povey.
Mc Nab	" Cathie.	" Jones.
William		" Milot.
James		" Sprague.
John		" Matthews.
Waiter		" Heath.
Lady Leech, a Patronizer	Mrs. C. Jones.	Mrs. Vernon.
Emily Vivian, engaged to Aspen	Miss Mordaunt.	Miss Kate Horn.
Mrs. Clackett, Landlady of the Lion	Mrs. Humby	Mrs. Knight.
Betty	Mrs. Chester.	Miss Gordon.
Mary		Mrs. Burrows.

* *This character is sometimes omitted in the representation.*

COSTUMES.

ASPEN.—Black coat and trowsers, the latter stuffed into his boots, white waistcoat with broad rolling collar turned over the coat, and broad-brimmed hat.

MC SHANE.—Shabby green coat, light waistcoat, black check trowsers, white hat with black crape round it, dirty yellow kid gloves.

VIVIAN.—Blue coat buttoned up, white cord breeches and top boots, broad-brimmed hat.

BURNISH.—Brown or blue frock coat, and light trowsers.

LOUNGE.—Light blue coat, white waistcoat, tight leather trowsers.

MERTON.—Blue or brown frock coat, and light trowsers.

OXYDE.—Suit of black.

BIGGS.—Black coat, white waistcoat, and blue trowsers.

TOPKNOT.—Old-fashioned livery.

MC NAB.—Drab great coat, yellow handkerchief, white hat.

LADY LEECH.—Green silk travelling pelisse and bonnet.

EMILY.—White muslin frock and straw bonnet.

MRS. CLACKET.—Spotted pink gown, cap, and apro

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right;* L. *Left;* R. D. *Right Door;* L. D. *Left Door:* S. E. *Second Entrance;* U. E. *Upper Entrance;* M. D. *Middle Door*

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right;* L., *Left;* C., *Centre;* R. C., *Right of Centre;* L. C., *Left of Centre.*

N.B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas, *are usually omitted in the representation.*

THE NERVOUS MAN AND MAN OF NERVE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Apartment in Aspen's House in London. Door opening to a Bed-room window in* L. *flat. Table laid for breakfast.*

BETTY *sweeping the room, and* BIGGS *arranging the table.*

Biggs. Well, Betty, I have made up my mind to look out for another place. This will be my last one, if I keep it another week.

Bet. La, John! do you think you will better yourself? —Every master or missus has their humour.

Biggs. That I expects; but it's a hard thing when their humour makes everybody melancholy. Did you ever live with a nervous man before?

Bet. No.

Biggs. Then I says this—that all people talk of a toad under a harrow, and fish in a frying pan, is quiet and comfort to it. Do all we can, nothing will please him! He won't believe in such a thing as accident, because he says you and I and everybody else is in a conspiracy to worry him.

Bet. But how do we know, John, what he has to worry him abroad?

Biggs. Well, I don't say I know who it is pulls the bell, I only know that we hears the clapper. And then it's such a trifling matter sets him off! A speck on the cloth will jog his nerves as much as the smashing of a bank: and then, what's worse than all, he's doubly nervous.

Bet. Doubly nervous!

Biggs. Yes; nervous strong, as well as nervous weak. Now I shouldn't mind living with a man who was so de-

licate, that whenever he shook himself he wouldn't shake me; but, you know, when master begins to tremble, he makes us all imitate him.

Aspen. [*Without.*] Biggs! Biggs!

Biggs. Eh! he's up! Run, Betty, for the urn. No—stop. Hush! don't run. Steal your steps, or he'll say you're robbing his rest. [*Betty goes out on tiptoe,* L.] Now let me see if the room's in order. Yes—well. What will be the first thing I shall catch it for this morning? I know—he'll abuse me for waking him so early.

Enter Aspen, R. D. F., *in his morning gown, with his watch in his hand.*

Asp. Biggs!

Biggs. Sir!

Asp. Look at this watch—half-past ten! How dare you suffer me to waste my time in bed 'till half-past ten, on a Monday morning?

Biggs. You told me, sir, last night, not to disturb you, because you were not well.

Asp. Nonsense, sir! Did you ever hear of a man getting well by lying in bed on a Monday morning?

Biggs. Indeed, sir, it was not my fault——

Asp. Don't talk, sir—a nervous man can't bear talking.

Biggs. But if you'll hear a reason, sir——

Asp. Don't reason, sir—a nervous man can't bear reasoning. [*Sits at table.*] Where's the urn? [*Betty steals in with it, and placing it on the table, throws down a plate—Aspen starts.*] What's that?

Bet. An accident, sir——

Asp. An accident! One of *your* accidents—a subtle mode of irritation!

Bet. Lord, sir! I never thought——

Asp. Stuff! you think of nothing else. [*Exit Betty.*] You know my weakness of system, and you are all leagued to lay me in my grave! Here's a breakfast! eggs—bullets—muffins—brickbats—lumps of sugar large enough to pave a street! More of your designs! Where's the paper?

Biggs. [*Handing a newspaper.*] Here, sir.

Asp. [*Dropping it.*] Damp!

Biggs. I held it to the fire half an hour, sir.

Asp. Give it me. Papers are usually dry enough in November. [*Reads.*] "Bankrupts—Old Baily—Suicide—Horrible Atrocity! The house of Mr. Crank, a wealthy manufacturer, near Leeds, was entered on the night of the 17th ult. by a gang of ruffians, who threw the unfortunate gentleman into a paddock which contained a bull, who immediately caught him on his horns, and threw him back into the window!" [*Throws down the paper.*] Here's news! Talk of the good of newspapers! What is their good? All that they do is to make people nervous.

[*A double knock.*

Biggs. The postman—

Asp. Biggs, I thought I told you, sir, to muffle that knocker? Do you know that every rap at that door goes to my heart? Are you aware of the weakness of my system?— [*Shaking him violently.*

Biggs. Yes, sir—

Asp. Do you wish me, then, to make your body the door, and my hand that knocker?

Biggs. No, sir—but if I muffle the knocker people will think you are ill, and then you will have them coming here all day long.

Asp. Go to the door. Stop, sir! Come back, sir! More of your annoyances!

Biggs. What, sir?

Asp. [*Pointing to the ground.*] Look at that pin! [*Biggs picks up the pin and exits,* L.] Vivian is right—decidedly right. If I hope to continue my existence, I must leave London. My antipathy to London increases every day. Such a hot-bed for roguery! A lamentable fact—every one that lives in London must be a rogue—he can't help it—it's in the atmosphere! my shattered system is a melancholy evidence. Here I am, surrounded every day by a crowd of people, who come cringing and begging solely to swindle me—nothing else. They know the state of my nerves, and they presume on it. My weakness is their strength. If the fact required further confirmation—[*Biggs enters,* L., *with a letter—Aspen opens it*]—here it is. Here's a rascal! a fellow—a plumber and glazier—lives somewhere in a dirty lane—I hire him to lead my house—very well—he leads my house, and my warehouse, which I did not order him to lead—sends in his bill—I won't pay him

—tell him to take back his lead—no, will have my money—won't give it—then I sue—here, "Sir, unless my account is settled this morning, I shall take the remedy the law provides." There's a rogue!

Enter Brown, *with bills*, R.

Brown. Good morning, sir—how do you feel to-day?

Asp. As usual—more annoyance! [*Gives the note.*] Here's a rascal! Send one of the clerks to kick him—then pay him.

Brown. Will you put your hand to these bills, sir?

Asp. Jones & Co.—well. [*Signs the bills.*] Now, mind—before you or any one pay this plumber for his lead, try if you can't depress his mercury. [*Exit Brown*, R.

Enter Biggs, L., *with a card.*

Biggs. Gentleman's at the door, sir.

Asp. Doctor Oxyde—my new physician—shew him in. [*Exit Biggs*, L.] The very man I wanted! Lucky he's come—I can't live without advice.

Enter Doctor Oxyde, L., *and* Biggs, *who places chairs and exits*, L.

Doct. Mr. Aspen—

Asp. Yes, sir.

Doct. I have done myself the pleasure of calling, at the request of your friend, Mr. Vivian.

Asp. Bob—perfectly right. Take a chair. [*They sit.*

Doct. Mr. Vivian informs me that you are subject to nervous irritability.

Asp. A victim to it—a martyr, sir—a mere case of fiddle strings—jar at the least touch!

Doct. Is it possible!

Asp. Don't I show it? Did you ever see such a fag-end of humanity? Don't I look as if I had been sleeping in a church-yard, or lodging in a vault?

Doct. On the contrary—I have met with few persons of a more healthy appearance. Your frame's erect and muscular.

Asp. Deception—deception, sir. I am the mere outside of a man—an empty house, with strong walls.

Doct. And you are actually very weak?

Asp. Very weak.

Doct. Your chest affected—and your voice—

Asp. A penny trumpet. Couldn't raise it above a whisper, if you'd give me the world. Brown! [*Shouts.*] Brown!

Enter BROWN, R.

Brown. Sir—

Asp. Mind don't pay that plumber! Kick him, if you like—or I'll kick him! [*Exit Brown,* R.

Doct. A favourable symptom. Pray, Mr. Aspen, do you refer the origin of your complaint to constitution, or to circumstances?

Asp. Sir, I owe my unhappy state to the moral atmosphere of London; you are no doubt aware of that rule in political economy, that "Numbers increase crime." London being therefore the most densely populated, is the most roguish spot in Europe. Behold one of the results! I am at the head of a large establishment—clerks—captains, merchants, porters—all swarm about me—all preying on me—all rogues! I'm another Actæon: worried to death by my own dogs!

Doct. But are you certain yours is not a diseased imagination? In the course of my practice I have met with many, who have been self-afflictors—men who have created their annoyances.

Asp. What, sir—self-afflictor?—hear the man—you are mad! Sir, you doubt my persecutions; perhaps you'll hear a few?

Doct. With pleasure!

Asp. Perhaps, sir, you never met with such a thing as civil assassination—murder administered by social means; friends pouring in at all hours of the day to squeeze you into a fever, and talk you into a frenzy? Sir, there's not a man or woman that I meet, but is in a league against me. If I go out I am sure to be chased by a d——d dustman with a bell—when I come home a barrel organ's at my window; the twopenny postman knocks louder here than any where else. My servants smash the crockery, or slam the doors—and when I get to sleep, my cook, like the head of Memmon, must always sing at sun-rise.

Doct. Then, Mr. Aspen, I have but one thing to advise: you must leave London.

Asp. Sensible fellow!

Doct. Quiet is the only thing to restore composure—and change of air will give you strength.

Asp. You agree, then, in my principle?

Doct. Your principle!

Asp. That there is something in the air of London inimical to honesty?

Doct. Sir, I think the admixture of good and bad, is pretty equal every where.

Asp. [*Aside.*] D——d stupid doctor! I won't give him his fee. [*Aloud.*] Sir, if you had slaved in a counting house as I have done from fifteen to fifty, you'd know that it is impossible for a man to live in London and not be a rogue! [*Presenting money.*] Good morning!

Doct. [*Taking it.*] Good morning, Mr. Aspen. [*Exit,* L.

Asp. There's a fellow to be called one of the faculty—hasn't got a faculty—couldn't see my weakness; what could Vivian mean by recommending such an ass? Vivian said he would be here to-day. Wants me to marry Emily—charming creature—perfect creature—the *quietest* woman I ever met with—talks in a whisper—walks like a fairy—plays sweetly on the piano. [*A knock.*] Biggs, I'll see no one; I'm out—I'm dead.

Enter Vivian, L.

Viv. Indeed, Aspen; then I must be content to take leave of your remains.

Asp. My dear Bob, you know my frightful debilitation; surely a man may lie, when he can hardly stand.

Viv. Well, Aspen, I leave town this afternoon.

Asp. Enviable fellow!

Viv. Never did I truly appreciate the blessings of a country life, till this last trip to London.

Asp. Don't make me miserable!

Viv. Why make yourself so?

Asp. How do I?

Viv. To reject my daily advice—

Asp. To give up business?

Viv. Yes.

Asp. How can I?

Viv. Are you a rich man, or a poor one?

Asp. That's not the point; if I go into the country,

Emily must consent to make me happy—if she does, your house mayn't be large enough to contain the consequences.

Viv. That difficulty I can obviate. You know the Harewood estate, adjoining mine?—I took you over it last summer.

Asp. I remember!

Viv. It struck you at the time as a very inviting residence.

Asp. It did.

Viv. By a paper of to-day, it appears that the owner has died abroad, and that it is to be disposed of by private contract. [*Gives him a paper, and points out a paragraph.*

Asp. Bob!

Viv. Well!

Asp. I'll buy it,

Viv. You will?

Asp. And leave London.

Viv. You are resolved?

Asp. Poz! Biggs, my hat and coat.

[*Biggs enters* L. *with them.*

Viv. Now, then, you'll cease to suffer.

Asp. And begin to exist! The country!—what paradisiacal ideas the word suggests—quiet, ease, seclusion, slumber!

Viv. I only regret that you have delayed their enjoyment so long.

Asp. And yet, Bob—[*Shaking his head.*]

Viv. Do you waver?

Asp. I confess, I want something to rouse my energies. [*A loud knock.*] That's sufficient. Biggs, mind I'm out.

[*Puts on coat, &c.*

Biggs. Yes, sir. [*Exit,* L.

Asp. I'll run with you to Garraway's—buy this estate—put Brown, my clerk, at the helm of affairs—jump into a chaise, and bid adieu this very day to row and roguery. If I need a motive now to leave London—

Mc Shane. [*Without,* L.] Not at home? be asy—be asy.

Asp. There, I have it; that infernal Irishman—my greatest torment.

Viv. Who is he?

Asp. Don't know—can't tell himself—a fellow—a bird

of prey I met at Margate; simply asked him one day how's the wind, and curse me if he did'nt ask himself to dinner—stuck to me ever since—can't get rid of him—a genuine blister—always drawing.

Viv. But have you been decided with him?

Asp. Decidedly; told him one day to leave the house, and he said, if I'd walk with him to a shooting gallery, he'd undertake to hit a metal man in any part of the body I'd select.

Enter Mc Shane, L.

Mc S. Ah, my dear friend, how are you? 'pon my conscience, I must do you a favor; I must give that man of your's a kicking, or some of these days I shall be making you narvous by taching him to spake the truth, and shame the divil.

Asp. You allude to my order—

Mc S. Yes, yes! I know what you meant, by your order—you are out to every body but me. Brickfasting! I'll swallow a morsel with you.

Asp. [*To Vivian.*] You hear? He has a mouth like a whirlpool!

Mc S. [*To Aspen.*] Whisht! what are we at? Introduce me to your friend; I feel mighty awkward—

Asp. The first time then—[*To Viv.*] He wants to be introduced; once know him, and he'll be as good to you as a second skin.

Viv. Well, well: I have a little business to transact at the Bank, so I'll meet you at Garraway's.

Asp. Very well. [*Retires up.*

Mc S. [*Aside.*] Oho! I must be master of my own ceremonies—[*Advancing to Vivian.*] Sir, as a friend of Mr. Aspen, give me the pleasure— [*Crosses to* C.

Viv. Sir! [*Bows formally, and goes out,* L.

Mc S. My dear friend, I'm obliged to you.

Asp. What for?

Mc S. That's some blackguard acquaintance of your's, and you didn't want to disgrace me by knowing him.

Asp. Hem—

Mc S. Now we'll sit down—I want to talk to you. [*They sit at table.*] Here, Biggs! Biggs! some more water, and a roll!

Enter BETTY, L.

Betty, some water, my darling; and instead of this bread, give me a little twist.

[*Betty goes out, and returns with bread, &c., then goes off,* L.

Asp. Well, call for what you wish—I must leave you.

Mc S. Lave me! Poh! poh! Is that the way you draw a man to you? Sit down, I beg of you, and think of a pleasing anecdote.

Asp. But, my dear sir,—business is business.

Mc S. Oh, it's business, is it? Well, that's odd enough. I came here on the same errand; and as it's bad to have two ideas jostling in that small head of yours at once, you shall attend to me first, and then go about your own business as soon as you please.

Asp. But, Mr. Mc Shane, my time's engaged. You must be aware that there are certain affairs—

Mc S. Oho! it's a certain affair that you're after, is it? Then I won't keep the dear cracher waiting. I'll walk with you.

Asp. [*Aside.*] No, you don't! If this fellow is a party to my purchase, I may as well stay in London.

Mc S. Ha, ha! what, you won't trust me?

Asp. [*Sitting down.*] I've changed my mind—I can spare you five minutes; so now be quick—what is it?—I'm a doomed man! [*Aside.*

Mc S. Now, then, to take the bull by the horns—which figuratively manes, to seize a man by the ears. You must know, my dear friend, there's a certain dirty remnant of humanity, a tailor at the west end, who took a mighty fancy to my body as a block for his coats. Well, I suffered the fellow to make me half a dozen, and turned myself into a walking advertisement for his advantage. I wore them out in the best of company, and, would you believe it? this satire on our sex meant me to pay for them!

Asp. Well!

Mc S. But as I despised the imposition, I refused; and now the blood-thirsty villain intends to put me in prison!

Asp. [*Aside.*] Delightful! If he'd do but that, I'd buy the estate directly.

Mc S. So, when I heard the news, by my soul I was overjoyed

Asp. The deuce you were! Why?

Mc S. Because, said I, now my narvous friend will have a chance of coming out with his gratitude; to show that after the dinners and suppers I've eat for him—and that I mane to ate—he's not merely contint to say, sir—I'm obliged to you, but there's thirty pounds, my darling, for your tailor; and now, my hand's in—twenty more for trifles.

Asp. [*Aside.*] Here's roguery! No, no—the bailiffs must have him; that makes me secure!

Mc S. So, take your check-book, amiable weakness, and behave like a nobleman.

Asp. Hem! My dear sir, I am very sorry—but really the fact is, much as I esteem you—cash is so scarce just now, and bills are so heavy, that—

Mc S. You won't! Very well, there's an end of it; we'll take a walk, and drop in at the shooting gallery—you'll be surprised to see how I have improved lately. I'll fire at the metal man in any position you please, and pluck out a vital part with my eyes shut! [*Makes signs of shooting, and winks at Aspen significantly.*

Asp. So, a pretty situation! I must be either robbed or murdered. [*A knock.*] Deliverance! Biggs, shew 'em in—I'm at home!

Enter Captain Burnish, L.

Bur. Mr. Aspen—

Asp. Sir!

Bur. I have done myself the pleasure of calling on you, to present a draft of my esteemed friend, Caleb Culverin, for a hundred pounds [*Giving the bill to Aspen*]; and, as I wish to leave town to-day, perhaps you'll not object?

Asp. How fortunate! Take a seat, sir; I'll step into my counting house, and return to you presently. Thank Heaven, here's an escape!—now for Garraway's.

[*Aside—Exit,* R.

Mc S. A hundred pounds!—a valuable acquaintance. [*Draws his chair close to Burnish.*] Hem! perhaps, sir, you have the pleasure of recollecting me?

Bur. I can't say I have, sir.

Mc S. Then it's clear I have the advantage.

Bur. Decidedly!

Mc S. Well, that's well to begin with. Now, do you

know, that though your name's on the tip of my tongue—it's not Smith?

Bur. No, sir.

Mc S. Nor Jones?

Bur. No, sir.

Mc S. I thought not. Well, you'll say it's odd enough, but I have the most distinct recollection of your face—one day, at Mousulapatam, when you and I got under a banyan tree, during a thunder storm!—oh, one of the most diabolical cataracts—

Bur. I beg pardon, I never was in the East Indies.

Mc S. Then it was the West?

Bur. Nor there!

Mc S. Then it was Brighton?

Bur. I've been at Brighton.

Mc S. Ah! to be sure you have. Now, I'll account for mistaking the Indies for Brighton; when I was in the east, I had the liver complaint—and when I was at Brighton, I was attacked in the kidneys; so you see they are not far apart.

Enter BROWN, *with a check*, L.

Brown. Mr. Aspen's compliments, and here's a check, sir, for the amount; he trusts you'll excuse him, as business of an imperative nature has hurried him away.

Mc S. And when does he mane to hurry back again?

Brown. It's quite uncertain, sir.

Mc S. Did he lave no message?

Brown. None, sir. [*Exit*, R.

Mc S. [*Aside.*] The pitiful wire-drawn skinflint! I must dine with my friend here; that hundred pounds has a magnetic attraction, that—

Bur. [*Having put away the money—takes his hat.*] Good morning, sir.

Mc S. I'll walk with you, sir.

Bur. Really, sir, I should be very happy—

Mc S. Don't mention it. [*Taking his arm.*

Bur. But I must be expeditious!

Mc S. So must I!

Bur. But, my direction's westward.

Mc S. And my direction's Piccadilly

Bur. This is very odd! The fact is, sir—I'm going to the Downs!

Mc S. I've been there this six months.

Bur. And, as I have many calls to make—

Mc S. You require a friend's advice!

Bur. On the contrary; I beg to assure you—

Mc S. No apologies—

Bur. Apologies!—

Mc S. You are afraid you shall tire me;—not at all, my dear friend! The fact is, I have taken a liking to your physiognomy—and when I once take a liking to a man's physiognomy, the devil himself can't make me desert him.

[*Walks him off*, L.

Scene II.—*Apartment at Lady Leech's. Window at back.*

Enter Lady Leech *and* Lord Lounge, L.

Lady L. Adrian!

Loun. Letitia!

Lady L. Do you see any signs of the captain?

Loun. [*Looking through the window.*] No!

Lady L. You say the chaise is ordered at eleven?

Loun. Yase!

Lady L. Thus ends our town campaign: a very dull one, my lord.

Loun. Vaary!

Lady L. Really, London is so changed within these few years, that any person of taste must abominate its name; the amateurs of fashion have all taken wing to the continent—and those who supply their places, are either too poor to be patronized, or too vulgar to be taught.

Loun. Yase!

Lady L. At such a crisis, one covets a hermitage; and though our little cottage in Wiltshire is rather small, my lord—

Loun. Raather!

Lady L. And our establishment too confined to admit of much splendour—

Loun. Yase!

Lady L. Still the luxury of escaping a contact with the parvenues, who deluge the watering places, is so great, that one must look at a straitened income in the light of a blessing—though that's difficult, my lord.

Loun. Vaary!

Lady L. Adrian!

Loun. Letitia!

Lady L. Have you had any conversation with the captain this morning?

Loun. No!

Lady L. You are not aware of a certain event—

Loun. What!

Lady L. He has wrung from me at last, my consent to make him happy.

Loun. Whale!

Lady L. I know very well that he's much beneath our grade; poorly connected—wretchedly bred; but the man has a very good heart, and he has five hundred a-year.

Loun. Yase!

Lady L. So, as he's very willing to be taught, and will give me very little trouble, I thought it would be better to add his income to ours, than to send the poor fellow into a consumption.

Loun. True!

Enter SERVANT, R.

Ser. Your chaise, my lady, is at the door.

Lady L. Captain Burnish is not yet returned?

Ser. This instant, madam, with another gentleman.

Lady L. Another gentleman! Be good enough to see our luggage put safely in the chaise. I'll speak to Mrs. Flashton down stairs. [*Exit Servant,* R.

Enter CAPTAIN BURNISH, *followed by* MC SHANE, R.

Charles—Charles, you are behind your time!

Bur. Why, yes, my love—I believe I am; but the fact is—ahem! I have had something to detain me.

[*Looking at Mc Shane.*

Mc S. The lady—not very old, and not very ugly—that's the vulnerable quarter—ahem! [*Bows to Lady L.*

Lady L. Captain, who is this friend of yours?

Bur. My friend? why, really he is not a very old acquaintance, though he's a very warm one.

Lady L. What's his family?

Bur. His family!—oh, I believe his family is extensive. I think there's a good many of them about town. [*To Mc Shane.*] Your family?

Mc S. The Mc Shanes, madam—of County Clare!

[*Crosses to her.*

Lady L. Mc Shane! Any relative of Lady Kilblarney?

Mc S. Her cousin—German, madam, by the Scotch side.

Lady L. Are you acquainted with the Duchess D'Alpini, and Madame Cassino?

Mc S. Intimately well, madam; and it was in their charming society that I heard so many references to your ladyship's taste and manners; that though my friend told me you were on the point of laving town, I couldn't deny myself the gratification of a personal conviction.

[*Eyes Burnish.*

Bur. [*Whistling.*] Phew!

Lady L. My lord, rather an engaging man.

Loun. Raather!

Lady L. And fashionable—

Loun. Vaary!

Lady L. Where did you spend your winter?—over the water?

Mc S. Yes, madam, over the water.

Lady L. Your property is there?

Mc S. Not exactly; most of my possessions lie in the Isle of *Skye.* I have one or two estates in *Ayrshire*, and another in my eye.

Bur. [*Aside.*] I dont much like this fellow! I tried to shake him off a dozen times, and he hinted something about a shooting gallery.

Mc S. And is it the melancholy fact, that we are going to lose you, madam?

Lady L. Why, really, the fatigues of the winter are so great, that a short seclusion at our cottage ornée, in Wiltshire, I find absolutely indispensable.

Mc S. Wiltshire! Is it Wiltshire you are going to? How very odd—that's my own destination!

Lady L. Indeed!

Mc S. And, though I've arranged to proceed in my own conveyance—still, if you could squeeze room for me in your chaise, madam, I should mightily prefer it.

Bur. Damn it, this is too bad!—he's making love to Lady L.! I must expose him. Sir!—

Mc S. Sir!

Bur. Ahem! You must be aware that your request is absurd. A post chaise can't contain four people—

Mc S. Poh—poh! Six!

Bur. But how, sir?—how?

Mc S. Now isn't there the top and the bottom—inside and the out—and one horse that the postillion has no occasion for? Look here, sir—[*Going to the window*, R. F.,—*starts and exclaims aside.*] Oh, murder and turf! if there isn't those two thieves of bumbailiffs who have chased me about London for a week, standing coolly by the door, and waiting my appearance.

Lady L. [*With whom and Lord L., Burnish has been whispering.*] Is it possible?

Bur. Not a question of it.

Lady L. [*Observing Mc Shane, who is looking out of window.*] No doubt some common imposter! I told you, my lord, I thought his appearance very—

Loun. Vaary!

Lady L. Well, the impudence of some people is surprising!

Enter SERVANT, R.

Ser. The chaise is ready, my lady!

Bur. Come, my love! [*Taking her hand.*

Mc S. You are not going, madam, to leave me—

Lady L. To the sympathy of your noble acquaintance! Cousin German—to my Lady Kilblarney! Ha, ha, ha!

Bur. & Loun. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady L. Amusing, my lord—isn't it?

Loun. Vaary! [*They go out*, R.

Mc S. The grinning hyenas! How the divil am I to save myself from those merciless body snatchers?—eh, pililooh! isn't that a back staircase? Here, Tim, answer me for a shilling! Isn't that a staircase?

Ser. Yes, sir!

Mc S. Tell me for a half a crown! Does that staircase lead to a back yard!

Ser. Yes, sir!

Mc S. Another word for a sovereign! Does that yard reach to the next street?

Ser. Yes, sir!

Mc S. Pililoo! I'm a whole man yet! There's a penny for you—I'll owe you the rest!

[*Throws him a copper, and runs off—Servant follows,* L.

Scene III.—*Aspen's House, as in Scene I.*

Enter Aspen, *hurriedly,* L.

Asp. It's done—it's arranged!—the Rubicon is passed! I have bought the estate—sent Vivian off to get the house in order, and made Brown, my clerk, my locum tenens in town. The country! Is it possible I shall ever ascend to such a seventh Heaven in this world? The picture of my felicity is full before me: a winter's night—solitary house—snug room—bright fire—screen—sofa—Emily—charming! Biggs!

Biggs *runs in,* L.

Biggs. Sir!

Asp. Fetch my black portmanteau; and put into it two shirts, and a pair of stockings! I'm going into the country—

Biggs. Lauk, sir!—the country!

Asp. Yes—you needn't whimper!—I'm resolved! it's all your doing—your's and London's; this hot-bed of roguery!

Biggs. My doing, sir? [*Coughs.*] Hugh! hugh!—my—hugh!

Asp. Damn it, sir—don't cough to a nervous man!—a cough's irritating. Now make haste—[*Crosses,* R.] I have taken my place in the eleven o'clock coach; it will be here in five minutes—it passes the door, and has promised to take me up. Biggs!

Biggs *returns.*

Have you seen anything of that Irishman?

Biggs. No, sir!

Asp. That's lucky! the bailiffs have got him by this time, so there's one evil spirit in the Red Sea; and Biggs—

Biggs. [*Beturning to the Wing.*] Sir!

Asp. Seen anything of that plumber?

Biggs. No, sir! [*Exit,* R.

Asp. Then his head's leaded! I'm delirious at the prospect—and Biggs, pack the box. I promised Brown I'd write letters to the agent at Lloyd's, to let him know my intention. Do it now—just got the time. [*Draws a table—writes and repeats.*] "Dear Thompson—having been ordered by my physician for a short time into the country, I sit down to inform you, that I am on the point of seizing"—[*Horn blows at a distance.*] The coach—Biggs!—trunk ready?

Biggs. [*Running in with it.*] No, sir!

Asp. No?

Biggs. I can't find your shirts, sir; they're all at the wash.

Asp. Here's a conspiracy! Where's Betty?

BETTY *runs in*, L.

Where's my linen, madam?

Betty. Don't you remember, sir, finding fault with their colour, and sending them off to Barnes to be mangled?

Asp. It's a lie!—nothing's mangled in this house but me! I see your design; you're afraid to lose me—it won't do—I'll go! I'll make any sacrifice!—I'll buy a dickey. [*Horn approaches and blows under the window.*

Guard. [*Without.*] Now, sir, if you please! Reading—Reading! Bath!

Asp. Strap it up and throw it in; give the man a shilling, and tell him to wait two minutes while I finish this letter.

Biggs. Yes, sir.

[*Runs off with the trunk*, L.—*a loud knocking*, R.

Asp. Damn it!—who's that?—not one of my leeches—it must be! Biggs!

Biggs. [*Re-entering*, L.] Sir!

Asp. Go to the warehouse door—say I'm out—dead! anything you please. I see the design: a conspiracy to keep one in London. [*Biggs goes off*, R.] I'll write my letter in my bedroom—there I must be safe!

Guard. [*Outside.*] Come, sir—sir!

Asp. [*Speaking out of the window.*] Ready directly!

[*Enters the bedroom.*

MC SHANE *runs in breathless.*

Mc S. Don't jabber—don't jabber; keep the door fast!

Phew! a dead heat from Bond street to Cripplegate, and saved my shoulder by a neck, lane and alley—mud and gutter! Phew! how I went through them, and the dirty long-legged hounds after me—Munster steeple business was nothing to it. Old Quiverer is not at home; never mind, I'll wait till he is.

Guard. Now, sir, are you coming?

Mc S. Am I coming?—where?

Guard. We can't stop here all day.

Mc S. And who requires the favour?

Guard. Your trunk's up.

Mc S. My trunk's up;—then you don't want my body?

Guard. Jump in, sir, or we must go without you.

Mc S. That would be ungentlemanly; go without me? Ahem! I say, my friend, do you mean to tell me that you have got room for me in that coach?

Guard. Arn't you booked?

Mc S. Booked! I believe I am—though 'pon my soul I had forgot it. Let me remember—eh?—what! Phililoo! I see it all—some ministering angel has been taking pity on the dirtiness of my ways, [*Looking at his legs,*] and provided me with the means of moving respectably! Hollo, there! I say, my friend, did my man, when he took my place, remember to pay for it?

Guard. To be sure—it's all right, sir.

Mc S. Oh, it's all right, is it: very well, then, here goes.

[*Jumps out of the window.*

ASPEN *comes from his room with a letter.*

Asp. Now it's all over! Coachman, coming directly! Biggs, take this letter to Lloyd's!

[*Trampling and scuffling outside.*

Biggs. But you sha'n't come in; there's no one here.

Bailiff. But we will come in—we know he's here!

Asp. Damn it! here's a mob coming—perhaps the plumber! A conspiracy to keep me here—see the design! I'll disappoint it. [*Buttons up his coat.*] I'll bolt in time! Coach! [*Runs to the window.*] Gone!—here—hollo!—stop!—come back!

[*Leaning out of the window, shouting—Bailiffs run in from the opposite side, followed by Biggs—seize Aspen, and drag him forward.*

Bailiff. Here he is, Bill! Ay—ay, my flower—we've nabbed you, have we?

2d Bailiff. What! [*Recognizing him.*

Asp. I'm a lost man!

[*Throws himself into a chair—Bailiffs retreat, staring at him—Brown and Betty enter, and the Curtain falls.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I—*Public Parlour in a Country Inn. Door in* C. *Bells ringing.*

Enter MRS. CLACKET.

Mrs. C. Coming! coming! Well, as I says to our John, says I—an innkeeper's like a skittle ball—coming and going all day. Last night there was only one customer by the London coach, and three by a poshay. Well, I suppose times will mend! When trade gets damaged, they tell I they'll bring a bill into the house—I wonder if it will get paid!

Enter VIVIAN, R.

Viv. Good morning, Mrs. Clacket. You had an arrival by the coach last night?

Mrs. C. Ees, sir.

Viv. A shy, reserved sort of person—

Mrs. C. Ees—he seemed rather shy. He's in the Lamb.

Viv. Is he up?

Mrs. C. I don't think he be, zur—he han't rung his bell.

Viv. No doubt, fatigued with his ride—I won't disturb him. Mrs. Clacket, I have something to confide to you—but you must be sure to keep it secret.

Mrs. C. Oh, dont'ee fear, sir.

Viv. You must know, then, that this is a friend of mine, who has purchased the Harewood estate, and intends to enter on its immediate possession.

Mrs. C. He do! Here, John! John!

Viv. Good heavens, madam! is this your secrecy?

Mrs. C. It be such joyful news, sir.

Viv. Nevertheless, it's not to be published. My poor friend is what they term a nervous man. He's exceedingly irritable and touchy. You must be particular in paying him every attention, and suffering nothing to annoy him.

Mrs. C. Dont'ee fear, sir.

Viv. As soon as he comes out of his room, be good enough to say that everything is ready to receive him at the Manor house, and that I shall be back in less than half an hour to accompany him thither. Good morning, Mrs. Clacket. [*Exit*, R.

Mrs. C. Well, come what may of it, I must tell our John. This is the first secret I've had to keep since our Mary run off with the guager. [*Exit*, L.

Mc Shane *enters*, D. *in* F.

Mc S. I feel mighty confused this morning! I had a pleasant ride yesterday, a very dacent supper, and a comfortable night's rest—that's all profit! I get up to-day, seventy miles from London, and not a sixpence in my pocket to pay for brikfast—that's a damned big balance on the other side! Now, if instead of taking my amusement I had quietly gone to prison, and my narvous friend, old Grunt-and-tremble, would have come down with some money, it's very clear that my ruin would have been highly advantageous. By the powers! if I expect to get into comfortable circumstances, I ought to go back to town and be ruined immediately. But then there's this brikfast! divil burn this brikfast! how will I manage that? One thing in this house is in my favour—the landlord's a *woman!* I'll adopt one of our national superstitions—I'll come the evil eye over her. Here, house! house!

Enter Mrs. Clacket.

Mrs. C. Here I be, sir.

Mc S. Are you the house? By the powers! if brick and mortar always waddled under a petticoat, it would have a fine effect upon building!

Mrs. C. I hope thee rested well last night, sir?

Mc S. Like a duck in a gutter!

Mrs. C. And I humbly trust thee hast had nothing this morning to disturb thee?

Mc S. A trifle—[*Rubbing his stomach.*]—but it was beneath my notice.

Mrs. C. La, deary me, how sorry I am. What can I do, sir? can I make any amends? can I bring anything? [*Very earnestly.*

Mc S. What an extraordinary woman!

Mrs. C. If it should cost me a journey to Lunnon, I don't mind, sir.

Mc S. What a divine cracher! Then, perhaps, you are aware, madam, that one of the dirty things that are indispensable in a state of sublunary existence, is called brikfast—

Mrs. C. Deary me! why didn't thee ring, sir? It was all ready—fresh eggs and butter—everything of the best. [*Runs out and brings a tray, with which she spreads a table.*] I would not suffer any one to bring it but myself.

Mc S. By my soul, my eyes have done it! [*Sits down and pours out.*] An't I dreaming, now? isn't all this eggs and butter conjuration? mist and vapour? [*Holding up a loaf.*] That loaf's not *mist*, but it soon will be.

Mrs. C. Ahem! I hope it be to your taste, sir. That bread's very light. Perhaps thee be troubled with indigestion?

Mc S. No, my darling—I'm troubled with digestion.

Mrs. C. Muster Vivian ha' been here, sir—

Mc S. Mr. Vivian!

Mrs. C. And he told I to be sure keep your coming quite a secret.

Mc S. That was kind of him!

Mrs. C. And to tell you, sir, that they be all ready to receive thee at the house.

Mc S. The house!—[*Aside.*] Does she mane the House of Correction?

Mrs. C. Ees—the house you have bought.

Mc S. Oh, the house I have bought! Ah—that must be the house that Jack built!

Mrs. C. Oh, sir,—you'll be money in pocket by buying Harewood.

Mc S. Money in pocket!—well, that will be a novelty

at any rate! [*Rising and leading her forward.*] Come here. my darling. What's this you're talking about? Do you mane to say that I have been buying a house in this quarter?

Mrs. C. To be sure 'ee have, sir—and the first house in the county.

Mc S. And are you at all aware, my darling, whether I have happened to pay for it?

Mrs. C. I'll be bound 'ee have, sir, enough money to—

Mc S. And do you think if I was to go there I should be likely to get in?

Mrs. C. Why, sir, old Jacob, the steward, be eager to see thee. Ah, sir! I hope you'll lead a merrier life than its last master!

Mc S. Merrier! I'll have such doings as never were known since the time of the usurper, my predecessor! I'll make the joints of the old house creak again! Stop—I'm dreaming now. Well, if I am, don't let me wake up till the middle of next week. I'll go to this same house, and you shall come and see me, Mrs. Clacket—and we'll have fine fun together! Pilliloo! tell some one to show me the way to the estate—I'm in a hurry to take possession; and when I'm at my ease, come and see me, Mrs. Clacket—though I detest your sex.

Mrs. C. La, sir!

Mc S. Yes, my darling—so much do I detest them, that whenever I see a pretty woman, I always set my face against her! [*Gives her a smack and runs off*, R. *she following. Cracking of a whip heard without.*]

"*Post Boy.* Yo ho! yard here! move about, will you?

"WAITER *runs in*, L.

"*Waiter.* A chay from Lunnun—travelled all night, I "think. One gentleman—how ill he looks!—wants break-"fast—where's missus? [*Runs off*, R. U. E."

ASPEN *enters*, R., *in a cloak, with his head muffled up—he is shown in by a Waiter, and followed by a Post-Boy.*

Waiter. What will you take, sir?

Asp. A chair. [*Sinking into one.*

Waiter. Breakfast, I suppose, sir. We have everything in the house—cold fowl—ham—tongue—

Asp. Tongue! No, sir—I have had tongue enough in London. [*Waiter goes out*, L.

"*Post Boy.* The Post-Boy, your honour.

Asp. "There's a crown for you. You have driven me "at a speed commensurate with my wishes: and I can't "say I ever paid a gratuity with such thorough satisfac- "tion. [*Exit Post Boy*, R.]" Am I at last in the country? Dream of my early youth—hope of my latter days—the quiet, simple, thinly populated, honest country! There was a design to detain me, but I was not to be subdued. I jumped into a chaise at one in the morning, and here I am! [*Throwing off his cloak and handkerchief.*] From this day I begin to live—or rather I return to childhood. I place myself on a level with the principles and sympathies of those about me—Myers Gee Aspen, five years of age. [*Enter Waiter.*] Oh, the waiter! Are you a native of the country—never been in London?

Waiter. No, sir.

Asp. [*Shakes his head.*] Fortunate fellow!

Waiter. Did you say, sir, you declined breakfast?

Asp. No, my friend—a country breakfast; simple, plain, and pure. I have no doubt your cows in this quarter treat you fairly with the milk, and your laying hens display some principle.

Waiter. It shall be ready directly, sir. [*Goes off*, L.

Asp. [*Looking off.*] Bless my soul, what a very charming prospect! How my eyes have been sealed to the beauties of nature! A milk-maid, and a goat frisking by her side—pure *animal* spirits! And there's a cow pensively ruminating—and a lamb innocently nibbling—and a duck enjoying a warm bath in a gutter. What a barbarian I have been that I have never looked at greens and lambkins hitherto, but I have wished them upon table!

Re-enter WAITER, *with breakfast*, L.

Wait. Missus will wait upon you directly, sir.

Asp. Now, how unlike London! This simple fellow partakes in the universal spirit of peace and purity, and the landlady, I'll be bound, is as innocent as new milk.

Enter MRS. CLACKET, L.

Mrs. C. Good day to 'ee, sir.

Asp. Are you the landlady?—native of the country?—never been in London?

Mrs. C. La, no, sir—never once.

Asp. [*Shaking her hand*] Enviable woman!

Mrs. C. You have had a nice day for travelling—country looks pleasant, sir.

Asp. Charming, madam—charming! I put my head out of the chaise continually; and the green fields, the blue sky, and, above all, the soothing, healing, universal stillness, thrilled me.

Mrs. C. I suppose, sir, you be a doctor, or a writer?

Asp. A writer! Can't a man praise heaven and earth but in the way of trade?

Mrs. C. Will 'ee look at the county paper, sir?

Asp. Oh! an honest paper, no doubt. Wholesome instruction mixed with pure amusement. Any news?

Mrs. C. Ees, sir. Hare be summut about the new owner at Harewood.

Asp. What!

Mrs. C. The Lunnon gentleman—

Asp. Why, Vivian has blabbed! Read, madam.

Mrs. C. Ahem! [*Reads.*] "On *dit*"—

Asp. "On *dit*"—well—pure innocence!

Mrs. C. "Harewood Hall. We understand that this truly noble residence has at length passed into the hands of a gentleman, who occupies a distinguished station in the mercantile interests of London. He is a person of a lively and ingenious spirit"—

Asp. Eh?

Mrs. C. [*Reads.*] "About five and thirty years of age"

Asp. Ha, ha! A fib! I'm fifty.

Mrs. C. [*Reads.*] "Is very fond of society, and intends giving a series of entertainments unprecedented for their splendour or their taste."

Asp. [*Jumping up.*] It's a damned lie!

Mrs. C. What, do you know better than the Wiltshire Gazette? Why, bless your heart, this paper be taken in by the whole county!

Asp. Then the whole county's taken in by that paper.

Mrs. C. But surely the gentleman himself must know?

Asp. Who doubts it?

Mrs. C. And he has told me as much as this with his own lips.

Asp. What, I?

Mrs. C. No—the gentleman.

Asp. My good woman, what are you talking about?

Mrs. C. Why, I say simply this, sir—that the new owner of Harewood, who came down from Lunnon, by last night's coach, and who went up to the Manor House halt an hour ago—[*Aspen falls back in a chair.*]—bless my soul! be 'ee ill, sir?

Asp. Am I alive? No, no—this must be a hoax! Take care, madam, how you trifle with the feelings of a nervous man—it's actionable! Answer me one question: Do you know Mr. Vivian?

Mrs. C. Ees, sir.

Asp. Has he been here?

Mrs. C. Ees, sir.

Asp. He expected Mr. Aspen?

Mrs. C. Ees sir.

Asp. Then, you fool, that gentleman—

Mrs. C. Be gone to the Manor House.

Asp. [*Sinking into a chair.*] This is very like London! A scoundrel of an editor, who never saw or heard of me, libels my character—*that's* like London! A rogue, who learns my intention, though I keep it a profound secret, and come here more like a thief than a gentleman, slips into my nest—*that's* like London! and Vivian, my best friend, the sole cause of my coming here, is kind enough to assist him—*very* like London!

Mrs. C. Muster Vivian will be back again soon, sir.

Asp. Will he? Is this a blunder? It looks like a conspiracy! This Mr. Aspen—I believe I know him—favour me with some description—

Mrs. C. Oh, sir, he be one of the merriest, happiest, heartiest, roaring, joking—

Asp. If that's me, country air has changed me with a vengeance!

Mrs. C. Ah, he be fit to have a noble house over his head, for he'll make a noble use of it.

Asp. Worthy soul! stop—did I buy this estate?

Mrs. C. He told I and my man John, that he'd have such times as were never known in the county. People should eat and drink, and come and go—

Asp. Damn it! if I had delayed a week, then, I must have sold the estate to pay off incumbrances. I'll be after him! Mrs. Thingumbob, tell Vivian, when he comes, to follow me to the Manor House—say, I have gone there to meet—.

Enter Waiter, r.

Waiter. Missus, here be half a dozen gentry on horseback, who want to know when the new gentleman will be down. [*Aspen runs off*, l. *Mrs. C. follows.*

Scene II.—*Saloon in the Manor House.*

Enter Mc Shane, Topknot, *and* Mary, r. u. e.

Mc S. Very well—very well. Every room is like yourselves—clane, nate, and agreeable. I'm perfectly satisfied. I beg to tell you, my honest friend, that I shall keep you in your situation! and if my little rosy-posy Mary here has no objection, I'll keep her, too.

Top. I humbly thank your honour. Mary, courtesy to his honour. [*They go off*, l.

Mc S. 'Pon my conscience, though this is the age of reason, I begin to believe in magic! There was I, all day yesterday, running about London with only one coat to my back, and two bailiffs—not a hole to put my head in—every receptacle filled but my own pocket, when suddenly up starts a guardian angel, who takes me a place in the coach, brings me into the finest part of England, and claps me into a house fit for Sardanapalus! Upon my soul, I'm much obliged to this Mr. Vivian—I ought to ask him to dinner!

Enter Topknot, l.

Top. Please you, zur, here be a member of Mr. Merton's family.

Mc S. Well, introduce the member

Enter a Farmer, l., *with a letter.*

Farmer. Here be a note to you from young Mr. Merton, and I must have an answer before I leave the house. [*Sits down.*

Mc S. The member has taken his seat! [*Reads.*] "To

Myers Gee Aspen, Esq." Why, that's the name of my old London quiverer! [*Opens it and reads.*] "Sir—Notwithstanding the letter I addressed to you in London, informing you that Miss Vivian's affections had long been engaged to me, I see you have come into the country to complete her misery. As it is incumbent on you to lessen the number of your victims, you will oblige me by naming to the bearer when and where a friend may wait upon you. Alfred Merton." By the powers, poor Hollybush has got into a scrape here! Here's another mystery, as dark as cinders. I must sift it. Sir—[*To the Farmer,*]—you entered my house as a member—perhaps you will not object to become the *Whipper-in.* Present my compliments to Mr. Merton, and say he will oblige me by stepping here. Jacob, pair off with the gentleman.—[*Topknot and the Farmer go out* L.] Well, Corney Mac Shane—proprietor of Harewood—I congratulate you! Never mind how you got here—here you are, my darling, and the divil take the consequences! [*A loud knocking.*] Here's some company—I must give them a touch of the aristocracy.

Enter Topknot, L., *with cards.*

Top. Please, sir, here be Lord and Lady—

Mc S. What! it can't be my town friends? Ask them in. [*Topknot goes out.*] These same people cut me yesterday.—Now I'll punish them. I'll show them how I am affected by a turn of fortune.

Re-enter Topknot, L., *showing in* Burnish, Lord Lounge, *and* Lady Leech.

Top. This be my master, sir. [*Exit,* L.

Mc S. Ah, my dear friends! you've found me out already—this is kind of you.

Bur. and Lady L. Mr. Mc Shane!

Mc S. I assure you, you are as welcome as the light of heaven.

Lady L. Captain, isn't this the most extraordinary circumstance?

Bur. Decidedly.

Lady L. My lord?

Lounge. Vaary!

Lady L. Really, Mr. Mc Shane, we were so little prepared for the pleasure of this surprise, that we are at a loss for words. We had not the most distant idea, when we parted yesterday, that you were the proprietor of Harewood!

Mc S. To be sure not—how should you, my dear madam—when I didn't know it myself?

Lady L. But the gratification of discovering that you are our nearest neighbour—

Mc S. Your neighbour? Well, that's pleasant! Then we may as well throw our two houses into one. You'll dine with me to-day?

Lady L. Captain, decidedly this man is not the plebeian we took him for.

Bur. Decidedly.

Lady L. Dear sir, we shall be only too happy. But permit us, in the first place, to congratulate you on your purchase.

Bur. A splendid mansion!

Mc S. Oh, it's very well. It might have been better—but the fact is, I have a contented disposition.

Lady L. I think it is a perfect paradise!

Mc S. And if I think so, madam, 'tis because it is visited by an angelic being. [*Bowing.*

Lady L. My lord—a very agreeable fellow?

Lounge. Vaary!

Bur. Hum! [*Aside.*] I don't like this fellow—I am very much afraid that I have brought my lamb into a lion's den!

Lady L. Well, of all things, I think a pleasant country house the very climax of comforts.

Mc S. [*Aside.*] When it belongs to other people!—So do I, madam—but in order to make it so, it is necessary we should always feel at home; so I beg of you to consider from this moment, that you have quite as much right here as myself. Now I'll show you over the house. First, we'll go to the terrace and have a view. Some of my views, madam, are very peculiar, and I hope that you'll think them pleasing. This way, my lord.

[*Lady L. takes his arm, and the others follow him,* R.

A loud knocking without.

Asp. [*Without.*] Stand aside!

Top. [*Without.*] Measter be engaged, sir.
Asp. [*Without.*] I am armed—
Top. [*Without.*] But sir—sir—
Asp. Rascal! [*He runs in with a chair, with which he places himself in an attitude of defence, as Topknot follows him.*] Now m ve an inch to molest me, and I'll apply this wood to yours, and see which is the hardest!
Top. What a strange gentleman! Why, sir, have you got an *agy* fit? You do tremble for all the world like—
Asp. [*Sinking into the chair.*] Very like London!
Top. Well, sir—shall I tell my measter?
Asp. Stop, sir—what's he about?
Top. Why, I think he be inspecting the hampers.
Asp. I'll hamper him!
Top. You'll find him a main civil gentleman—quite a *takin* way wi' him!
Asp. Very *prepossessing*, certainly. Go and bring him here, sir. [*Topknot goes out*, R.] Damnably like London! Never mind—I'm in! I've stormed the outworks, and now I'll sap the citadel. After this effort, I can accomplish anything. This chair's a strong one—shall I batter him? stop—he may be a lawyer; then he'll make one action follow another. No—all great triumphs are achieved by coolness. I'll confront him quietly. He's coming—I hear his step! Now my nerves are braced—let me turn upon him like Caliph Vathek, and annihilate him with a look!

Enter Mc SHANE, R.

Mc S. Mr. Aspen!
Asp. [*Sinking back into the chair.*] I'm dead
Mc S. What! So you couldn't help running after me? —Never mind—I'm delighted to see you. Consider yourself in your own house. You see I'm well off at last.
Asp. By what authority do I find you here?
Mc S. Poh, poh! never trouble your head where the meat comes from, so that you get a plate. It is quite enough for you to know that you were civil to me in town, and that now you're in the country I return the compliment.
Asp. Can you prove that this property is yours?
Mc S. Prove! By my soul, if every gentleman who

has an estate in the country had to prove how he came by it, not a few would be puzzled!

Asp. Will you deny that I bought this manor at Garraway's, and that my friend Vivian—

Mc S. What? and is it your bed I have been warming all this while? I am glad of it! I congratulate you, my dear friend, for now I have no fear of turning out.

Asp. Mr. Mc Shane, you are the bane of my existence—the grand cause of my leaving town—yet here I find you in my home—my refuge, sir! You have this day poured acid into my only cup of bliss—the country!

Mc S. Then undoubtedly I'm bound to make amends. I will stay with you a month! There's a lump of sugar for you!

Asp. It was you, sir, who wrote that paragraph in the paper, which will draw all the county through my doors!

Mc S. Was it? Then I have behaved like a gentleman, for I have taken effectual care that no more of the county shall get in.

Asp. How!

Mc S. I've filled your house already!

Asp. What!

Mc S. I've invited a good dinner party of five and twenty as good judges of claret, as you'd wish to clap down to your mahogany!

Asp. Damnation! Sir, I demand that you turn these people out!

Mc S. After I have made them snug for the day? Poh, poh! do you consider me a savage?

Asp. Mr. Mc Shane—

Mc S. Well, well—if you are going to quarrel with me, attend to your other friends first. Mr. Merton—

[*Gives the note.*

Asp. Merton!

Mc S. I know him! We've practised together at the Shooting Gallery.

Asp. The devil!

Mc S. It all depends upon what he fires with; but if he pulls a hair trigger, you had better make your will. Now who is the bane of your existence—this man or I—who, when I got that note, took instant measures to quiet the fellow?

Asp. You did!

Mc S. I did. In half an hour it may all be settled.

Asp. My dear friend—

Mc S. Ay, ay, ay,—hear the satyr—hot and cold in the same breath! Haven't you abused me like a naughty character at Billinsgate in the sprat season?

Asp. But consider my situation—think of my system!

Mc S. Whisht! you've no system, or you'd be more regular. Never mind—I'll not retaliate—I'll stay with you a twelvemonth!

Asp. Then I know you'll do me another favour—you'll clear this house for me.

Mc S. That's not so easy. They all came in under my ministry—it's for my successor to turn them out.

Asp. But think how that would trouble me.

Mc S. Then return me to office.

Asp. To carry this measure—

Mc S. Am I appointed?

Asp. I have but one objection—

Mc S. What's that?

Asp. It's so like London!

Enter TOPKNOT *and* EMILY, L.

Top. Miss Vivian, sir. [*Exit*, L.

Asp. Emily!

Emi. My father is addressing an acquaintance at the door—we heard of your arrival, and were anxious not to appear remiss in offering you the earliest welcome.

Mc S. [*Aside.*] 'Pon my soul, she's a finer woman than my lady! [*To Aspen.*] Is this your lovely bone of contintion?

Asp. Yes.

Mc S. Introduce me.

Asp. [*Aside.*] That's dangerous! [*To Mc S.*] I should be very happy, but she has prejudices. She don't like Irishmen.

Mc S. Blarney!

Asp. [*To Emily.*] Dear Emily, if I consider my arrival in the country an epoch for my health, believe me it is chiefly because I meet here an object who has it so much in her power to contribute to my happiness. By your side my nerves recover their tone. I'm strong! I'm courageous—

Enter Topknot, L.

Top. Mr. Merton, sir—

Emi. Merton!

Mc S. Show him in. [*Exit Top.*

Asp. [*To Mc S.*] Now, my friend—my only friend—your plan to quiet this fellow—

Mc S. Exactly. Observe my plan to quiet this fellow!

Enter Merton, L.—*Mc Shane crosses to him.*

Sir, you have addressed a letter to Mr. Aspen, in regard to this lady, in which you demand that he either resigns his claims with fortitude, or defends them with powder. In reply, I have to inform you, that upon due consideration Mr. Aspen chooses to resign his claims.

Mer. Is it possible!

Mc S. But he wishes to know if that will satisfy you.

Mer. Perfectly, sir.

Mc S. [*Handing Emily to Merton, then turning to Aspen.*] There, now—haven't I quieted the fellow?

Asp. Fury!

Mer. Dear Emily! do I then regain you, by a means which appeared to raise the only hopeless barrier?

[*Embraces her.*

Viv. [*Entering*, R.] What do I see?

Mc S. What? Why a picture of primeval felicity—youth and innocence embracing.

Viv. [*To Merton.*] How did you enter this house?

Mer. At Mr. Aspen's request—who, having this instant, in the most honourable manner, resigned his pretensions to your daughter—

Viv. Myers!

Asp. I'm choking!

Mc S. That gentleman accepts her, as a matter of course.

Viv. The causes that have led to this extraordinary conduct I cannot divine—but you might have been more explicit with an old friend elsewhere. As it is, this insult, both to my daughter and myself, is too marked to permit our remaining in your house another instant.

[*Goes out with Emily*, L.

Asp. [*With a shout of fury.*] Mc Shane!

Mc S. What the divil's the matter now? I've satisfied your rival—do you want satisfaction?

Asp. My plague—my leech—my curse! But I'll run after Vivian, and explain everything. [*Exit*, L.

Enter TOPKNOT, L.

Top. Please, sir, here be a lot of gentry and tenants, huddling in at the door, and saying they must shake hands wi' Mr. Aspen afore they go.

ASPEN *runs in*, L., *and runs off*, R.

Mc S. There goes the best buck in the county, and here comes the hounds! Yoicks! yoicks! [*Shouting after Aspen.*] Whew! by my soul, a Munster steeple business was nothing to it. Mr. Merton, if you'll step up stairs, I'll follow you. [*Merton goes off*, R. *A crowd of Tenants enter* L., *bowing and scraping.*] Gentlemen, how are ye! I'm mighty glad to see ye all! [*They shake hands, violently wringing them.*] I *feel* your sincerity! Oughtn't I to make a spache here? I ought. I'll give them a touch of the Greek school. [*Mounts a chair.*] Gentlemen, may I crave your attention?

Tenants. Hear, hear, hear!

Mc S. Gentlemen, you all know that this is a time when every man in the country that can spake ought to spake, or he'll stand mighty little chance of being listened to.

Tenants. Hear, hear, hear!

Mc S. [*Aside.*] That's not the key.—Brother countrymen!—[*Aside.*] That's it!—Citizens and Patriots! I make bold to say, that I've got as nate a taste of the true patriot's disorder—an enlargement of the heart—as any man! My wish is to be established in your bosoms—yes, my friends, and in the bosoms of your wives and your daughters.

Tenants. Hurrah!

Mc S. [*Aside.*] There I had 'em!—Gentlemen, in the first place it is my intention to reduce three-thirds of your respective rents, and lave you to pay the remaining one-eighth at your own convenience.

Tenants. Hurrah!

Mc S. But, as I fear I am wearying you with the length of these details—

Tenants. No, no, no!

Mc S. Let me conclude with this sentiment—that little as I may appear to have pledged myself on this occasion, you shall find, when I come to the performance, I will do still less.

Tenants. Hurrah! [*They thrust their sticks under his chair, lift him up, and carry him off on their shoulders,* L.

SCENE III.—*Gallery, with three doors in the Flat, and door* R. S. E.

Enter LADY LEECH *and* MARY, L.

Mary. [*Opening* R. *Stage door.*] This be your room, my lady.

Lady L. For to-day, child. To-morrow I shall make a circuit of the house, and choose the pleasantest. Call me in an hour.

Mary. Yes, my lady.

Lady L. Bless my heart! how very extraordinary, that the nobody of yesterday should turn out to be owner of this estate—and what's more, the man seems struck with me! How delightful! He certainly is a superior person to the captain—he has a taste, a wit, and a manor. I really don't know how to act, if he should declare himself! Well, well—I'll compose myself for half an hour, and then reflect. [*Exit,* R. S. D.

Enter ASPEN, L.

Asp. I begin to fear I have been too sanguine in my ideas of the country. I don't think that all the rogues are confined to London. Can't remember I was ever more badgered about on a market day in town, than I have been during the six hours I have enjoyed *retirement.* Another such a six days' *repose* will send me to sleep for ever! I'll be bound I shall not complain next week. What shall I do—go back to town, or cleanse this Augean stable? Can't with my own hand! my brain whirls! I must go to bed—an hour's rest may give me energy!

[*Tries the first door,* L. *Servant opens it.*

Serv. Master's not here!

Asp. Ha, ha! my good friend, I want his room, not his company.

Serv. Beg pardon, sir—but this room is Lord Lounge's —a pertickler friend of the new gentleman. [*Shuts door.*

Asp. Well, I suppose I mustn't offend my friends till I have the pleasure of kicking them out!

[*Tries the middle door.*

Enter another SERVANT, L., *with a trunk.*

Serv. Hollo, sir! what are you doing at that door?

Asp. I—I only meant—Good sir, is this engaged too?

Serv. Don't you see it is? [*Opening it with a key.*] You look like a gentleman, but you don't *h*act as sich.

[*Goes in.*

Asp. Now, I dare say he imagines I wanted to pick the lock and rob my own room! I've no great choice.

[*Tries the last door—Servant puts his head out of middle one.*

Serv. Hollo! what are you at now? That's the captain's room.

Asp. Are they all engaged?

Serv. All in this gallery. There's a closet yonder, with a turn-up in it. I advise you to take that, for there's a dozen ladies down stairs to be provided for.

Asp. Well?

Serv. And they talk of sleeping three in a bed!

[*Shuts the door.*

Asp. Three in a bed, on the twenty-first of June! I have paid one hundred thousand pounds for this estate, and I can't get a room to myself! This is quiet and seclusion! [*Opens* R. *Stage door.*] Empty, I declare! A bed, in an alcove—how delightful! This shall be my asylum—my sanctuary. No key! Never mind—let me get into the bed, and I'll take care neither man nor woman shall invade my territory. [*Goes in--Servants open the doors.*

1*st Serv.* Tom!

2*d Serv.* Well—

1*st Serv.* Is that old buffer gone?

2*d Serv.* Why?

1*st Serv.* Because if he had come here again—blow me, but I'd have shown him master's fowling-piece!

[*They shut their doors—Lady Leech screams within hers.*

Lady L. Yah! Help—help!

Asp. [*Coming out.*] But, ma'am—ma'am!

Lady L. [*Following.*] How dare you, sir, offer this insult?

Asp. But will you hear me, madam

Lady L. No, sir, I will not hear you. Help!

Asp. You will alarm the house.

Lady L. I mean to do it, sir. Help!

Enter BURNISH, L.

Bur. Dear Lady L.—what has happened?

Lady L. A chair!—a chair! [*Servant brings one from* C.

Bur. Will you explain?

Lady L. Salts!—salts!

Enter Mc SHANE *and* MERTON, R.

Mc S. Ladies and gentlemen, what the divil is the matter.

Asp. An unfortunate mistake—which this lady's fears have magnified.

Lady L. To dare to offer violence!

Bur. Violence!

Asp. Upon the honour of a gentleman, nothing of the sort was intended!

Mc S. Madam, as you seem to have all the secret to yourself, perhaps you'll not object to let us into it?

Lady L. As quickly as I can, sir; but really the shock has deprived me of my utterance! Briefly, then: oppressed by a headache, I retired to that room to lie down—I didn't take the precaution of turning the key, being in full confidence of no intrusion; when suddenly I heard the door open—but imagining it was the maid, I forbore to look—then I heard rapid steps across the floor—and then the curtains were torn aside; and then this person—this friend of yours, made a spring—and—

Bur. Damnation, sir; do you call this unintentional!

Mc S. [*To Aspen.*] 'Pon my soul, you're at your old tricks.

Asp. [*To Mc Shane.*] Now, my friend—my only friend! help me out of this, if you love me!

Bur. [*To Aspen.*] What do you say, sir?

Asp. [*To Mc Shane.*] What do you say?

Mc S. [*To Asp.*] A man born in the City, should have had a little more tact!

Asp. What!

Mc S. She's a fine woman—but consider, my house has a character. [*Aside to Aspen.*

Bur. I am this lady's intended husband, sir.

Asp. [*Aside to Mc Shane.*] My friend—my only friend!

Mc S. 'Pon my soul you're a *Juan!*

Bur. I demand satisfaction, sir!

Asp. Gentlemen—I—she—you—

Bur. Speak, sir!

Lounge. Spe—ak!

Asp. You're mad!—you are all mad! and want to make me so. I never insulted a woman in my life!—I don't know how. I was bred up in virtuous ignorance—I lived in London with sobriety—I left it only on account of its tumult! I bought this house for quiet and seclusion; and since I have been here, d—n me if you haven't all been killing me by inches! [*Runs off,* L.

Lady L. Bought this house, captain! My lord, it would be very awkward, if we have made a mistake here.

Lounge. Va-ary.

Lady L. Ah! I see how it is—these Citizens are always trying to get into our society; and then are never tired till they have thoroughly disgusted us! Come, my lord, let us leave them to the wretched obscurity for which they are only intended—and yet, captain, this is a horrid bore!

Bur. Decidedly—

Lady L. My lord—

Loun. Vaary! [*Exit Lady L., Burnish, and Lord L.,* L.

Enter Emily, R.

Emi. Alfred—dear Alfred! I have eluded my father to bid a last adieu to you; he intends to carry me instantly to my aunt's in Scotland.

Mer. Whilst I have power to defend you, and a claim to your disposal? No, Emily; this is not an age, or a country, to permit such tyranny!

Mc S. You are right, sir—when the whole world is becoming free, are the Queens of the world to wear fetters?

Mer. What do you mean, sir?

Mc S. Mane! why, that it's time I should turn all my humbugging to some account—and I don't know a better

plan than by making two people happy, where I have made one uneasy. Now, then, if I could hit upon some mode of bothering the old boys, while you stale away to the inn—

Enter Mc Nab, *and a Follower*, R.

Eh? murder and turf—the bailiffs! Keep off! Whose suit is it?

Mc N. I beg pardon, sir—but I am the superintendant of an asylum for gentlemen who are disordered in their intellects.

Mc S. Does he mane me?

Mc N. I was conveying a patient home, when he contrived to make his escape from the carriage—and, I think, has taken refuge in this house.

Mc S. Phew!—I have it—you have him! We're all right at last. Run down those stairs ready to break your neck! the madman, you spake of, is laving the house—seize him by the skirts, and hold him till I tell you to be quiet! [*They run after Aspen.*] Pilliloo! there's a chase—now, they're up to him—now, they're down upon him; there goes the bannister! And now, my darlings, slip over to the inn—pop into a chaise, and whirl away to Gretna, in the full belief that the divil's behind you.

Mer. Come, Emily—'tis our only hope!

[*Leading her off.*

Viv. [*Entering—meets them.*] That hope is intercepted!

Emi. My father!

Mc S. Murder!—murder!—and here comes old fiddle-strings, in as many fragments as a lady's album!

Enter Aspen, *his coat and neckcloth torn, grasping a fragment of a bannister—he paces the room furiously.*

Asp. London!—talk of the plagues of London—why, London is a grove—a solitude—a paradise to such a Tartarus place as this!

Viv. Aspen!

Asp. Bob—do you know me?—don't you perceive a change in my appearance?—a flushing of the cheeks?—a stiffening of the joints?—nerves becoming wires?—bones, bolts?—blood boiling up to ninety? Nervous—poh! I'd run—jump—box—drive—pitch, or carry, with

any man in England; and be the first to cry *done*—damme!

Viv. A revolution!

Asp. And a reformation, sir! Talk of the plagues of London—will any one dare to tell me there are such harpies as these in London, or more than one outrageous impostor like my best friend here! [*Pointing to Mc Shane.*

Mc S. Come, come, come, Mr. Aspen—don't call names. I don't pretend to defend what I've done—but, I mean to say, that if my deeds had been twice as ill looking, my aim would make them beautiful!

Asp. What aim, sir?

Mc S. [*Giving Emily to Merton.*] This, sir; and now, if by making a young couple happy, I am committing an offence—I hope it will be punished with *benefit of Clergy!*

Asp. This is a conspiracy!—plainly a conspiracy to ruin my health; by impeaching my feelings—but, never mind! Emily's happiness was as much my object as your own; and to prove it, I do resign her to you, Mr. Merton, with the pledge that I will do all in my power to induce my old friend to consent to your union.

Mc S. That's proper revenge! And now, my dear friend, how do you intend to punish me?

Asp. Mr. Mc Shane, I have one proposition to make to you. I'll purchase you a commission in India, if you will promise to set sail the day you return to London?

Mc S. It's a bargain! I've long wanted to go abroad. [*Aside.*] I dare say, there are nervous men in India!

Viv. But, Aspen—these resolutions are too precipitate; a few weeks' residence among us will compose you, and—

Asp. My dear Bob—if I sleep here to night, 'tis the limit of my acquaintance with the country at present: if I would recover the composure of my nerves, I must return to London. London, dear calumniated London—hereafter I'm a reasonable, contented being. I have to-day been taught a useful lesson—that, as the evils of life are only discovered by comparison, it is necessary we should now and then change our residence, in order to amend our opinions!

[*The Curtain Falls.*]

No. XXXVII.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &C.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

A Play

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY JOHN BANIM.

AS ACTED BY MR. FORREST.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

NEW YORK:

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

This drama was first produced the 28th of May, 1821, at the Covent Garden Theatre. It was written by John Banim, of Ireland, then a young man, and who afterwards became celebrated by a series of novels under the title of the "O'Hara Tales." From the fact that the play underwent the revision of the celebrated orator, Shiel, who was himself at that time a writer of plays, it was for some time supposed to be his production. The author alludes to the assistance he received from this quarter in the following terms :—

"This Tragedy* underwent a most considerable change in Mr. Shield's hands, after having been originally written. That gentleman's alterations and arrangements generally pervade it; some scenes are exclusively his; and the author owes it to his own feelings to add, that Mr. Shiel's connexion with the play was extremely generous."

Of the reception of the piece, Leigh Hunt says, he "never witnessed a more successful one: the acting was admirable. The interest is strongly excited from the first, and increases to the last."

"Macready as *Damon*," says another critic, "was in the highest degree impressive. His last scenes with Hermion, with his freedman, and with his friend at the scaffold, formed as near an approach as we ever saw to tragic perfection. The last, when he rushes on, is terrific and sublime. We could wish that he gave the end the aid of contrast, by being a little more subdued in the beginning, particularly in the scene with *Pythias* and *Calanthe*, and in that of the senate. Charles Kemble looked a noble Greek, and sustained the part of *Pythias* with energy and effect. Abbott was excellent in the tyrant. Of the ladies, Miss Foote was interesting, and Miss Dance not at all to our taste."

The story of Damon and Pythias as told by Valerius Max-

* It is a misnomer to call this piece a tragedy.—Ed. M. S. D.

imus, is familiar to every schoolboy; and it has not been essentially altered in the present play. Other dramas upon the subject exist. In one by Edwards, who wrote before the days of Shakspeare, *Damon* does not arrive, in the last scene, until a short minute after the appointed hour, but still in good time to save his *Pythias* from the axe. This gives rise to a contention between the friends, each asserting his right to die for the other's sake. *Dionysius* listens to them, until his "spirites are sodenly appauled, and his limbs waxe weake"; and even the executioner, when called upon to strike the blow, cannot obey,—"his hand with soden feare quivereth." Of this conclusion, Leigh Hunt remarks: "we like it better than the one at Covent Garden, where *Pythias* shows too vile a dread of the block, suspects his friend, and is overjoyed to see him at last come to change places."

The great moral fault of the play is in attaching too much honour and importance to an act, which after all was one of negative virtue—the keeping of a promise under circumstances, where failure would have been accompanied with the deepest disgrace. *Damon* leaps upon the scaffold, and ostentatiously calls upon the people to shout, as if he entertained a wholly exaggerated estimate of the moral grandeur of his achievement. But it must be admitted, that in the representation these considerations do not obtrude themselves, and that the scene is one of the most inspiring and effective that the stage can offer. The females of the play do not appear to much advantage. The author might have made a great character of *Hermion*, if, instead of having her counsel her husband to his dishonour, she had been represented as nobly but distractedly urging him to fly back to his friend, and part with life rather than with that which gives life its dignity and its value. So would Shakspeare probably have made Portia do in a similar situation.

There are crudities in this play, showing it to be the work of a young author. The language is often overstrained, and unpolished; and it is indebted to its fine situations for nearly all its success. But these are, we think, sufficient to render the piece always an attractive one, when it has the advantage of a *Damon* like Macready or Forrest. The latter has made the part essen-

tially his own. Nothing can be more intensely exciting in the way of acting, than his frenzy when he finds that his freedman *Lucullus* has slain his horse, with a view of saving his master's life. As he seizes upon the trembling culprit, with the words,

> "'Tis only far as yonder yawning gulf—
> I'll throw thee with one swing to Tartarus"—

and bears him off the stage, he seems abundantly able as well as disposed to carry his threat into execution. The closing scene, where he appears in season to rescue *Pythias*, is also one unsurpassed in energy and effect.

EPILOGUE—Spoken by Miss Foote.

Ladies!—to-night, a bard—an Irish poet—
(I mention this, as some few may not know it)—
Comes forward, with an anxious heart, to claim
Your help to lift him up the hill of fame.
Don't be alarmed:—no *manual* aid I ask;—
White hands were never made for such a task.
Yet they may, surely,—look!—light as a feather,
Surely, just press their pretty palms together;
'Twill make the gentlemen who stand beside 'em,
Applaud with might and main—else woe betide 'em!
Woe to their collars! to their wigs disorder,
If they should fail, when ladies give the order!
But, soft! I see some gentlemen, who've come
Alone, and left their wives (for once) at home.
I'll ask 'em—no, I cannot—yet, I'll venture—
Pray, sir, are you (I hope not) a dissenter?
I don't mean, are you clergyman or layman;
But, Do you like our play? my husband Damon?
The fair Calanthe? my lord's good friend Pythias?
Or the Sicilian tyrant Dionysius?
Pray don't be biased—speak out loud and free:
And, pray, sir, how d'ye like—what folly!—me?
The story which we've shown to you, our jury,
Is taken from a fact, I do assure ye;
By the historians old, 'twas reckoned good,
And we—we did it ably as we could;
Considering that we also have our fears,
Like authors, and must shed a sea of tears,
And storm, and talk big words, and tear our hair,
And sink (in attitudes) to deep despair.
All this is really no such easy task;
Therefore—'tis but what first I dared to ask—
Will you, fair ladies,—gentlemen, obey!—
Permit our bard to thrive his little day?

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Covent Garden, 1821.	*Park*, 1846.	*Boston*, 1846.
Damon	Mr. Macready.	Mr. Forrest.	Mr. Forrest.
Pythias	" C. Kemble.	" Dyott.	" Fleming.
Dionysius	" Abbott.	" Barry.	" Gilbert.
Damocles	" Egerton.	" A. Andrews.	" Brydges.
Procles	" Comer.	" M^{c} Douall.	" H. Russel.
Philistius	" Jefferies.	" Stark.	" W. Germon
Lucullus	" Connor.	" Sutherland.	" Benson.
First Senator		" Matthews.	" S. D. Johnson
Second do		" Sprague.	" Stephens.
Third do		" Milot.	" Parsons.
Fourth do		" Heath.	" Adams.
Fifth do		" Jones.	
Servant to Pythias		" Gallot.	
Child of Damon	Miss Morris.	Miss Gallot.	Master Johnson.
Calanthe	Miss Dance.	Mrs. Abbott.	Mrs. Bland.
Hermion	Miss Foote.	Mrs. Hunt.	Mrs. Phillips.
Arria	Mrs. Connor.	Mrs. Barry.	Mrs. Mueller.

Senators, Guards, Officers, Soldiers, &c. &c.

SCENE—SYRACUSE.

COSTUMES.

DAMON.—Grecian white shirt, flesh leggings, flesh body and arms, black sandals and toga.

PYTHIAS.—Steel breast-plate, Grecian lamberkins and sword, flesh leggings and arms, trimmed red mantle, shield and helmet, and sandals.

DIONYSIUS.—Grecian armour, same as Pythias.

DAMOCLES.—Toga, Grecian shirt, flesh leggings and arms, and sandals.

PHILISTIUS.—Same as Damocles.

PROCLES.—Grecian armour, breast-plate, lamberkins, flesh leggings and arms, mantle, short Grecian sword, and shield.

LUCULLUS.—Plain dark Grecian shirt, flesh leggings, and sandals.

SENATORS.—White long mantles, with broad purple badge on the breast.

SOLDIERS.—Beast-plates, lamberkins over Grecian shirts, mantles, flesh leggings and arms, helmets, spears, and shields.

CALANTHE.—White loose robes trimmed with Grecian border, white riband around head, flesh silk stockings, sandals, cestus, and Grecian head-dress.

HERMION.—Same as Calanthe.

CHILD.—Short tunic, sandals, and flesh leggings.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*; L. C., *Left of Centre*.

N.B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas, *are usually omitted in the representation.*

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Syracuse, with an arch.*

DIONYSIUS *and* PROCLES *discovered, as expecting tidings.*

Dion. (L.) Ere this, the senate should have closed its councils,
And chosen the new year's president. I pant
To know their meeting's issue.
Proc. (R.) Good my lord,
There's but light doubt, a great majority
Of easy-purchased voices will be found
For your fast friend, Philistius.
Dion. On his choice
Hangs the long chain of complicated purpose
Has ta'en such time in linking. Plague upon
The law, that from the senate-house excludes
All soldiers, like ourselves, or we should soon
Outvote all difficulty! [*Senators cross the Stage from* R. *to* L., *through arch.*] Ha! methinks
The assembly hath dissolved.
By Jupiter,
Philistius' self doth hasten to us here,
And with him Damocles! How now, my friend?

Enter PHILISTIUS *and* DAMOCLES, *through arch,* R.

Art thou the president?
Phil. (L.) I am, my lord.
Chosen by a large majority to take
The honourable office: in the which

I may, at least, requite the benefits
Which you have heaped upon me.
Dam. Yes, my lord,
We have at last attained the 'vantage ground,
Whence your broad view may take a boundless prospect.
Dion. 'Tis a bold step upon the mountain-path,
Wherein I have been toiling. I no longer
Doubt of the senate's inclination.
[*To Procles.*] What say the soldiers? Thou hast hinted to them
That we confided to thee?
Proc. (R.) Yes, my lord;
And they are ready for it.
Dion. Go thou hence, [*Crosses to Procles.*
And speak to them again; disperse more gold;
'Twill give a relish to thine eloquence; [*Procles is going.*
And, hark ye, lead them this way: I shall here
Await thy coming. Ha! behold, in air,
[*Looking off,* L. U. E.
Where a majestic eagle floats above
The northern turrets of the citadel;
And, as the sun breaks through yon rifted cloud,
His plumage shines, embathed in burning gold,
And sets off his regality in heaven!
Thou knowest how readily the multitude
Are won by such bright augury—make use
Of divination—haste thee. [*Exit Procles,* R.
Philistius, give me your hand. I thank you.
Things look in smiles upon me. It was otherwise
But a year since, when I impeached the magistrates
For treasonable dealing with the foe,
And the senate hurled me from my topmost height
Of popularity.
Dam. Degraded you
From power, and office.
Dion. Ay! at the appeal
Of that stale pedant, the Pythagorean,
Who hangs out his austerity for sale,
In frowns, closed lips, and pithy sentences
Dam. Thou speakest of Damon?
Dion. Ay, mine enemy,
The patriot, and philosophic knave,

Who hath been busy with my purposes,
And one day shall not smile at it. He came
Into the senate-house, with a fierce crew
Of his associates in philosophy,
Silent and frowning, at his back; he railed,
And had his triumph.—Times have altered since;
And, to the mould and fashion of my will,
Shall yet take stranger shape, when, Damocles,
These long-trained law-givers, these austere sages,
Shall find I can remember.

"*Dam.* Let them feel it.

"*Dion.* In all that biting bitterness of heart
"Which clings, and gnaws, by inches, to its object,
"More keen, because a first essay hath failed,
"In shame and suffering, failed, thus have I sped
"My work, in silence, on. It did become
"A thought inwoven with my inmost being."

Dam. (L.) The steps
Which since most visibly you have ascended,
Must have required much effort?

Dion. (C.) Yes! to have flung
Into the shade of public disrepute,
The very men whose voices were most loud
In working out my ruin; after that,
To gain the army's suffrage;—to be chosen
Its head and general, that was another;
To have won that very senate,—

Phil. Yet pause, my lord:
Howe'er complying you have hitherto
Found that assembly, and though most of them
Are plunged into your debt, beyond all means
Of their redemption, yet may there be still
Some sudden reluctation to the last
And mightiest of all hopes.

Dion. The garrison
Is not a bad ally, methinks?

Phil. (R.) The war
Hath ta'en the flower of all the troops from Syracuse;
And Damon heading the vile populace—

Dion. I came from Agrigentum, to entreat
Arms, corn, and money, from the senators,
While I myself have purposely delayed

The granting them: meantime, the city is filled
With many thousands of my followers.
Phil. But are they not unweaponed?
Dion. This city of Syracuse—
It hath a citadel?
Phil. True, sir: it hath.
Dion. And therein, as I deem, its national stock
Of corn, and arms, and gold, is treasured?
Phil. True.
Dion. The citadel is not impregnable;
And when it is manned and ordered to my will,
What of these frothy speech-makers? [*Shouts,* R.
Phil. My lord,
The soldiers shout for you.
Dion. Procles, I see,
Is at his work.—Good Damocles, Philistius,
As you are senators, retire you hence:
It were not meet that you should look to have been
Parties to any act, which afterwards
May grow into discussion.—And, Philistius,
One effort more among our city friends:
I will forewarn thee of the time to call
The senators together.—Yet, I mean not
Exclusively to trust them, good Philistius;—
Sure means, sure ends.—I'll have a friend or two
Within my call, to help them.—If their councils
Become too knotty for unravelling,
A sharp sword may be useful.—Fare you well.
[*Exeunt Philistius and Damocles,* R. U. E., *through arch.*
[*Voices without,* R.] Ay, to the citadel.—The citadel!

Enter Procles *and* Soldiers, R. S. E., *cross and down,* L.

Dion. (R.) Who talks of moving to the citadel?
Proc. It is himself—huzza!
All. Huzza! our general!
Dion. Good friends, I thank ye. Procles, art thou here?
Hast thou distributed to these much-wronged men,
The trifling bounty which I charged thee with?
Proc. (L.) They have it, noble general.
Dion. My friends,
'Twas a poor offering, and beneath your taking;
But, as yourselves do know, my private purse

Is light as that of any other veteran,
Within the walls of Syracuse. Speak, Procles,
Who talks of moving to the citadel?

Proc. We, Dionysius, we. Yes, these brave spirits;
Indignant at the senate's heedlessness
Of you, and them, and of the general honour.—

Dion. Give me not cause, my friends, to deem myself
Dishonoured and endangered in your love;
For, as I am a soldier and a man,
Could I believe that any other thought
Engaged you to possess the citadel,
Save your anxiety for the soldier's weal,
And the state's safety, I would raise my hand
In supplication 'gainst your enterprise;—
But, as the time now urges, and cries out
For sudden muster and organization
Of the brave thousands who but wait for swords,
To join your ranks, and rush with you to glory;—
And yet the senate—

Proc. Speak not of the senate:
We do renounce its service, and despise it.

Dion. It was my thought to say, if they object,
We may submit it as a needful step;
Claiming allowance in the exigency
Of the occasion.

Proc. They shall not control it.
We seek not for their judgment of our act.
On, general, on!

Dion. When did ye call,
That I replied not with my word and deed,
My heart and hand? Even as you say it, on!
On, fellow-soldiers, to the citadel! [*Draws.*
And let your swords be out, more in the show
Of what ye are, soldiers and fighting men,
Than with a harmful purpose. Let us on!

All. On to the citadel! the citadel!

[*Exeunt with cries, and brandishing their swords,* L. U. E., *through arch.*

Enter DAMON, R.

Damon. Philistius, then, is president at last,
And Dionysius has o'erswayed it? Well,

It is what I expected: There is now
No public virtue left in Syracuse.
What should be hoped from a degenerate,
Corrupted, and voluptuous populace,
When highly-born and meanly-minded nobles
Would barter freedom for a great man's feast,
And sell their country for a smile? The stream
With a more sure eternal tendency
Seeks not the ocean, than a sensual race
Their own devouring slavery. I am sick,
At my inmost heart, of everything I see
And hear! Oh, Syracuse, I am, at last,
Forced to despair of thee! And yet thou art
My land of birth—thou art my country still;
And, like an unkind mother, thou hast left
The claims of holiest nature in my heart,
And I must sorrow for, not hate thee! [*Shouts*, L.] Ha!
What shouts are these? 'Tis from the citadel
The uproar is descending.

Enter Lucullus, L. S. E.

Speak, Lucullus,
What has befallen?

Luc. Have you not heard the news?

Damon. What news?

Luc. As through the streets I passed, the people
Said that the citadel was in the hands
Of Dionysius.

Damon. The citadel
In Dionysius' hands? What dost thou tell me?
How—wherefore—when? In Dionysius' hands?
The traitor Dionysius?—Speak, Lucullus,
And quickly.

Luc. It was said, that by rude force,
Heading a troop of soldiers, he had ta'en
Possession of the citadel, and seized
The arms and treasure in't. [*Crosses behind and exit*, R.

Damon. I am thunder-stricken!
The citadel assaulted, and the armoury
In that fierce soldier's power! [*Shouts*, L.] Again! By all
The gods on high Olympus, I behold
His standard waving o'er it—and they come,

His most notorious satellites, high heaped
With arms and plunder! Parricidal slaves!
What have ye done? [*Shouts*, L.

Enter PROCLES, OFFICERS, *and* SOLDIERS, L., *with plunder*

Proc. & Sol. (L.) For Dionysius! Ho!
For Dionysius!
Damon. Silence! obstreperous traitors!
Your throats offend the quiet of the city;
And thou, who standest foremost of these knaves,
Stand back, and answer me—a senator,
What have you done?
Proc. (L.) But that I know 'twill gall thee,
Thou poor and talking pedant of the school
Of dull Pythagoras, I'd let thee make
Conjecture from thy senses: But, in hope
'Twill stir your solemn anger, learn from me,
We have ta'en possession of the citadel,
And—
Damon. Patience, ye good gods! a moment's patience
That these too ready hands may not enforce
The desperate precept of my rising heart—
Thou most contemptible and meanest tool
That ever tyrant used!
Proc. Do you hear him, soldiers?
First, for thy coward railings at myself,
And since thou hast called our Dionysius tyrant,
Here, in the open streets of Syracuse,
I brand thee for a liar, and a traitor.
Damon. Audacious slave!
Proc. Upon him, soldiers!
Hew him to pieces!
Soldiers. On him! [*They advance, shouting.*

Enter PYTHIAS, *as they rush upon Damon*, R. S. E.

Pyth. [L. *of Damon.*] Back, on your lives!
Cowards, damned, treacherous cowards, back, I say!
Do you know me? Look upon me: do you know
This honest sword I brandish? You have seen it
Among the ranks of Carthage; would you now
Taste its shrewd coldness in your quaking selves?
[*Officers and Soldiers advance.*

Back! back! I say. He hath his armour on—
I am his sword, shield, helm; I but enclose
Myself, and my own heart, and heart's blood, when
I stand before him thus.

Damon. (R.) False-hearted cravens!
We are but two—my Pythias, my halved heart!—
My Pythias, and myself! but dare come on,
Ye hirelings of a tyrant! dare advance
A foot, or raise an arm, or bend a brow,
And ye shall learn what two such arms can do
Amongst a thousand of ye. [*Soldiers advance*

Pyth. Off!
Off, villains, off!—Each for the other thus,
And in that other, for his dearer self!
Why, Procles, art thou not ashamed—for I
Have seen thee do good work in battle time—
Art not ashamed, here on a single man,
To rush in coward numbers? Fie upon thee!
I took thee for a soldier.

Proc. For thy sake,
Who art a warrior like ourselves, we spare him.
'Twas a good star of his that led thee hither
From Agrigentum, to lift up thine arm
In the defence of that long robe of peace
Wherein he wraps his stern philosophy.
Come, teach him better manners. Soldiers, on!
Let us to Dionysius.

[*Exeunt Procles, Officers and Soldiers, shouting* R. U. E.

Pyth. (L.) Art thou safe
From these infuriate stabbers?

Damon. (R.) Thanks to thee,
I am safe, my gallant soldier, and fast friend:
My better genius sent thee to my side,
When I did think thee far from Syracuse.

Pyth. I have won leave to spend some interval
From the fierce war, and come to Syracuse,
With purpose to espouse the fair Calanthe.—
The gods have led me hither, since I come
In time to rescue thee.
How grew this rude broil up?

Damon. Things go on here
Most execrably, Pythias. But you are come
To be a husband, are you not?

Pyth. To-morrow
I call my soft Calanthe wife.
Damon. Then, Pythias,
I will not shade the prospect of your joys
With any griefs of mine, I cry you mercy—
These are experiments too over nice
For one that has a mistress, and would wed her
With an uncut throat. I have oft wished, myself,
That to the blest retreats of private life
My lot had been awarded;—every hour
Makes one more sick and weary with the sense
Of this same hopeless service of a state,
Where there is not enough of virtue left
To feed the flarings of our liberty.
But, my soldier,
I will not make thee a participant
In my most sad forebodings,—Pythias,
I say, 'twere better be the Persian's slave,
And let him tread upon thee, when he would
Ascend his horse's back, than—yet, not so;
I am too much galled and fretted to pronounce
A sober judgment, and the very mask
Of freedom is yet better than the bold
Uncovered front of tyranny.—Farewell! [*Crosses,* R.
Pyth. Nay, I must follow thee, and find the cause
That so perturbs thy spirit.
Damon. How, sir! You have
A mistress here in Syracuse, and, look,
Herself comes forth to meet you. [*Looking,* R.
Pyth. Where? Calanthe! [*Looking,* R.
Nay, I behold her not—you mock me, Damon.
Damon. [*Pointing to a different side of the Stage,* L.]
Look this way, sir.
Pyth. It is herself, indeed,
My own, my fond, betrothéd one. [*Runs to meet her.*

Enter CALANTHE, L.

Cal. My dear,
But most neglecting Pythias!
Pyth. By the birth
Of Venus, when she rose out of the sea,
And with her smile did fill the Grecian isles

With everlasting verdure, she was not,
Fresh from the soft creation of the wave,
More beautiful than thou!

Cal. Thou fondly thinkest
To hide thy false oblivion of the maid
That, with a panting heart, awaited thee.
Now, Pythias, I do take it most unkind,
That thou to friendship hast made sacrifice
Of the first moment of thy coming here.

Pyth. (c.) Nay, chide me not, for I was speeding to thee.

Cal. (l. c.) Soon as I heard thou wert in Syracuse,
I ran at once to hail thee with a smile,
Although my mother would have staid me.
[*Pythias kisses her hand.*

Damon. (r.) [*Lost in thought.*] Yes,
My wife and child—
They must at least be safe.

Pyth. And how, Calanthe,
Fares thy dear mother?

Cal. Happy in the thought,
If she must needs (as she must) part with me,
It is at least to *thee*.

Pyth. And my poor father?

Cal. Time has almost shut up his faculties;
And he can scarce distinguish any voice
That is addressed to him. The day is passed
Upon his couch; at evening, in a chair,
He is carried to the terrace walk before
The threshold of his mansion, where the wind,
Fresh from the sea, plays with his locks of gray,
'Till, pleased at last, he smiles. That gentle smile,
As 'tis the first denotement of a thought
In speechless infancy, 'tis the last sign
Of the expiring mind.

Pyth. My soft Calanthe
Must be a tender on infirmity
Before her time. But where's my silent friend?

Damon. [*Aside, and lost in thought,* r.] One brave blow,
And it were done! By all the gods, one blow,
And Syracuse were free!

Pyth. [*Touching him on the shoulder.*] Why, Damon,
what's the matter?

Damon. Pythias, is't you?
[*Crosses to Calanthe.*] I cry you mercy, fair one! Pythias,
You are to be married. Haste thee, Pythias,—
Love, and fight on. Thine arm to Mars, thy heart
Give to his paramour.—Take thou no care
Of the politician's study—'twill turn pale
Thy face, make thee grow sick at nature's loveliness,
And find in her pure beauty but one blank
Of dismal, colourless sterility.
Calanthe, look to it; let him not play
The statesman's sorry part.
Pyth. (R.) Damon, you let
The commonwealth o'erfret you. I was about
To pray you to our wedding.
Damon. (C.) I intended,
Unbidden, to be there.
Pyth. From friendship's eyes
I'll win addition to my happiness.
Calanthe, come—[*Crosses to Calanthe.*] I should be half in fear,
To seem thus loving of thee, in the sight
Of this philosopher.
Cal. Nay, he pretends
To be by half more rugged and more wise,
Than he hath any right to: I have seen him,
(Have I not, Damon?) looking at his wife,
[*Crosses to Damon.*
When he imagined none was there to mark
The proud Pythagorean, with an eye
Filled up with tenderness:—and his young boy, too,
That seems Aurora's child, with his fine face,
Stirred his stern visage to complacency.
Come, come, we'll be revenged upon you both:
[*Crosses,* L.
I swear, his wife and I will be accounted
Your rivals in the godlike quality
Your lordly sex would arrogate its own
Peculiar privilege, and show the world
Th' unseen, and yet unrumoured prodigy—
The friendship of a woman.
[*Exeunt Calanthe and Pythias,* L.

Enter Lucullus, R.

Damon. Hark thee, Lucullus:
My wife and child must instantly depart
From Syracuse;—you must attend them hence,
Unto my villa, on the mountain side.
Luc. Alas, my lord!
Damon. Why dost thou droop?
Luc. My lord,
I was your slave; you gave me liberty
And when I see you perilled—
Damon. Nay, Lucullus,
Where is the warrant for thy fear?
Luc. I read
You are engaged in some dread enterprise,
Else you would not deny them to your sight:
You fear the leaning ruin may fall down
Upon their dearer heads.
Damon. I charge you, sir,
No prying into my purposes.—Take care
You speak not to my wife of anything
May stir her apprehensions—see, she comes—
Beware—thy looks betray thee.
[*Crosses,* R.—*Lucullus retires,* C.

Enter Hermion, R.

Her. Art thou safe,
Damon, art safe?
Damon. You are not a widow yet.
Her. For shame to talk of such a thing. I have heard
Of thy rude quarrelling with that same fierce
And overbearing soldier. But thou art safe.—
Proud men! how reckless of the faithful hearts
That doat on you—that hang their weakness on ye!
How reckless of us in your bustling hours
Of occupation and despatch, ye are!
Ah, then you think not of the pining mate,
Left in her solitude, with naught to do,
But weep for your return, and chide the gods,
That make your minds so stern and enterprising.
Damon. Hermion, I think the city's fulsome air

Likes not our boy :—the colour in his cheek
Hath lost its rich and healthful purity.
Her. Nay, you are wrong there;—tis like a young peach,
Or yet *more* fresh and blooming.
Damon. Hermion,
I have resolved that you and he shall go
Unto my villa, near to Syracuse.
Her. But you will come with us?
Damon. Hermion, you know
My occupation forbids that wish.
Luc. My lord— [*Advancing on* L.
Damon. Forbear, sir—[*Lucullus retires,* R.] yet I cannot go—
I mean, I cannot go immediately—
The state affairs lay hold upon me. You
Must hence before me thither.
Her. Damon—
Damon. Come,
Look not thus sadly.
Her. I have learned too well
The usage of obedience, to inquire
Into your purposes.
Damon. Hermion, I'll take
Occasion oft to visit you—to-morrow—
If possible, to-morrow.
Her. Will you so?
Nay, will you truly promise it?
Damon. I do.—
Hermion, you must be sudden; you must despatch.
Come—but I'll see my boy before you go.
Hermion, he is our only one. That child
Is made of thy own heart and mine. I charge thee,
Have thou a care, in all vicissitudes
Of private or of public incident,
To form in him what will out-top the height
Of the best laurel-tree in all the groves
Of the Academy—an honest man. [*Exeunt,* R.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

Scene I.—*A Chamber in Arria's House.*

Enter Pythias *and* Calanthe, r.

Pyth. So, my Calanthe, you would waste the moon
Of Hymen in this lonely spot?
Cal. In sooth,
I would, for 'tis the fairest place in Sicily:
A dell, made of green beauty; with its shrubs
Of aromatic sweetness, growing up
The rugged mountain's sides, as cunningly
As the nice structure of a little nest,
Built by two loving nightingales. "The wind
"That comes there, full of rudeness from the sea,
"Is lulled into a balmy breath of peace,
"The moment that it enters; and 'tis said
"By our Sicilian shepherds, that their songs
"Have in this place a wilder melody.
"The mountains all about it are the haunts
"Of many a fine romantic memory!
"High towers old Ætna, with his feet deep clad
"In the green sandals of the freshful spring;
"His sides arrayed in winter, and his front
"Shooting aloft the everlasting flame.
"On the right hand is that great cave, in which
"Huge Polyphemus dwelt, between whose vast
"Colossal limbs the artful Grecian stole.
"On the other side,
"Is Galatea's dainty dressing-room,
"Wrought in the living marble; and within
"Is seen the fountain where she used to twine
"The ringlets on her neck that did ensnare
"The melancholy Cyclop."—But what care you,
A soldier, for such fantasies? I know
A way that better shall persuade you to
That place for our sweet marriage residence:—
There Damon hath his villa—Ha! you seem
Determined by the fast proximity
Of such a friendship, more than all my love.
Pyth. Does Damon dwell there?

Cal. No; his Hermion
And his young boy—Oh! 'tis a beauteous child!—
Are sent there from the city's noxious air;
And he doth visit them, whene'er the state
Gives him brief respite. Tell me, Pythias,
Shall we not see the Hymeneal moon
Glide through the blue heavens there?

Pyth. My own adored one!
If thou should'st bid me sail away with thee
To seek the isles of the Hesperides,
I would, with such a pilot, spread my sail
Beyond the trophies of great Hercules,
Making thine eyes my Cynosure!

Enter LUCULLUS, *hastily*, R.

How now, Lucullus! [*Crosses to him.*

Luc. Where is my lord? I was informed
That I should find him here—a senator
Bade me require him instantly.

Pyth. He waits here,
To attend us to the temple, and if things
Of weight demand his ear, you'll find him yonder
In the pale cypress-grove. [*Exit Lucullus*, L.
Nothing, I hope,
Has happened to withdraw him from the rite
That makes thee mine.

Cal. I hope not.—Who is this
That seeks him out so earnestly?

Pyth. He is
A brave Italian, whom the Carthage pirates
Seized on his native coast, and sold a slave.
Damon hath given him back his liberty,
But yet, of his free will, he tends him still;
And more than very freedom doth he hold
The right to serve a man that is fine touched
With a most merciful spirit.

Cal. Nay, my Pythias,
Make not your friend's high qualities for aye
The burthen of your eloquence. In sooth,
I should be almost jealous of a steed
I saw you pat with a too liberal hand;
And—ha! he comes.

Enter Damon, L.

Damon. Pythias—[*Aside.*] I must not let
Calanthe read my purpose.—Calanthe,
The blessing and the bounty of the gods
Be with you, over you, and all around you,
Thou gentle girl! [*Crosses,* C.] Pythias, a word with you.
[*Aside to Pythias.*
What heard I, think you, Pythias, even now?
Cal. (L.) There has been Pythias, all this forenoon,
Would speak to me of nothing but the esteem
In which he held thee, Damon.
Damon. (C.) What! no word
Touching the quality of that foolish love
He bears the fair Calanthe? [*Aside to Pythias.*] We are undone,
We and our wretched city, Pythias!
Pyth. [*Aside to Damon.*] What dost thou mean?
Cal. No, not a single word—
Thou, thou alone mad'st up his eulogy.
Damon. What think'st thou, Pythias? A king! [*Aside.*
Pyth. [*Aside to Damon.*] What! who?
Damon. [*To Calanthe.*] Heed not
His silken praises of me. [*Aside to Pythias.*] Dionysius
Is to be crownéd in the senate-house.
Pyth. Can it be possible?
Damon. I say thee, yea—
His soldiers line the streets.
Pyth. But will the senate—
The coward senate, sanction it? Will none
Oppose him in it?
Damon. Oppose him!—[*Aloud.*] All the gods
So help or strike me, as I will oppose him!
Let Ætna vomit fire upon his side,
And I alone,—[*Crosses,* R., *searching about him.*] Ha! I forgot my dagger.
Cal. How now, my Pythias?
Pyth. He is moved, Calanthe,
By some most urgent matter of the state;
Nay, heed him not!
Damon. Pythias, as I intended
To be a witness to thy wedding-rite,
I did not bear a weapon—give me thy poniard.

Pyth. Speak, to what end?
Damon. No matter, give it me.
Cal. Ha! What does he intend? Now by my love, Pythias, I do adjure thee—
Pyth. Whither, Damon,
Where would'st thou go?
Damon. Unto the senate-house.
Pyth. Then I will with you, too.
Cal. He shall not!
Damon. No! [*Crosses to her.*
Thou say'st aright,—he shall not! Fair Calanthe,
This is no hour to leave thee! What, Calanthe,
Should bridegrooms give the law, and 'gin to rule
Even on their wedding day? I charge thee, sweet,
Assert thy brief dominion while thou canst:
'Twill speedily be his turn. [*Aside to Pythias.*
It shall not be! It is against the law
For any soldier in the senate-house
To lift his helm of war, and what avail
Were thy companionship? Calanthe, take him,
[*Puts Pythias, &c.*
Take him away, and heaven be o'er you both!
Pyth. But thou wilt promise me, upon the faith
Of an old friendship, that thy sudden hand
Will not attempt a rashness?
Damon. [*Crosses, &c.*] Be thou satisfied,
I will do naught in passion. Come, Calanthe, [*Aside.*
Assert thy right in him, and take him hence
Unto the garden-walk, and tell him o'er
The names of all thy favourite plants: I pray thee,
Keep him in busy trifles, till the hour
For the sweet rite be come—[*Joins their hands.*]—That's well, my girl;
There, take him by the arm!
Cal. Come, Pythias, come!
I thank thee, Damon, for thy tender counsel.
Pyth. Nay, Damon—nay, Calanthe—
Cal. Nay me no nays;
I say it shall be so.
Damon. May the gods pour
Their blessing o'er your heads!—Farewell! farewell!
I have no time to bide here, but my heart

Shall be beside you at the altar place.
Perhaps it is an idle fear, compels me
Hence from your sight: I will, if possible,
Return and see you wedded. Fare you well!
[*Exeunt Pythias and Calanthe*, L.
Now, Syracuse, for thee!—And may the fates
So bless, or curse me, as I act in this! [*Exit*, R.

Scene II.—*The Senate-House of Syracuse.*

Senators *assembled*—Philistius *at their head.*—Dionysius *stands* R., *in the front of the stage.*—Damocles *is seated*, R.

Dam. So soon warned back again!
Dion. So soon, good fathers.
My last despatches here set forth, that scarce
I had amassed and formed our gallant legions,
When, as by magic, word of the precaution
Was spirited to their camp—and on the word,
These Carthagenians took their second thought,
And so fell back.
Phil. I do submit to you,
That out of this so happy consequence
Of Dionysius' movement on the citadel,
Not only is his pardon for the act
Freely drawn forth, but we are called upon
Our thanks most manifestly to express
For such a noble service.
Dion. Good Philistius,
I am a soldier; yours and the state's servant;
And claim no notice for my duty done
Beyond the doing it—and the best thanks
I merit, or can have, lie in the issue
Which has most happily resulted.
Dam. [*Rises.*] Nay,
It rests in us to say so.
Phil. Dionysius,
The work which of this enterprise thou hast made,
[*Damocles sits.*
Proves that our citadel and its resources
Have been misused; and never so controlled
And ordered for our good, as by thyself;

Therefore retain it, govern and direct it.—
Would the whole state were like the citadel!
In hot and angry times like these, we want
Even such a man.

Dam. [*Rises.*] I, from my heart, assent to
And second this proposal.

Dion. Most reverend fathers—

Dam. We pray thee, silence, noble Dionysius!
All here do know what your great modesty
Will urge you to submit; but I will raise
This envious veil wherein you shroud yourself.
It is the time to speak; our country's danger
Calls loudly for some measure at our hands,
Prompt and decisive.

Damon. [*Without,* L.] Thou most lowly minion!
I'll have thee whipped for it, and by the head
Made less even than thou art! [*Senators rise.*

Enter DAMON, L.

Phil. Who breaks so rude and clamorously in
To scare our grave deliberations?

Damon. A senator!—First let me ask you why,
Upon my way here to sit down with you,
I have encountered in the open streets,
Nay, at the very threshold of your doors,
Soldiers and satellites arrayed and marshalled
With their swords out? Why have I been obstructed
By an armed bandit in my peaceful walk here,
To take my rightful seat in the senate-house?
Why has a ruffian soldier privilege
To hold his weapon to my throat? A tainted,
Disgraced, and abject traitor, Procles! Who
Dared place the soldiers round the senate-house?

Phil. I pray you, fathers, let not this rash man
Disturb the grave and full consideration
Of the important matter, touching which
We spoke ere he rushed in. [*Senators sit.*

Dam. [*To the Senators.*] I did require
To know from you, without a hand or head,
Such as to us hath been our Dionysius,
What now were our most likely fate?

Damon. The fate

Of freemen; in the full free exercise
Of all the noble rights that freemen love!
Free in our streets to walk; free in our councils
To speak and act—
Phil. I do entreat you, senators,
Protect me from this scolding demagogue.
Damon. Demagogue, Philistius!
Who was the demagogue, when at my challenge
He was denounced and silenced by the senate,
And your scant oratory spent itself
In fume and vapour?
Dam. Silence, Damon, silence!
And let the council use its privilege.
Damon. Who bids me silence? Damocles, the soft
And pliant willow, Damocles! But come,
What do you dare propose? Come, I'll be silent—
Go on. [*Sits.*
Phil. Resolve you, then, is Dionysius
This head indeed to us? Acting for us—
Yea, governing, that long have proved we cannot,
Although we feign it, govern for ourselves!
Dam. Then who so fit, in such extremity,
To be the single pillar, on whose strength
All power should rest?
Phil. Ay, and what needs the state
Our crowded and contentious councils here?
And therefore, senators—countrymen, rather,
That we may be wiser and better ruled
Than by ourselves we are; that the state's danger
May be confronted boldly, and that he
May have but his just meed, I do submit
That forthwith we dissolve ourselves, and choose
A king in Dionysius.
Damon. [*Crosses to Senators.*] King! A King?
1*st Sen.* I do approve it.
2*d Sen.* Ay, and I. [*All the Senators on* R. *rise.*
Dam. And all! All are content!
Damon. And all! are all content?
A nation's right betrayed,
And all content! [*Senators sit.*] Oh, slaves! oh, parricides!
Oh, by the brightest hope a just man has,
I blush to look around and call you men!

What! with your own free willing hands yield up
The ancient fabric of your constitution,
To be a garrison, a common barrack,
And common guard-house, and for common cut-throats!
What, will ye all combine to tie a stone
Each to each other's neck, and drown like dogs
Within the tide of time, and never float
To after ages, or at best, but float
A buoyant pestilence? Can ye but dig
Your own dark graves, creep into them, and die?

3d Sen. I have not sanctioned it.
4th Sen. Nor I.
5th Sen. Nor I.
} [*Senators* L. *rise.*

Damon. Oh! thanks for these few voices! but, alas!
How lonely do they sound! [*Senators sit.*] Do you not all
Start up at once, and cry out liberty?
Are you so bound in fetters of the mind,
That there you sit, as if you were yourselves
Incorporate with the marble? Syracusans!—
But no! I will not rail, nor chide, nor curse ye!
I will implore you, fellow-countrymen,
With blinded eyes, and weak and broken speech,
I will implore you—Oh! I am weak in words,
But I could bring such advocates before you!
Your father's sacred images; old men,
That have been grandsires; women with their children,
Caught up in fear and hurry, in their arms—
And those old men should lift their shivering voices
And palsied hands—and those affrighted mothers
Should hold their innocent infants forth, and ask,
Could you make slaves of them?

Phil. I dissolve the senate
At its own vote and instance. [*Leaves his seat—all the Senators,* R., *that have voted, rise.*

Dam. And all hail!
Hail, Dionysius, King of Syracuse!

Dion. Is this the vote?

Damon. There is no vote! Philistius,
Hold you your seat: keep in your places, senators.

Dion. I ask, is this the vote?

Phil. It is the vote,
My gracious liege and sovereign!

Damon. I say, nay!
You have not voted, Naxillus, nor Petus—
Nor you, nor you, nor you—
Phil. In my capacity
As head and organ of the city council,
I do asseverate it is the vote!
All hail, then, Dionysius!
[*They all kneel to Dionysius except Damon and the Senators who have voted in the negative.*
Dion. I thank you, friends and countrymen, I thank ye!
[*Goes up to the chair which Philistius has left.*
Damon. Oh! all the gods, my country, oh, my country!
Dion. (c.) And that we may have leisure to put on
With fitting dignity our garb of power,
We do now, first assuming our own right,
Command from this, that was the senate-house,
Those rash, tumultuous men, who still would tempt
The city's peace with wild vociferation,
And vain contentious rivalry. [*Comes down opposite Damon,* R. C.] Away!
Damon. I stand,
A senator, within the senate-house!
Dion. Traitor! and dost thou dare me to my face?
Damon. Traitor! to whom? to thee!—Oh! Syracuse,
Is this thy registered doom? To have no meaning
For the proud names of liberty and virtue,
But as some regal braggart sets it down
In his vocabulary? And the sense,
The broad, bright sense that Nature hath assigned them
In her infallible volume, interdicted
Forever from thy knowledge; or if seen,
And known, and put in use, denounced as treasonable,
And treated thus?—No, Dionysius, no!
I am no traitor! But in mine allegiance
To my lost country, I proclaim thee one!
Dion. My guards, there! Ho! [*Crosses to* R. *corner.*
Damon. What! hast thou, then, invoked
Thy satellites already?

Enter Procles *and* Soldiers, L.

Dion. Seize him!
Damon. [*Rushes on Dionysius and attempts to stab him.*]

First,
Receive a freeman's legacy! [*He is intercepted by Guards and Procles.*] Dionysius,
Thy genius is triumphant, and old Syracuse
Bows her to the dust at last!—'Tis done; 'tis o'er,
And we are slaves forever! [*Crosses,* L.

Dion. We reserve
This proud assassinating demagogue,
Who whets his dagger on philosophy,
For—an example to his cut-throat school!—
The axe, and not the sword. Out of his blood
We'll mix a cement to our monarchy:
Here do we doom him to a public death!

Damon. Death's the best gift to one that never yet
Wished to survive his country. Here are men
Fit for the life a tyrant can bestow!
Let such as these live on.

Dion. Hold thou there!
Lest, having stirred our vengeance into wrath,
It reach unto those dearer than thyself—
Thy wife and child.
Ha! have I touched thee, Damon? Is there a way
To level thee unto the feebleness
Of universal nature? What, no word?
Come, use thy time, my brave philosopher!
Thou hast few moments left!

Damon. I know thee well—
Thou art wont to use thy tortures on the heart,
Watching its agonizing throbs, and making
A science of that fell anatomy!
These are thy bloody metaphysics—this
Thy barbarous philosophy! I own
Thou hast struck thy venomed sting into my soul,
But while I'm wounded, I despise thee still!
My wife! my child! Oh, Dionysius,
Thou should'st have spared me that!—Procles, lead on.

[*Procles precedes Damon, who goes out,* L.—*the Guards follow.—Dionysius goes up to chair,* C.—*the senators surround him—and distant shouts heard, as the scene closes.*

Scene III.—*A Chamber in Arria's House.—Shouts heard without.*

Enter Pythias, r.

Pyth. What shouts rend the wide city? There is a roar
Deep as the murmuring of Ætna. Gods!
I tremble for his safety! What, ho, there!

Enter Servant, r.

Hast thou, sirrah,
Heard no intelligence how matters speed
Up at the senate-house?
Ser. My lord, no word.
Pyth. And those time-cheating knaves I sent to know—
They have not yet returned?
Ser. Not yet, my lord.
Pyth. Run thither, then—despatch, for thou'rt light-limbed;
Regard Lord Damon well; note how he seems,
And what he says—On, on.
Ser. My lord, I will. [*Crosses*, l.
Pyth. And, hark!
Observe of all if any words of wrath
Fall between him and Dionysius—
Begone! [*Exit Servant*, l.
He is hotly mettled,
And not life's autumn, nor the discipline
Of cold Pythagoras' school, has tamed it yet.

Enter Servant, r.

Ser. My lord—
Pyth. Now, sir, what from the senate-house?
Ser. My lord, I know not of the senate-house.
Pyth. Not, sir! I sent thee thither, did I not?
Ser. Another, sir. I am despatched to say,
That all the guests and witnesses are come;
And that with them the bride Calanthe waits
To have thy company to the temple.
Pyth. How!
Is it the hour?
Ser. The hour, my lord, is past.

Pyth. Did ever man upon his wedding-day
Feel so impatient of the hour arrived
That is to bless him? But I dare not stir
Till I have tidings of my friend:—he is
Exposed to deadly loss, and may have need
Of Pythias' sword. By Heaven, I do him wrong
In tarrying from his presence at an hour
So full of peril, and perhaps of death.
Death, did I say? I must—

Enter ARRIA, R.

Arria. Now, Pythias, Pythias,
Why is it that we wait so long for thee?
Fie! thou a bridegroom! absent now!

Pyth. Gods! if that Dionysius
Should level at his life!—I pr'ythee, Arria,
How soon might one with active and light foot
Run to the senate-house, and back again,
From hence?

Arria. Is the man crazed and lunatic?
Is it your pleasure that we wait a season,
I, sir, Calanthe, and our guests and kinsmen,
For your best humour to get wedded in?

Pyth. Good Arria, pardon me; take not amiss
This absent seeming—but I am not well,
I know not how, but so you see it is—
Give me half an hour—nay, the half—the tithe
Of such a time!

Arria. Pythias, indeed art ill?

Pyth. I'faith, I am—sick in the head and heart!
Bear with me, Arria; go among our guests,
And cheat their notice of this accident;
I shall be better quickly—well, quite well.

Arria. The gods forefend, it should fall otherwise!
[*Exit*, R.

Pyth. Oh, how these leaden-footed limping minutes
Do lag and creep beneath my lashing wish!
When fiery expectation mounts the time,
Time is a spiritless and jaded steed,
That staggers 'neath his rider. Gracious gods!
Will none of them come to relieve this weight

From my o'erloaded heart!—What shall I do?
Calanthe!

Enter Calanthe, R.

Cal. My dear Pythias!

Pyth. Calanthe!

Cal. My mother whispered me you were not well;
And here, even as you see me, though you should not
Have seen me in my bridal garments thus
Till we were wedded—yet even thus, I come
To speak with you, and comfort you, my Pythias.

Pyth. Beshrew her heart, now, though she be thy mother,
For such ill-timed and womanish whispering.
I am as well, as I am happy, love.

Cal. She said, too, but I heed it not—

Pyth. What said she?

Cal. She prayed the gods your sickness might be free
From surfeit sickness; but I heed it not:
You know I heed it not; I cannot think
Your heart is such a bad one, Pythias.

Pyth. Tears, my Calanthe! Ah, my own fair girl,
The maiden pulse beating upon thy brow,
Is not so faithful to its sister pulse,
Which throbs within this little heart of thine,
As I have been, and am!—Ha! dost thou smile?
Now, by the gods! I cannot see thee smile,
And tarry longer from the property
Of this dear hand I grasp. [*Crosses*, R.] Come, my Calanthe,
They tarry for us, do they not?

Cal. They do.

Pyth. Nay, do not bend thy head, but let me gaze
Upon thee as we go, that those fine looks,
So full of life and joy, may banish from me
The ghastly thought of death!

Cal. Death!

Pyth. Nay, forgive me;
I know not what I say.—Ye bounteous gods,
Who guard the good, because yourselves are good,
Wave your protecting arm around him!—Come—
Oh, Friendship! thou must yield it for a time
To the torch-bearer, when he lights his fires

From two such eyes as these are!—[*Going*, R.] Come, Calanthe!

[*As they are going*, R., LUCULLUS *enters hastily*, L.—*Pythias lets fall Calanthe's hand and rushes to him.*

[*To Lucullus.*] Where, sirrah, where? Where shall I speak with him?

Luc. He did desire, my lord, that I should lead you.

Pyth. And not say where?

Luc. It was his charge, my lord.

Pyth. In one word, say the hour and place of this,
Or—ha! I see it in thine eye—his life,
His life is forfeit—he is doomed to death!

Luc. Alas! my lord.

Pyth. Oh, by the gods, it is so!
And, like a selfish coward, did I stand
And saw him rush and singly front himself
Against a host, when it was evident,
As is the universal light of day,
He must have perished in it—Coward! coward!
[*Crosses*, R.] He would not thus have done!

Luc. My lord,—

Pyth. Speak not— [*Crosses*, C.
I know thou would'st admonish me to speed,
Or see him dead.

Cal. Pythias! Pythias! [*Grasps his arm.*

Pyth. Now let me go—away, I say!

Cal. Pythias!

Pyth. I say, unloose me, or by all—
Thou art as guilty, with thy blandishments,
That did provoke this ruin, as I am
For being tempted by thee!—Woman, away!
[*Throws her off.*

Cal. Unkind one!

Pyth. Ha! thou weepest!—Oh, Calanthe!
Forgive me—pity me—I am desperate!
I know not what I do—but—[*Embraces her.*]—Oh, Calanthe,
There is a horrid fate that tears me hence.
Now, sirrah, lead me on!—Away! away!

Cal. Pythias! Pythias!

[*Clings to Pythias as he rushes out, preceded by Lucullus*, L.

Scene IV.—*A Dungeon.*

Damon *discovered at a table, writing.*

Damon. Existence! what is that? a name for nothing!
It is a cloudy sky chased by the winds,—
Its fickle form no sooner chosen than changed!
It is the whirling of the mountain-flood,
Which, as we look upon it, keeps its shape,
Though what composed that shape, and what composes,
Hath passed—will pass—nay, and is passing on,
Even while we think to hold it in our eyes,
And deem it there. Fie! fie! a feverish vision,
A crude and crowded dream, unwilled, unbidden,
By the weak wretch that dreams it.

[*Noise of chains and bolts,* L.

Enter Procles *and two Guards,* L.—*Procles goes down,* L.

Proc. Damon, thine hour is come.

Damon. Past, sir, say past—to come, argues a stay
Upon the coming. He has refused me, then—
Your general, Dionysius!—the king—
He has refused me even this little respite
I asked of him?

Proc. All! he refuses all.

Damon. Did'st tell him why I asked it? Did'st explain
It was to have my wife warned here to Syracuse,
From her near dwelling upon Ætna's side,
To see me ere I die?

Proc. I said it, sir.

Damon. And he refused it?

Proc. Ay, sir; he refused.

Damon. Upon the instant?

Proc. Yes, upon the instant.

Damon. Is he not wedded?

Proc. Yes.

Damon. A father, too?

Proc. He is a father, too.

Damon. And he refused it!
I will attend you, and I pray you pardon—
This is no time to play the catechist.
One little boon I have to beg of thee;
It is the last; I would not fain be irksome;

It is the last I shall prefer on earth
Unto my fellow-men. This is my testament:
I pray thee give it to a friend of mine,
Who may inquire about me: he will hold it,
And use it for my wife.

Proc. His name?

Damon. It is—
I did not wish to trust my coward tongue
With utterance of that name; I feared it would
Pluck up all manhood by the roots; but, sir,
This now is childish; Pythias, sir!—

[*Procles retires and talks with the Guards.*

Alas!
To-day will prove a woful wedding-day
To thee and thy Calanthe!—And my Hermion,
My fond, poor Hermion, and my boy—
Good Procles,— [*Procles comes down,* L.
Let me not stand here talking idly thus—
I am quite ready—on, sir! I attend you!

[*Exeunt,* L., *Procles first, then Damon, then the Guards.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

Scene I.—*A Street.*

Enter Four Guards, L. S. E., *then* Procles *with Damon in chains, followed by four more Guards.*

Damon. A moment's pause here, Procles.

[*Procles motions the Guards to halt.*

We discoursed together
Of an old friend of mine, who in all likelihood
Would question thee concerning my last thoughts,
While leaving this vain world; I do entreat thee,
When thou shalt see that man, commend me to him,
And say, a certainty of how true a friend
And father he will be unto my wife
And child—

Pyth. [*Without,* L.] Hold back! it is impossible
That ye can butcher him, till we speak together!

Enter Pythias, *preceded by Soldiers, who obstruct his way,* L.

I am his nearest friend! I should receive
His dying words—hold back! [*Breaks through them.*
Oh, Damon! Damon!

Damon. (C.) I wished for this, but feared it, Pythias!
Tush!—we are men, my Pythias; we are men,
And tears do not become us.

Pyth. Doom and death
In the same moment! Is there no hope, Damon?
Is everything impossible?

Damon. For me,
With Dionysius, everything—I craved
But six hours' respite, that my wife may come,
And see me—

Pyth. And he would not?

Damon. Not an hour—
Yet to have kissed her, and my little boy—
Just to have kissed her—

Pyth. The cold villain!

Damon. Well,
All that is o'er now, and this talk superfluous.
Ere you came up, my friend, I was about
To leave a greeting for you with the officer:
I bade him say, too—for, despite of rules
Well conned and understood, in such a time
As this—so sudden, hopeless, and unlooked for,—
The eye will water, and the heart grow cowardly,
At thoughts of home, and things we love at home;
And something like a sorrow, or a fear,
For what may happen them, will stick in the throat,
To choke our words, and make them weak and womanish.

Pyth. Tears have a quality of manhood in them,
When shed for what we love.

Damon. I bade him say,
That half my fear for her, and my young boy,
As to their future fate, was banished,
In the full certainty I felt of all
The care and kindness thou wilt have of them.

Pyth. That was a true thought, Damon.
Damon. Pythias, I know it.
And when the shock of this hath passed away,
And thou art happy with thy sweet Calanthe—
Pyth. Damon!
Damon. Well, Pythias?
Pyth. Did'st thou not say
It was thy last desire to look upon
Thy wife and child, before—
Damon. I would give up,—
Were my life meted out by destiny
Into a thousand years of happiness,—
All that long measure of felicity,
But for a single moment, in the which
I might compress them to my heart.
Pyth. Good Procles, [*Crosses*, R.
Lead me at once to Dionysius—
I mean, unto the king—that's his new name—
Lead me unto the king—[*Trumpet*, R.] Ha! here he comes!

Enter DIONYSIUS *and* DAMOCLES, R.

Behold me, Dionysius, at thy feet! [*Kneels.*
As thou dost love thy wife, and thy sweet children;
As thou'rt a husband and a father, hear me!
Let Damon go and see his wife and child
Before he dies—for four hours respite him—
Put me in chains: plunge me into his dungeon,
As pledge for his return; do this—but this—
And may the gods themselves build up thy greatness
As high as their own heaven. [*Rises.*
Dion. What wonder's this?
Is he thy brother?
Pyth. No, not quite my brother!
Not—yes, he is—he is my brother!
Dion. Damon—is this a quibble of thy school?
Damon. No quibble, for he is not so in kin,
Not in the fashion that the word puts on,
But brother in the heart!
Dion. [*To Damon.*] Did'st urge him on
To this?
Pyth. By the gods, no!

Dion. And should I grant [*Crosses*, c.
Thy friend's request, leaving thee free to go,
Unwatched, unguarded, thou mak'st naught of it,
Quite sure that thou wilt come and ransom him,
At the imminent time?

Damon. Sure of it? Hearest thou, Heaven?
The emptiest things reverberate most sound,
And hollow hearts have words of boisterous promise.
I can say only—I am sure!

Dion. 'Tis granted.

[*Two Officers take the chains off Damon, and place them on Pythias.*

How far abides thy wife from hence?

Damon. Four leagues.

Dion. For six hours we defer thy death. 'Tis now
The noon exactly; and at the sixth hour
See that thou stand'st not far from him; away!
Conduct that man to prison.

Damon. Farewell, Pythias!

Pyth. And farewell, Damon! Not a word upon it.
Speed thee. What, tears?—Forbear.

Damon. I did not think
To shed one tear; but friendship like to thine—

Pyth. Farewell! Come, officer.

Damon. I pray thee, Procles,
Give me the testament thou had'st of me.

[*Procles gives it to him.*

Pythias, thy hand again: Pythias, farewell!

Pyth. Farewell!

[*Exeunt, Damon*, L., *Pythias, Procles, and Guards*, R.

Dion. Oh, by the wide world, Damocles,
I did not think the heart of man was moulded
To such a purpose.

Dam. It is wondrous.

Dion. Wondrous!
Sir, it doth win from the old imaginers
Their wit and novelty!—
I'll visit Pythias in his dungeon: get me
A deep disguise. We'll use such artifice
As the time, and our own counsel, may suggest.—
If they should triumph, crowns are nothingness—
Glory is sound—and grandeur, poverty! [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE II.—*Another Street.*

Enter DAMON, R., LUCULLUS, L.

Luc. Oh, my dear lord, my master, and my friend,
The sight of you thus safe—
Damon. Safe!
Luc. For at least
A respite, my kind lord.
Damon. No more, Lucullus.
Is my horse ready?
Luc. Yes, the gallant grey,
Of Anaxagoras, you lately purchased. [*Exit*, L.

Enter CALANTHE, L.

Cal. Hold, sir!—is what they tell me, true?
Damon. Calanthe,
At any time save this, thy voice would have
The power to stay me—Pr'ythee, let me pass—
Nor yet abridge me of that fleeting space
Given to my heart.
Cal. Speak! have they said the truth?
Have you consented to put in the pledge
Of Pythias' life for your return?
Damon. 'Tis better
That I should say to her—'Hermion, I die!'
Than that another should hereafter tell,
'Damon is dead!'
Cal. No! you would say to her,
'Pythias has died for me'—even now the citizens
Cried in mine ear, 'Calanthe, look to it!'
Damon. And do you think I would betray him!
Cal. Think of it?
I give no thought upon it—Possibility,
Though it should weigh but the least part of a chance,
Is quite enough—Damon may let him die—
Ay, meanly live himself, and let him die!
Damon. Calanthe, I'll not swear When men lift up
Their hands unto the gods, it is to give
Assurance to a doubt: But to confirm,
By any attestation, the return
Of Damon unto Pythias, would profane

The sanctity of friendship.—Fare thee well—
[*Crosses,* L.—*she clings to him.*
Nay, cling not to me.
Cal. So will Hermion cling—
But Damon will not so reject her.
She will implore thee back to life again,
And her loud cries will pierce thy inmost breast,
And Pythias will be murdered!
Damon. I must unloose thy grasping.
Cal. Mercy, Damon!
Damon. Unwillingly I stay thy struggling hands—
Forgive me for't.
Cal. Damon, have mercy on me!
Damon. May the gods bless thee! [*Exit,* L.
Cal. Damon, mercy, Damon!
He flies!—and there's a voice that from my heart,
As from the grave, cries out, that never more
He will return to Pythias.—Hermion—his child—
And his own selfish instinct—or some accident
May fall, and stay him back, and that will be
The axe to Pythias!—Oh, I will follow him—
I'll tell him that; and, like a drowning wretch,
Fasten about his neck, and cling to him!
But, ah!—he flies—his steed is on the wind!
My evil demon wings him, and he tramps
Already the wide distance!—Pythias,
The flowers in bridal mockery on my brow,
Thus I rend off, and keep them for the grave!

Enter Dionysius, *disguised,* R.

Dion. Thy name's Calanthe, and thou art the bride
Of Pythias—is't not thus?
Cal. What dost thou come
To say to me of Pythias?
Dion. Art thou not
His bride?
Cal. The marriage-temple was prepared,
The virgins' voices were sent up to Heaven,
When death did all at once
Rise up, and all that pomp did disappear,
And for the altar, I behold the tomb!—
He never will return!

Dion. He will not.
Cal. Ha!
Dost thou confirm my apprehensions?
They were black enough already—and thy smile—
It is the gloss upon the raven's plumes—
Thy smile is horrible!
Dion. Calanthe, hear me:
The tyrant, Dionysius, has resolved
To intercept this Damon, and prevent
His coming back to Syracuse.
Cal. Oh, gods!
Dion. I am an inmate in the tyrant's house,
And learned his fell decree!
Cal. Then speed thee hence:
Mount thou the fleetest steed in Syracuse—
Pursue the unhappy Damon—tell him this;
I know he has a brave and generous nature,
Will not betray his friend! Go after him,
And save my husband!
Dion. I have found a way
To rescue him already: thou and Pythias
Shall fly from Syracuse.
Cal. What! shall he 'scape
The tyrant's fangs?
Dion. Forever!—But thou must
Follow my precept.
Cal. I will obey you, sir,
And bless you!
Dion. Then to Pythias—come with me. [*Exeunt*, R.

Scene III.—*A terrace attached to the prison, with the Sea outstretched before it.—A portal on one side—on the other side, the dungeon-door of Pythias, barred and chained.*

Enter Dionysius, R. S. E., *preceded by* Procles, *who points to the dungeon.*

Dion. Is this the dungeon?—Unbar the door.—
[*Procles undraws the bolts and lets fall the chains.*
I'll probe him deeply.—
Now observe well the orders that I gave thee! [*Motions him away and opens the door.—Exit Procles*, L. S. E.
My lord Pythias!

Pyth. [*Within.*] How now! who calls me?
Dion. A friend, Pythias:—the time is precious; haste,
And follow me.

Enter Pythias, *from dungeon*, L. U. E.

Pyth. (L.) Where do you lead me?
Dion. (R.) I come
To serve and succour thee.
Pyth. And who art thou?
And how can'st succour me?
Dion. I dwell beneath
The tyrant's roof, and learned by accident
This fell determination—he hath resolved—
Pyth. My life!—
Dion. Thy life!
Ere this, he hath despatched some twenty men
To intercept thy friend, on his approach
To meet and ransom thee.
Pyth. Almighty Heaven!
Dion. He not arriving at the appointed hour,
Thy life is forfeited.
Pyth. We try the depth together; I had hoped
That one or other of us could have lived
For thy poor Hermion's, or Calanthe's sake.—
No matter.
Dion. Pythias, I came to save thee.
Pyth. What dost thou mean?
Dion. Urged by my pity for such noble friends,
So trusting and betrayed—anxious, besides,
To leave the tyrant's court,
Hither I bribed my way.—Thy fair Calanthe
Shall be the partner of thy flight.—Thy father—
Pyth. Sir!—
Dion. Yes, thy father, too—thy time-struck father,
Who, till this day, for many circling years
Hath not held human intercourse,
Was visited by me—he hath upraised him
From his lonely bed.
Pyth. Thou speak'st of miracles!
Dion. And ere I came, with all despatch and secresy,
I have provided in the port of Syracuse
A good quick-sailing ship—yonder she lies,

Her sails already spread before the breeze,
And thou and thy Calanthe—see, she comes—
Haste, lady, haste to thy betrothéd lord!

Pyth. Wide-working Heaven, Calanthe!

Enter CALANTHE, R.

Cal. Pythias!
Though when thou should'st have cherished, thou did'st spurn me,
Though, in the holy place where we had met
To vow ourselves away unto each other,—
Though there, when I was kneeling at thy feet,
Thou did'st forswear and mock at me—yet here
I do forgive thee all—and I will love thee
As never woman loved her young heart's idol,
So thou but speed'st to safety!

Pyth. Hold, Calanthe.—
If mothers love the babe upon the breast,
When it looks up with laughter in his eyes,
Making them weep for joy—if they can love,
I loved, and do love thee, my own Calanthe:—
But wert thou magnified above thyself,
As much in fascination as thou art
Above all creatures else—by all the gods,
In awful reverence sworn, I would not cheat
My honour!

Cal. How!

Dion. Madman, what dost intend?

Pyth. Dost thou not know the tyrant spared his life,
On the security I gave for him?
Stand I not here his pledge?

Dion. [*Aside.*] 'Tis wonderful!
His brow is fixed; his eye is resolute.

Cal. Pythias, mine idolized and tender Pythias,
Am I then scorned?

Dion. The tyrant doth break faith with thee.

Pyth. 'Tis said so.

Cal. And Damon cannot come to be thy ransom.

Pyth. I have heard it, my Calanthe.

Cal. And that thou—
That thou—Oh, gods!—must die when he comes not!

Pyth. And that I know, Calanthe.

Cal. If thou knowest it,
What is thy heart, then, that it can still be obstinate?
Pyth. I should not have heard it; or, having heard it,
I still may hold it false. This busy world
Is but made up of slight contingencies—
There are a thousand that may alter this,
Or leave it where it was; there is not one,
Should push us a mere point from any pledge
Of manliness and honour!
Yet would I live!
Live to possess my own Calanthe here,
Who recommends existence with a smile
So sad and beautiful!—Yet would I live—
But not dishonoured!—Still, Calanthe, he *may* return:—
May! may!—That word ends all! Death looks but grimly,
And the deep grave is cheerless—yet I do—
I do prefer the certainty of death
Unto the possibility of dishonour!
Dion. Behold! Behold!
[*Pointing to the side of the stage,* R.
The good ship hath her streaming signal out!
The canvass swells up to the wooing wind!
The boat puts off—now, now, or never!
Cal. See [*Crosses,* R.
How swiftly, in her gallant liberty,
She comes through the calm sea!—Oh, hark! the oars
How rapidly they plash in harmony!
Oh, look at Freedom, Pythias, look at it!
How beautiful it is upon the sea!
Pythias, my Pythias—Oh! how we shall laugh
While bounding o'er the blesséd wave that bears us
From doom and death, to some fair Grecian isle!
Dion. See, they approach! dost hesitate?
Cal. Pythias!—my husband, Pythias!
Pyth. No! no! so help me heaven!—'Tis hard!
It plucks my heart up—but, no! no!
Cal. Oh, gods!
[*Pythias rushes into the dungeon—Calanthe falls into the arms of Dionysius.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

Scene I.—*A Garden.—A table with fruit laid out.*

Hermion *discovered arranging a little feast.—Her* Child *beside her, with a basket of flowers.*

Child. Will he come soon home, mother?
Her. I pray the gods
He may, my child.
Child. It seems so long a time
Since he has ta'en me on his knee, and kissed me.
Her. Hark thee, my boy!
This is the hour wherein Lucullus said,
Thy father would arrive to visit us.
Go, see if he be coming; he'll be glad
To greet the rosy fruit upon thy cheeks,
Even as he enters our sweet garden here.
Hie thee, and bear me word if he approaches—
The first kiss shall be thine. [*Exit Child*, L.
Thou unkind Damon!
To send me here to woman's loneliness,
A prey to all the sickening hopes and fears
I must have of thee, in these blustering times.

Enter Damon, *with the* Child *in his arms*, L.

Child. See, I have found him for you, mother!
Her. Ha!
Damon. Hermion! my treasure, Hermion!
Her. My dear lord!
I had prepared this little feast for you,
But hope at last grew sick within my heart,
And I could hardly force it to a thought
That yet thou would'st arrive—Oft I looked out
Upon the weary way thou should'st have journeyed,
And oft the hills' dim vapour rose like Damon,
Till the sun came to shape it, and to show me
That yet thou wert away.
Damon. And are ye, then,
Are ye so helpless in our absence, Hermion?
Her. Come, now—you know it. Oh, my dear, dear husband!

If I should tell thee of my quaking heart,
While thou art bustling there in Syracuse—
Why wilt thou start?—'twould cheat thee of thy tears,
And make thee womanish; and—for I know
Thou lov'st thy own poor Hermion—thou should'st swear
Never again to leave her.

Damon. Nerve me, Heaven!

Her. Indeed thou shouldst! and look thee here, my Damon,
But for this little boy, here, and his talk,—
His childish prattle on my knee, of what
He would achieve and be—Come, sir, rehearse
These matters over; say, what would'st thou be?

Damon. What would'st thou be, my boy?

Child. A soldier, father.

Damon. Come, come, now, not a soldier.

Child. Nay, but I'd choose, sir,
To be what Pythias is.

Damon. [*Much moved.*] Thou'rt a brave boy!
Go, pluck a flower from yonder gay recess,
At the other end of the garden. Wreathe me now
The fairest garland for my welcome—there—
A brave, brave boy.— [*Exit Child*, L.
[*Aside.*] Now, gods!

Her. Dost thou not think
He grows apace?

Damon. Have I in all my life
Given thee an angry look, or word, or been
Ever an unkind mate, my Hermion?

Her. Never! the gods know, never!

Damon. From thy heart
Thou sayest this?

Her. Yea, from my inmost heart!

Damon. I am glad of it: for thou wilt think of this
When I am dead, my Hermion: and 'twill make thee
The kindest mother to our boy!

Her. Oh, gods!
Why dost thou talk of death? Damon, thy cheek,
Thy lip is quivering—art sick, or grieved
With some discomfiture? Oh, these wild wars
And bickerings of the state, how have they robbed thee
Of thy soul's quiet.

Damon. Tell me, tell me, Hermion,—
Suppose I should impart the heaviest news
That could possess thine ear; how would'st thou bear it?
Her. Laugh at it!—mock at it, to make thee smile,
And teach thee to be happy in despite
Of any turn of fortune. What dost thou mean?
What heavy news? I know the part thou takest
In the state's service. Hath the tyrant risen?
Damon. He hath; but that's not it.
Her. The Carthagenians
Have sacked the city?
Damon. No!
Her. Why, then, thy friend
So well beloved of thee—Pythias!—'tis he!
Damon. No, thank the gods, not he!
Her. What is it, then?—
The heaviest news that could possess mine ear!—
Ha! 'tis thyself—some danger hath befallen thee,
Or threatens thee.—Speak, my dear Damon, speak,
Or I shall die of thoughts that come to kill me!
Damon. When I wooed thee, Hermion,
'Twas not the fashion of thy face, or form—
Though from the hand of Heaven thou camest so rich
In all external loveliness—it was not
Such excellence that riveted my heart,
And made me thine; but I said to myself,
Thus:—Here is one, who, haply were I wrecked
Or, were I to-morrow, or a later day,
Struck down by fortune—
Her. Wert thou made as low
From what thou art as earth's foundation-stone
Is from the top of Ætna—did men scorn thee—
Damon. Nay, thus I said, my Hermion:—Did the blow
Fall deadly as it might—here is a woman
Who hath such firm devotion in her love,
She would not rend my heart, but for my sake,—
And, should we have a child, for his sake, too—
Bear firmly up, though death itself—
Her. Death! Death!
Damon. [*Giving the Testament.*] Take this—read this—
'twill speak what I cannot!
I thought I could, and by the gods I cannot! [*Crosses,* R.

Her. Ha! here's a poisoning adder in this scroll—
It eats into my heart!—Die! Damon! Death!
When? how? I cannot understand it—Die!
Where? what offence?

Damon. I have been doomed to death by Dionysius.

Her. But thou hast 'scaped the sentence; thou art here.
Alone! unguarded!—It is but to fly
To Greece, or Italy, or anywhere
From this.

Damon. From this to Syracuse.—I'll tell thee:
Ere now I had been dead—

Her. No! no!

Damon. Ere this
I had been dead, but that my friend, my Pythias,
By putting on my fetters—giving up
Himself as hostage for my sure return,—
Wrought on the tyrant to bestow me time
To see thee here.

Her. By the wide world, thou shalt not!
I hold thee here—these arms encompass thee
As doth thy heart its life-spring!

Damon. Not!

Her. Thou shalt not!

Damon. Not! not return!—Not go to take my friend
Out of the fetters I have hung upon him?

Her. Life! to save that, the wrong becomes the right!
The gods that made us have so quickened us,
Nature so prompts us, and all men forgive it,
Because all men would do it. By the love
(If thou hast any,) of thy wife and child— [*Kneels.*
Ay, frown—

Enter Child, *with flowers*, L.

Do, Damon, frown, and kill me, too,
Or live for us! [*Sees the Child, who is approaching her.*
Ha! the blessed gods have sent thee
With thy sweet helplessness—Kneel down, my child,
Hold up thy little hands with mine, and pray
Not to be made an orphan—not so soon,
So very soon!—Kind Damon, look upon us!
Husband, look on us, we are at thy feet!

Damon. Ye are!—I see it, and my heart bleeds for ye!

Nay, I must turn my eyes away from you
While you are urging me to my dishonour,
And bid me murder him that I may live!
Hermion, farewell! [*Turning round and embracing her.*
Her. [*In agony.*] Live, Damon! live! live! live!
[*Swoons in his arms.*
Damon. Hermion, my life, look up! awake, my Hermion!
The hour is past! I trifle with necessity!
Hermion! I now indeed must part from thee,
All pale, and cold, and death-like as thou art:
Thus may I part from thee, to go and be
Myself full soon as cold!—
[*Places Hermion on the garden bench.*
Ah! let me hold thee from the earth, and say
With what a broken-hearted love I press thee
For the last time! [*Kissing her.*] Farewell, farewell, forever!
Once more!
Child. Father, father!
Damon. My child, too!—Oh, this is too much!
My little orphan!—my dear boy! the gods,
The gods will take my care of thee, my child!
[*Places Child near Hermion, and rushes out,* L.

SCENE II.—*The Exterior of Damon's Villa.*

Enter LUCULLUS, L.

Luc. It is accomplished! I have slain his horse!
Never shall he return! This hand has cast
An intercept between him and the block!
Perchance he'll kill me—but I heed not that:—
The time shall be, when, at Lucullus' name,
He will lift up his hands, and weep for me.
Ha! while I speak, he comes! In desperate haste,
He rushes from the garden! Shall I fly
From the swift fury will await upon
The terrible revealment?—'Tis too late!

Enter DAMON, R.

Damon. 'Tis o'er, Lucullus: bring thou forth my horse;
I have staid too long, Lucullus, and my speed

Must leave the winds behind me. By the gods,
The sun is rushing down the west!
Luc. My lord—
Damon. Why dost thou tremble? Fetch the colour back
Into thy cheek, man, nor let thy weak knees
Knock on each other in their cowardice!
Time flies—be brief—go, bring my horse to me!
Be thou as swift as speech, or as my heart is!
Luc. My lord!—
Damon. Why, slave, dost hear me?
My horse, I say! The hour is past already,
Whereon I bade old Neucles summon me.
Luc. My generous master, do not slay me!
Damon. Slave!
Art mad? or dost thou mock me in the last
And fearfullest extremity?—Yet you speak not!
Luc. You were ever kind and merciful, nor yet
Commended me unto the cruel whip,
And I did love you for it!
Damon. Where's my horse?
Luc. When I beheld the means of saving you,
I could not hold my hand—my heart was in it,
And in my heart, the hope of giving life
And liberty to Damon; and—
Damon. Go on!
I am listening to thee!
Luc. And, in hope to save you,
I slew your steed!
Damon. Almighty Heavens!
Luc. Forgive me! [*Kneels.*
Damon. I am standing here to see if the great gods
Will with their lightning execute my prayer
Upon thee! But thy punishment be mine!
I'll tear thee into pieces! [*Seizes him.*
Luc. Spare me! Spare me!
I saved thy life. Oh, do not thou take mine!
Damon. My friend! my friend! Oh, that the word would kill thee!
Pythias is slain!—his blood is on my soul!
He cries, where art thou, Damon? Damon, where art thou?

And Damon's here!—The axe is o'er his neck,—
And in his blood I'm deluged!
Luc. Spare me! Spare me!
Damon. A spirit cries, 'Revenge and Sacrifice!'
I'll do it—I'll do it—Come—
Luc. Where should I go?
Damon. To the eternal river of the dead!
The way is shorter than to Syracuse—
'Tis only far as yonder yawning gulf—
I'll throw thee with one swing to Tartarus,
And follow after thee!—[*Throws him round to* R.] Nay,
slave, no struggling!
Pythias is grown impatient! His red ghost
Starts from the ground, and, with a bloody hand,
Waves to the precipice!
Luc. Have mercy!
Damon. Call
For mercy on the Furies—not on me!
[*Exit, dragging Lucullus,* L.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

Scene I.—*A public place in Syracuse.—A scaffold, with steps ascending to it, upon the right hand.—In the back of the stage the gates of a prison.—Executioner with an axe, and Guards discovered.*

Damocles, L., *and* Procles, R., *discovered.*

Proc. It is a marvellous phantasy, thou speakest of
In Dionysius.
Dam. Yes, his mind is made
Of strange materials, that are almost cast
In contrariety to one another.
The school and camp, in his ambition, make
A strange division: "with the trumpet's call
"He blends the languor of the poet's lyre!
"The fierce, intrepid captain of the field
"Hath often, on the great Athenian stage,

"Coped with the mightiest monarchs of the Muse;
"And, in mine apprehension, he doth prize
"The applauses of that polished populace,
"More than the rising shout of victory.
Proc. "And, over all, that science, which doth hold,
"Touching the soul and its affections,
"Its high discoursing, hath attracted him."
It is his creed, that, in this flesh of ours,
Self ever entertains predominance;
And, to all friendship, he hath ever been
A persevering infidel. For this,
Belike, he tries a strange experiment.
What sayest thou? Will Damon come again?
Dam. "Our love of life is in the very instinct
"Of mere material action, when we do
"Even so slight a thing, as wink an eye
"Against the wind. Place me a soulless dog
"Upon the bare edge of a height, and he
"Shall shudder and shrink back, though none have proved
"To his capacity, that the fall were dangerous."
I hold the thing impossible.
Proc. He'll not!
Dam. What, when he feels his pent-up soul abroad
His limbs unfettered, "and the mountain-breeze
"Of liberty all around him, and his life
"Or death upon his own free choice dependent?"
'Tis visionary!
Proc. But is there no hope
Of Dionysius' mercy?
Dam. He'll not give
A second's hundreth part to take a chance in.
"His indignation swells at such a rashness,
"That, in its fling of proud philosophy,
"Can make him feel so much out-soared and humbled."
What a vast multitude upon the hills
Stretch their long blackening outline in the round
Of the blue heavens!
Proc. They wait the great event.
"Mute expectation spreads its anxious hush
"O'er the wide city, that as silent stands
"As its reflection in the quiet sea."
Behold, upon the roof what thousands gaze

Toward the distant road that leads to Syracuse!
An hour ago a noise was heard afar,
Like to the pulses of the restless surge;
But as the time approaches, all grows still
As the wide dead of midnight!
Calanthe. [*Without,* L.] There's no power
Shall stay me back! I must behold him die,
Then follow him!

Enter CALANTHE, *followed by* ARRIA, L.

Arria. My child!
Cal. I cannot hear thee!
The shrieking of the Furies drowns thy cries!
Arria. This is no place for thee—no place, Calanthe,
For such a one as thou!
Cal. No other place
Is fit for such a wretch! I am his wife
Betrothéd, though not married. There's no place
For me but at his side: in life or death
There is no other.
There is the scaffold with the block on it!
There is the—Oh, good gods!
Arria. Come back, my child!
"Good Damocles, give me your aid to bear
"This wretched woman hence.
Cal. "Oh, mother, mother,
"I'll not be grudged that horrible delight!
"I'll take one long and maddening look of him,
"Whom in the morn I thought I should have waited,
"Blushing within the chamber of a bride,
"And with a heart all full of love and fear.
"Now I await him in a different place,
"And with a cheek that ne'er shall blush again;
"Whose marble may be spotted o'er with blood,
"But not with modesty; love yet remains,
"But fear, its old companion's fled away,
"And made room for despair!

Enter DIONYSIUS, *still in disguise, down,* R.

Ha! are you come?
'Twas you that told me so,
And froze the running currents in my bosom,

To one deep cake of ice! You said too well
That Damon would not come.—The selfish traitor!
The traitor Damon!
Dion. Hark thee, Calanthe!
It was an idle tale I told to thee!
Cal. Ha!
Dion. A mere coinage, an invention.
Cal. I do not ask thee why that tale was framed—
Framed in thy cold deliberate cruelty—
But only this—one question:—May he yet—
May Damon yet return?
Dion. He may—he is
As free to come, or stay, as are the winds.
Cal. And Dionysius withholds him not?
Dion. He does not.
Cal. Whatsoe'er thou art, the gods,
For that one word, be unto thee and thine
Guardians forever!—Oh, that ray of hope
That breaks upon my soul, is worth a flood
Of the sweet daylight of Elysium!
Damon may yet return!—But, powers of Heaven!
Death is prepared already!—What is the time?
Dion. Thou may'st perceive by yonder dial-plate
Against the temple, six poor minutes only
Are left for his return.
Cal. And yet he comes not!
Oh, but that temple, where the shade of time
Moves unrelentingly, is dedicate
To the great Goddess of Fidelity—
She will not, in the face of her high fane,
Let such a profanation hurl forever
The altars of her worship to the ground;
For who will offer incense to her name
If Damon's false to Pythias? [*Sound of chains and bolts behind*, c.] Ha! they unbar
The ponderous gates!—There is a clank of chains!
They are leading him to death!
Dam. Bring forth the prisoner!

The gates of the prison are flung open, and PYTHIAS *is discovered. He advances to the scaffold,* R.

Cal. Pythias!

Pyth. Calanthe here! [*She rushes into his arms.*] My poor, fond girl!
Thou art the first to meet me at the block,
Thou'lt be the last to leave me at the grave!
How strangely things go on in this bad world—
This was my wedding-day; but for the bride,
I did not think of such a one as death!
I deemed I should have gone to sleep to-night,
This very night—not on the earth's cold lap,—
But, with as soft a bosom for my pillow,
And with as true and fond a heart-throb in it
To lull me to my slumber, as e'er yet
Couched the repose of love. It was, indeed,
A blissful sleep to wish for!
Cal. Oh, my Pythias,
He yet may come!
Pyth. Calanthe, no! Remember,
That Dionysius hath prevented it.
Cal. That was an idle tale of this old man,
And he may yet return!
Pyth. May yet return!
Speak!—how is this? return!—Oh, life, how strong
Thy love is in the hearts of dying men!
[*To Dionysius.*] Thou'rt he, did'st say the tyrant would prevent
His coming back to Syracuse?
Dion. (R.) I wronged him. [*Goes up.*
Pyth. (L.) Ha! were it possible!—may he yet come?
Cal. Into the sinews of the horse that bears him
Put swiftness, gods!—let him outrace and shame
The galloping of clouds upon the storm!
Blow breezes with him; lend every feeble aid
Unto his motion!—and thou, thrice solid earth,
Forget thy immutable fixedness—become
Under his feet like flowing water, and
Hither flow with him!
Pyth. I have taken in
All the horizon's vast circumference
That, in the glory of the setting sun,
Opens its wide expanse, yet do I see
No signal of his coming!—Nay, 'tis likely—
Oh, no—he could not! It is impossible!

Cal. I say, he is false! he is a murderer!
He will not come! the traitor doth prefer
Life, ignominious, dastard life!—Thou minister
Of light, and measurer of eternity
In this great purpose, stay thy going down,
Great sun, behind the confines of the world!
On yonder purple mountains make thy stand!
For while thine eye is opened on mankind,
Hope will abide within thy blessed beams—
They dare not do the murder in thy presence!
Alas! all heedless of my frantic cry,
He plunges down the precipice of Heaven!
Pythias—Oh, Pythias!

Pyth. I could have borne to die,
Unmoved, by Dionysius—but to be torn
Green from existence by the friend I loved,—
Thus from the blossoming and beauteous tree
Rent by the treachery of him I trusted!
No! no! I wrong thee, Damon, by that half thought—
Shame on the foul suspicion! he hath a wife,
And child, who cannot live on earth without him,
And Heaven has flung some obstacle in his way
To keep him back, and lets me die, who am
Less worthy, and the fitter.

Proc. Pythias, advance!

Cal. No, no! why should he yet? It is not yet—
By all the gods, there are two minutes only!

Proc. Take a last farewell of your mistress, sir,
And look your last upon the setting sun—
And do both quickly, for your hour comes on!

Pyth. Come here, Calanthe! closer to me yet!
[*Embraces her.*
Ah! what a cold transition it will be
From this warm touch, all full of life and beauty,
Unto the clammy mould of the deep grave!
I pr'ythee, my Calanthe, when I am gone,
If thou should'st e'er behold my hapless friend,
Do not upbraid him! This, my lovely one,
Is my last wish—Remember it!

Cal. [*Who, during this speech, has been looking wildly towards the side of the stage.*] Hush! Hush!
[*Crosses,* R.
Stand back there!

Pyth. Take her, you eternal gods,
Out of my arms into your own!—Befriend her!
And let her life glide on in gentleness,
For she is gentle, and doth merit it.
Cal. I think I see it—
Proc. Lead her from the scaffold!
Pyth. Arria, receive her!—yet one kiss—farewell!
Thrice—thrice farewell!—I am ready, sir.
Cal. Forbear!
There is a minute left: look there! look there!
But 'tis so far off, and the evening shades
Thicken so fast, there are no other eyes
But mine can catch it—Yet, 'tis there! I see it—
A shape as yet so vague and questionable,
'Tis nothing, just about to change and take
The faintest form of something!
Pyth. Sweetest love!
Dam. Your duty, officer. [*Officer approaches her.*
Cal. I will not quit him
Until ye prove I see it not!—no force
Till then shall separate us.
Dam. Tear them asunder!
Arria, conduct your daughter to her home.
Cal. Oh, send me not away—Pythias, thine arms—
Stretch out thine arms, and keep me!—see, it comes!
Barbarians!—Murderers!—Oh, yet a moment—
Yet but one pulse—one heave of breath! Oh, heavens!
[*Swoons, and is carried away by Arria and Officers.*
Pyth. [*To the Executioner.*] There is no pang in thy deep wedge of steel
After that parting.—Nay, sir, you may spare
Yourself the pains to fit me for the block.—
[*Drawing the lining of his tunic lower.*
Damon, I do forgive thee!—I but ask
Some tears unto my ashes!
[*A distant shout is heard,* R.—*Pythias leaps up on the Scaffold.*
By the gods,
A horse and horseman!—Far upon the hill,
They wave their hats, and he returns it—yet
I know him not—his horse is at the stretch! [*A shout,* R.
Why should they shout as he comes on? It is—

No!—that was too unlike—but there, now—there!
Oh, life, I scarcely dare to wish for thee;
And yet—that jutting rock has hid him from me—
No!—let it not be Damon!—he has a wife
And child!—gods!—keep him back!— [*Shouts,* R.

Damon. [*Without,* R.] Where is he!

DAMON *rushes in,* R., *and stands for a moment, looking round.*

Ha!
He is alive! untouched! Ha! ha! ha!
[*Falls with an hysterical laugh upon the stage.—Three loud shouts without.*

Pyth. The gods do know I could have died for him!
And yet I dared to doubt!—I dared to breathe
The half-uttered blasphemy! [*Damon is raised up.*
He faints!—How thick
This wreath of burning moisture on his brow!
His face is black with toil, his swelling bulk
Heaves with swift pantings. Damon, my dear friend!

Damon. Where am I? Have I fallen from my horse,
That I am stunned, and on my head I feel
A weight of thickening blood!—What has befallen me?
The horrible confusion of a dream
Is yet upon my sight.—For mercy's sake,
Stay me not back—he is about to die!
Pythias, my friend! Unloose me, villains, or
You'll find the might of madness in mine arm!
[*Sees Pythias.*] Speak to me, let me hear thy voice!

Pyth. My friend!

Damon. It pierced my brain, and rushed into my heart!
There's lightning in it!—That's the scaffold—there
The block—the axe—the executioner!
And here he lives!—I have him in my soul!
[*Embraces Pythias.*] Ha! ha! ha!

Pyth. Damon!

Damon. Ha! ha!
I can but laugh!—I cannot speak to thee!
I can but play the maniac, and laugh!
Thy hand!—Oh, let me grasp thy manly hand!—
It is an honest one, and so is mine!
They are fit to clasp each other! Ha! ha! ha!

Pyth. Would that my death could have preserved thee!
Damon. Pythias,
Even in the very crisis to have come,—
To have hit the very forehead of old time!
By heavens! had I arrived an hour before,
I should not feel this agony of joy—
This triumph over Dionysius!
Ha! ha!—But did'st thou doubt me? Come, thou did'st—
Own it, and I'll forgive thee.
Pyth. For a moment.
Damon. Oh, that false slave!—Pythias, he slew my horse,
In the base thought to save me! I would have killed him,
And to a precipice was dragging him,
When, from the very brink of the abyss,
I did behold a traveller afar,
Bestriding a good steed—I rushed upon him,
Choking with desperation, and yet loud
In shrieking anguish, I commanded him
Down from his saddle: he denied me—but
Would I then be denied? as hungry tigers
Clutch their poor prey, I sprang upon his throat:
Thus, thus, I had him, Pythias! Come, your horse,
Your horse, your horse, I cried. Ha! ha! ha!
Dion. [*Advancing and speaking in a loud tone.*] Damon!
Damon. [*Jumping on the scaffold.*] I am here upon the scaffold! look at me:
I am standing on my throne; as proud a one
As yon illumined mountain, where the sun
Makes his last stand; let him look on me too;
He never did behold a spectacle
More full of natural glory. Death is—[*Shouts,* R.] Ha!
All Syracuse starts up upon her hills,
And lifts her hundred thousand hands. [*Shouts,* R.] She shouts,
[*Shouts,* R.
Hark, how she shouts! [*Shouts,* R.] Oh, Dionysius!
When wert thou in thy life hailed with a peal
Of hearts and hands like that one? Shout again!
[*Shouts,* R.
Again! [*Shouts,* R.] until the mountains echo you,
And the great sea joins in that mighty voice,
And old Euceladus, the Son of Earth,

Stirs in his mighty caverns. [*Three shouts.*] Tell me, slaves,
Where is your tyrant? Let me see him now;
Why stands he hence aloof? Where is your master?
What is become of Dionysius?
I would behold, and laugh at him!

[*Dionysius advances between Damon and Pythias—Damon being on the scaffold—and throws off his disguise.*

Dion. Behold me.

Damon & Pyth. How?

Dion. Stay your admiration for awhile,
Till I have spoken my commandment here.
Go, Damocles, and bid a herald cry
Wide through the city, from the eastern gate
Unto the most remote extremity,
That Dionysius, tyrant as he is,
Gives back his life to Damon. [*Exit Damocles,* L.

Pyth. How, Dionysius?
Speak that again!

Dion. I pardon him.

Pyth. Oh, gods!
You give his life to Damon?

Dion. Life and freedom!

[*Shouts, drums,* R. *and* L.—*Damon staggers from the scaffold into the arms of Pythias.*

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Damon. Pythias.
Dionysius. Procles.
Officer. R.] Officer. L.]

THE END.

No. XXXVIII.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &c.

THE

CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

A Comedy

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY GEORGE COLMAN, THE ELDER.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

NEW YORK:

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

As a finished specimen of dramatic art, the comedy of "The Clandestine Marriage" holds a very high rank. Mr. Peake, the biographer of the Colmans, says it may be put, in the list of the acting drama, next in merit to the "School for Scandal"; and though we are somewhat doubtful as to the justice of this classification, we cannot pronounce the estimate an extravagant one.

The title-page of the original edition of the comedy bears the names of George Colman and David Garrick as the authors; but there can be little doubt that by far the greater part of it was written by the former. Garrick, though possessing some of the most essential qualities of the successful playwright, had not much true literary ability; while Colman was not only an accomplished writer, but a good classical scholar. The whole outline of the plot of this piece appears to have been his, as well as the idea of the principal characters. In a letter to Garrick inclosing a rough draft of the general scheme of the play, together with loose hints of acts and scenes, Colman, after giving a pretty clear foreshadowing of the story as it now stands, concludes by remarking: "Of the *dénouement* I have not as yet even conceived those imperfect ideas I have got of some other parts. Think of the whole: and think in my train, if it appears worth while; and when you have thrown your thoughts on paper as I have mine, we will lay our heads together, Brother Bayes."

Upon the subject of Garrick's dramatic partnership, George Colman the Younger communicates the following facts: "In respect to the report of Garrick having written the entire character of *Lord Ogleby*, my father once told me it was not true; that, as an instance to the contrary, he (my father) wrote the whole of Ogleby's first scene. He also informed me that one of

Garrick's greatest merits in this work (and it is a great one), was planning the incidents in the last act; the alarm of the families through the means of Mrs. Heidelberg and Miss Sterling, and bringing forward the various characters from their beds to pro duce an explanation, and the catastrophe. I regret that when my father imparted this, I did not make further inquiry; but I was then 'a moonish youth'. and troubled my head little or nothing about the matter. He always talked, however, of the play, as a joint production. Dramatic connoisseurs may discover the styles of authors; and there are few such connoisseurs who will not, I think, be of my opinion, that far the greater part of the dialogue in this comedy came from my father's pen, rather than that of Garrick."

The part of *Lord Ogleby* having been intended for Garrick, his refusal to play it seems to have produced a temporary interruption of friendly feeling between him and Colman. But real infirmities had incapacitated the great actor from representing fictitious ones; and dreading to encounter the fatigues of suc cessive performances, he resigned the part to King, who acquired deserved celebrity in it, and vindicated the propriety of his selection. But the most distinguished representative of this character is Mr. Farren, whose personation, according to the unanimous testimony of his critics, is one of the most perfect pictures that the stage has ever offered. The character itself is drawn with consummate skill, and carefully perfected. It is unequal led in its excellence among the list of superannuated beaus and ancient rakes, which the drama can show. "Judgment, originality, and fidelity, are combined in the delineation; and though the old lord's follies and foibles be in themselves sufficiently despicable, yet by investing him with generous and humane principles, he is preserved from our contempt."

"This comedy," says Richard Cumberland, "is one of the most pleasing and legitimate in our language. It does not sparkle with brilliant, but misplaced wit; it does not convulse us by the distortions of buffoonery, nor startle us by extravagance of incident or character; but the genuine taste that can pardon the absence of these modern beauties, will find abundant compensation in its nature, ease, and temperate vivacity. As long as

these qualities maintain their attraction, The Clandestine Marriage will support its high reputation."

The "Clandestine Marriage" was originally produced at Drury Lane Theatre early in 1766, and had a remarkably successful run. Farren's *Lord Ogleby* is still one of the most attractive personations of the London stage. In view of the eminent merits of this comedy as an acting piece, it is a little surprising that it is not oftener performed in this country. Is the absence of a great *Lord Ogleby* the cause? Yet both Placide and Burton are fully competent to the part. The late Mr. Finn would have played it to perfection. He was the best antiquated beau we have ever seen.

The comic characters of the play are drawn with much neatness and skill. *Canton* is the most amusing of parasites; and the passages between him and his venerable coxcomb of a master, are buoyant with humour and vivacity, and tell well in the representation. *Mrs. Heidelberg* is the prototype of Sheridan's Mrs. Malaprop; but she is a character little known and appreciated out of English society. The impudent valet, *Brush*, seems to have suggested the not dissimilar character of *Trip*, in the "School for Scandal." His aping of his master's foibles and vices tends to expose their genuine absurdity, and contributes to the truthful effect of the whole dramatic grouping. The character of *Sterling* is sketched with great spirit, and is not without its parallels even in our own day and country.

In conclusion we may remark, that there are few comedies that will better bear a searching critical analysis of their dramatic merits than the "Clandestine Marriage." Perhaps the one great defect of the plot is the absence of a clearly adequate motive for the concealment of the marriage; and *Sir John Melvil* very justly intimates at the close, that a little candour on the part of the married pair would have saved a world of perplexity and uneasiness. But then that very perplexity was essential to the dramatist's purposes. The error lay in not making its necessity greater and more obvious.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Covent Garden, 1824.	*Park, May*, 1843.
Lord Ogleby	Mr. W. Farren.	Mr. Placide.
Sir John Melvil	" Baker.	" Abbott.
Sterling	" Fawcett.	" Bellamy.
Lovewell	" Cooper.	" Lovell.
Canton	" Yates.	" Fisher.
Brush	" Jones.	" E. Shaw
Sergeant Flower	" Claremont.	
Traverse		
Trueman	" Mears.	
John (a Servant)	" Heath.	" King.
Mrs. Heidelberg	Mrs. Davenport.	Mrs. Vernon.
Miss Sterling	" Faucit.	Mrs. Hunt.
Fanny	Miss Jones.	Miss Buloid.
Betty		Mrs. Knight.
Chambermaid		Mrs. Lovell.
Trusty		Miss Bedford.

*** *In order to abridge the time of the representation of this piece, the parts of Sergeant Flower and his legal companions are now usually omitted.*

COSTUMES.

LORD OGLEBY.—*First dress*:—Flowered satin dressing-gown, a bow of white satin riband on his head. *Second dress*:—Full court dress, with spangles. &c.

SIR JOHN MELVIL.—Dress hat, blue dress coat, white waistcoat, white breeches, white silk stockings, and shoes.

STERLING.—Cocked hat, brown coat, waistcoat, and breeches; white stockings, and shoes.

LOVEWELL.—Round black hat, blue coat, white waistcoat, black breeches, black silk stockings, and shoes.

CANTON.—*First dress*:—Cocked hat, light coat trimmed with black, a belt, huge French postillion's boots, his hair in papers. *Second dress*:—White coat, light drab breeches, very short at the knees, light and spotted silk stockings and shoes.

BRUSH.—Olive green coat, buff waistcoat, flesh coloured breeches, and silk stockings, and shoes.

MRS. HEIDELBERG.—*First dress*:—Dark flowered gown, a flat and very wide gipsy hat. *Second dress*:—Flowered silk gown (very large pattern) trimmed with scarlet, ruffles, high cap, and long fliers. *Third dress*:—Common robe-de-chambre. &c.

MISS STERLING.—White satin.

FANNY.—White muslin, trimmed with white satin.

BETTY.—Flowered cotton gown, black silk apron.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*: R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*; L. C.. *Left of Centre*.

N.B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas, *are usually omitted in the representation.*

THE

CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*A Room in Sterling's House.—Miss Fanny and Betty meeting.*

Enter BETTY.

Betty. Ma'am! Miss Fanny! Ma'am!

Fanny. What's the matter, Betty?

Betty. (c) Oh, la! ma'am! as sure as I'm alive, here is your husband—

Fanny. Hush! my dear Betty; if anybody in the house should hear you, I am ruined.

Betty. Mercy on me! it has frightened me to such a degree, that my heart is come up to my mouth.—But as I was a-saying, ma'am, here's that dear, sweet—

Fanny. Have a care, Betty.

Betty. Lord! I am bewitched, I think—But as I was a-saying, ma'am, here's Mr. Lovewell just come from London.

Fanny. Indeed!

Betty. Yes, indeed, and indeed, ma'am, he is! I saw him crossing the court-yard in his boots.

Fanny. I am glad to hear it.—But pray, now, my dear Betty, be cautious. Don't mention that word again, on any account. You know we have agreed never to drop any expressions of that sort, for fear of an accident.

Betty. Dear ma'am, you may depend upon me. There is not a more trustier creature on the face of the earth, than I am. Though I say it, I am as secret as the grave—and if it's never told till I tell it, it may remain untold till doom's-day for Betty.

Fanny. I know you are faithful—but in our circum stances, we cannot be too careful.

Betty. Very true, ma'am! and yet I vow and protest there's more plague than pleasure with a secret; especially if a body mayn't mention it to four or five of one's particular acquaintance.

Fanny. Do but keep this secret a little while longer and then, I hope, you may mention it to anybody.—Mr Lovewell will acquaint the family with the nature of our situation as soon as possible.

Betty. The sooner the better, I believe; for if he does not tell it, there's a little tell-tale I know of, will come and tell it for him.

Fanny. Fie, Betty! [*Blushing.*

Betty. Ah! you may well blush.—But you're not so sick, and so pale, and so wan, and so many qualms—

Fanny. Have done! I shall be quite angry with you.

Betty. Angry!—Bless the dear puppet! I am sure I shall love it as much as if it was my own.—I meant no harm, heaven knows.

Fanny. Well, say no more of this—it makes me uneasy. All I have to ask of you is, to be faithful and secret, and not to reveal this matter, till we disclose it to the family ourselves.

Betty. Me reveal it! If I say a word, I wish I may be burned. I would not do you any harm for the world—And as for Mr. Lovewell, I am sure I have loved the dear gentleman ever since he got a tide-waiter's place for my brother—But let me tell you both, you must leave off your soft looks to each other, and your whispers, and your glances, and your always sitting next to one another at dinner, and your long walks together in the evenings. For my part, if I had not been in the secret, I should have known you were a pair of lovers, at least, if not man and wife, as—

Fanny. See there, now! again. Pray be careful.

Betty. Well—well, nobody hears me. Man and wife—I'll say no more—what I tell you is very true, for all that.

Lovewell. [*Calling without,* L.] William!

Betty. Hark! I hear your husband—

Fanny. What!

Betty. I say, here comes Mr. Lovewell—Mind the caution I give you—I'll be whipped, now, if you are not the first person he sees or speaks to in the family. However, if you choose it, it's nothing at all to me—as you sow, you must reap—as you brew, so you must bake. I'll e'en slip down the back stairs, and leave you together. [*Exit*, R.

Fanny. I see, I see I shall never have a moment's ease till our marriage is made public. New distresses crowd in upon me every day. The solicitude of my mind sinks my spirits, preys upon my health, and destroys every comfort of my life. It shall be revealed, let what will be the consequence.

Enter LOVEWELL, L.

Lov. My love! How's this? In tears?—Indeed, this is too much. You promised me to support your spirits, and to wait the determination of our fortune with patience. For my sake, for your own, be comforted!—Why will you study to add to our uneasiness and perplexity?

Fanny. Oh, Mr. Lovewell; the indelicacy of a secret marriage grows every day more and more shocking to me. I walk about the house like a guilty wretch: I imagine myself the object of the suspicion of the whole family; and am under the perpetual terrors of a shameful detection.

Lov. Indeed, indeed, you are to blame. The amiable delicacy of your temper, and your quick sensibility, only serve to make you unhappy. To clear up this affair properly to Mr. Sterling, is the continual employment of my thoughts. Everything now is in a fair train. It begins to grow ripe for a discovery; and I have no doubt of its concluding to the satisfaction of ourselves, of your father, and the whole family.

Fanny. End how it will, I am resolved it shall end soon—very soon—I would not live another week in this agony of mind, to be mistress of the universe.

Lov. Do not be too violent, neither. Do not let us disturb the joy of your sister's marriage with the tumult this matter may occasion!—I have brought letters from Lord Ogleby and Sir John Melvil to Mr. Sterling.—They will be here this evening—and I dare say, within this hour.

Fanny. I am sorry for it.

Lov. Why so?

Fanny. No matter—Only let us disclose our marriage immediately!

Lov. As soon as possible.

Fanny. But directly.

Lov. In a few days, you may depend upon it.

Fanny. To-night—or to-morrow morning.

Lov. That, I fear, will be impracticable.

Fanny. Nay, but you must.

Lov. Must! Why?

Fanny. Indeed you must. I have the most alarming reasons for it.

Lov. Alarming indeed! for they alarm me, even before I am acquainted with them. What are they?

Fanny. I cannot tell you.

Lov. Not tell me?

Fanny. Not at present. When all is settled, you shall be acquainted with everything.

Lov. Sorry they are coming!—Must be discovered!—What can all this mean?—Is it possible you can have any reasons that need be concealed from me?

Fanny. Do not disturb yourself with conjectures—but rest assured, that though you are unable to divine the cause, the consequence of a discovery, be what it will, cannot be attended with half the miseries of the present interval.

Lov. You put me upon the rack. I would do anything to make you easy—But you know your father's temper. Money (you will excuse my frankness) is the spring of all his actions, which nothing but the idea of acquiring nobility or magnificence can ever make him forego—and these he thinks his money will purchase.—You know too your aunt's (Mrs. Heidelberg's) notions of the splendour of high life, her contempt for everything that does not relish of what she calls quality; and that from the vast fortune in her hands, by her late husband, she absolutely governs Mr. Sterling and the whole family: now, if they come to the knowledge of this affair too abruptly, they might, perhaps, be incensed beyond all hopes of reconciliation.

Fanny. But if they are made acquainted with it other-

wise than by ourselves, it will be ten times worse: and a discovery grows every day more probable. The whole family have long suspected our affection. We are also in the power of a foolish maid-servant; and if we may even depend on her fidelity, we cannot answer for her discretion. Discover it, therefore, immediately, lest some accident should bring it to light, and involve us in additional disgrace.

Lov. Well, well—I mean to discover it soon, but would not do it precipitately. I have more than once sounded Mr. Sterling about it, and will attempt him more seriously the next opportunity. But my principal hopes are these: My relationship to Lord Ogleby, and his having placed me with your father, have been, you know, the first link in the chain of this connexion between the two families; in consequence of which, I am at present in high favour with all parties: while they all remain thus well-affected to me, I propose to lay our case before the old lord; and if I can prevail on him to mediate in this affair, I make no doubt but he will be able to appease your father; and, being a lord and a man of quality, I am sure he may bring Mrs. Heidelberg into good humour at any time. Let me beg you, therefore, to have but a little patience, as, you see, we are upon the very eve of a discovery, that must probably be to our advantage.

Fanny. Manage it your own way. I am persuaded.

Lov. But in the mean time make yourself easy.

Fanny. As easy as I can, I will. We had better not remain together any longer at present. Think of this business, and let me know how you proceed.

Lov. Depend on my care. But, pray, be cheerful.

Fanny. I will. [*Going* R. *meets* STERLING *entering.*

Ster. (R.) Hey-day! who have we got here?

Fanny. [*Confused.*] Mr. Lovewell, sir.

Ster. And where are you going, hussey?

Fanny. To my sister's chamber, sir. [*Exit,* R.

Ster. (R. C.) Ah, Lovewell! What! always getting my foolish girl yonder in the corner? Well, well—let us but once see her eldest sister fast married to Sir John Melvil, we'll soon provide a good husband for Fanny, I warrant you.

Lov. (C.) Would to heaven, sir, you would provide her one of my recommendation!

Ster. Yourself? eh, Lovewell!

Lov. With your pleasure, sir!

Ster. Mighty well!

Lov. And I flatter myself, that such a proposal would not be very disagreeable to Miss Fanny.

Ster. Better and better!

Lov. And if I could but obtain your consent, sir—

Ster. What! you marry Fanny!—no, no—that will never do, Lovewell! You are a good boy, to be sure; I have a great value for you—but can't think of you for a son-in-law. There's no stuff in the case, no money, Love well.

Lov. My pretensions to fortune, indeed, are but moderate; but though not equal to splendour, sufficient to keep us above distress. Add to which, that I hope by diligence to increase it; and have love, honour—

Ster. But not the stuff, Lovewell! Add one little round 0 to the sum total of your fortune, and that will be the finest thing you can say to me. You know I've a regard for you—would do any thing to serve you—any thing on the footing of friendship—but—

Lov. If you think me worthy of your friendship, sir, be assured that there is no instance in which I should rate your friendship so highly.

Ster. Psha! psha! that's another thing, you know. Where money or interest is concerned, friendship is quite out of the question.

Lov. But where the happiness of a daughter is at stake, you would not scruple, sure, to sacrifice a little to her inclinations.

Ster. Inclinations! why, you would not persuade me that the girl is in love with you—eh, Lovewell?

Lov. I cannot absolutely answer for Miss Fanny, sir; but I am sure that the chief happiness or misery of my life depends entirely upon her.

Ster. Why, indeed now, if your kinsman, Lord Ogleby, would come down handsomely for you—but that's impossible—No, no—'twill never do—I must hear no more of this. Come, Lovewell, promise me that I shall hear no more of this.

Lov. [*Hesitating.*] I am afraid, sir, I should not be able to keep my word with you.

Ster. Why you would not offer to marry her without my consent! would you, Lovewell?

Lov. Marry her, sir! [*Confused.*

Ster. Ay, marry her, sir! I know very well that a warm speech or two from such a dangerous young spark as you are, would go much farther towards persuading a silly girl to do what she has more than a month's mind to do, than twenty grave lectures from fathers and mothers, or uncles and aunts, to prevent her. But you would not, sure, be such a base fellow, such a treacherous young rogue, as to seduce my daughter's affections, and destroy the peace of my family in that manner. I must insist on it, that you give me your word not to marry her without my consent.

Lov. Sir—I—I—as to that—I—I—beg, sir—Pray, sir, excuse me on this subject at present.

Ster. Promise then, that you will carry this matter no further without my approbation.

Lov. You may depend on it, sir, that it shall go no further.

Ster. Well, well—that's enough—I'll take care of the rest, I warrant you. Come, come, let's have done with this nonsense. What's doing in town? Any news upon 'Change?

Lov. Nothing material.

Ster. And how are stocks?

Lov. Fell one and a half this morning.

Ster. Well, well—some good news from America, and they'll be up again. But how are Lord Ogleby and Sir John Melvil? When are we to expect them?

Lov. Very soon, sir. I came on purpose to give you their commands. Here are letters from both of them.

[*Giving letters.*

Ster. Let me see—let me see—'Slife, how his lordship's letter is perfumed!—It takes my breath away. [*Opening it.*] And French paper, too! with a fine border of flowers and flourishes—and a slippery gloss on it that dazzles one's eyes. "My dear Mr. Sterling." [*Reading.*] Mercy on me! His lordship writes a worse hand than a boy at his exercise. But how's this? Eh! "with you to-night!" —[*Reading.*]—"Lawyers to-morrow morning"—that's sudden, indeed.—Where's my sister Heidelberg? she

should know of this immediately. Here, John! Harry! Thomas! [*Calling the Servants.*] Hark ye, Lovewell!

Lov. Sir!

Ster. Mind now, how I'll entertain his lordship and Sir John—We'll shew your fellows at the other end of the town how we live in the city—They shall eat gold—and drink gold—and lie in gold—here cook! butler! [*Calling.*] What signifies your birth and education, and titles? Money, money, that's the stuff that makes the great man in this country.

Lov. Very true, sir!

Ster. True, sir! Why then have done with your nonsense of love and matrimony. You're not rich enough to think of a wife yet. A man of business should mind nothing but his business.—Where are these fellows? John! Thomas! [*Calling.*] Get an estate, and a wife will follow of course.—Ah! Lovewell! an English merchant is the most respectable character in the universe. 'Slife, man, a rich English merchant may make himself a match for the daughter of a nabob. Where are all my rascals? Here, William! [*Exit, calling,* R.

Lov. [c. *alone.*] So—as I suspected—quite averse to the match, and likely to receive the news of it with great displeasure. What's best to be done? Let me see! Suppose I get Sir John Melvil to interest himself in this affair. He may mention it to Lord Ogleby with a better grace than I can, and more probably prevail on him to interfere in it. Poor Fanny! It hurts me to see her so uneasy, and her making a mystery of the cause adds to my anxiety. Something must be done on her account; for, at all events, her solicitude shall be removed. [*Exit,* R.

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment.*

Miss Sterling *and* Miss Fanny *sitting.*

Miss Ster. [*Both rise.*] Oh, my dear sister, say no more! This is downright hypocrisy. You shall never convince me that you don't envy me beyond measure. Well, after all, it is extremely natural—it is impossible to be angry with you.

Fanny. (R. c.) Indeed, sister, you have no cause.

Miss Ster. (L. C.) And you really pretend not to envy me?

Fanny. Not in the least.

Miss Ster. And you don't in the least wish that you were just in my situation?

Fanny. No, indeed, I don't. Why should I?

Miss Ster. Why should you? What! on the brink of marriage, fortune, title—But I had forgot—There's that dear sweet creature Mr. Lovewell, in the case. You would not break your faith with your true love now for the world, I warrant you.

Fanny. Mr. Lovewell! always Mr. Lovewell! Lord, what signifies Mr. Lovewell, sister?

Miss Ster. Pretty peevish soul! Oh, my dear, grave, romantic sister! a perfect philosopher in petticoats! Love and a cottage! Eh, Fanny—Ah, give me indifference and a coach and six!—

Fanny. And why not the coach and six without the indifference? But, pray, when is this happy marriage of yours to be celebrated? I long to give you joy.

Miss Ster. In a day or two—I can't tell exactly—Oh, my dear sister!—[*Aside.*] I must mortify her a little.—I know you have a pretty taste. Pray give me your opinion of my jewels. [*Goes back to the table and returns with jewels.*] How do you like the style of this *esclavage?*

[*Shewing the jewels.*

Fanny. Extremely handsome, indeed, and well fancied.

Miss Ster. What d'ye think of these bracelets? I shall have a miniature of my father set round with diamonds, to one, and Sir John's to the other. And this pair of earrings! set transparent! here, the tops, you see, will take off to wear in a morning, or in an undress—how do you like them? [*Holding them up.*

Fanny. Very much, I assure you—Bless me, sister, you have a prodigious quantity of jewels—you'll be the very queen of diamonds.

Miss Ster. Ha! ha! ha! very well, my dear! I shall be as fine as a little queen, indeed. I have a boquet to come home to-morrow—made up of diamonds, and rubies, and emeralds, and topazes, and amethysts—jewels of all colours, green, red, blue, yellow, intermixed—the prettiest thing you ever saw in your life! The jeweller says,

I shall set out with as many diamonds as anybody in town, except Lady Brilliant, and Polly—What d'ye call it, Lord Squander's kept mistress.

Fanny. But what are your wedding-clothes, sister?

Miss Ster. Oh, white and silver, to be sure, you know—I bought them at Sir Joseph Lutestring's, and sat above an hour in the parlour behind the shop, consulting Lady Lutestring about gold and silver stuffs, on purpose to mortify her.

Fanny. Fie, sister! how could you be so abominably provoking?

Miss Ster. Oh, I have no patience with the pride of your city-knight's ladies—Did you ever observe the airs of Lady Lutestring drest in the richest brocade out of her husband's shop, playing crown whist at Haberdasher's Hall—whilst the civil smirking Sir Joseph, with a snug wig trimmed round his broad face as close as a new-cut yew-hedge, and his shoes so black that they shine again, stands all day in his shop, fastened to his counter like a bad shilling?

Fanny. Indeed, indeed, sister, this is too much—If you talk at this rate, you will be absolutely a bye-word in the city—You must never venture on the inside of Temple-Bar again.

Miss Ster. Never do I desire it—never, my dear Fanny, I promise you. Oh, how I long to be transported to the dear regions of Grosvenor Square—far—far from the dull districts of Aldersgate, Cheap, Candlewick, and Farringdon Without and Within! My heart goes pit-a-pat at the very idea of being introduced at Court! gilt chariot! pie-balled horses—laced liveries! and then the whispers buzzing round the circle—'Who is that young lady? who is she?' 'Lady Melvil, Ma'am!' Lady Melvil! My ears tingle at the sound. And then at Dinner, instead of my father perpetually asking—'Any news upon 'Change?'—to cry, 'Well, Sir John! anything new from Arthur's!'—or—to say to some other woman of quality, 'Was your ladyship at the Duchess of Rubber's last night? Did you call in at Lady Thunder's? In the immensity of the crowd I swear I did not see you—scarce a soul at the opera, last Saturday—shall I see you at St. James's next Thursday?' Oh, the dear Beau-Monde! I was born to move in the sphere of the great world.

Fanny. And so, in the midst of all this happiness, you have no compassion for me—no pity for us poor mortals in common life.

Miss Ster. [*Affectedly.*] You? You're above pity—you would not change conditions with me—You're over head and ears in love, you know. Nay, for that matter, if Mr. Lovewell and you come together, as I doubt not you will, you will live very comfortably, I dare say. He will mind his business—you'll employ yourself in the delightful care of your family—and once in a season, perhaps, you'll sit together in a front box at a benefit play, as we used to do at our dancing master's, you know—and perhaps I may meet you in the summer with some other citizens, at Tunbridge. For my part, I shall always entertain a proper regard for my relations. You sha'n't want my countenance, I assure you.

Fanny. Oh, you are too kind, sister!

Enter MRS. HEIDELBERG, R.

Mrs. Hei. [*At entering.*] Here this evening!—I vow and pertest, we shall scarce have time to provide for them.—[*To Miss Ster.*] Oh, my dear! I am glad to see you're not quite in a dish-abille. Lord Ogleby and Sir John Melvil will be here to-night. [*Fanny retires back and sits.*

Miss Ster. To-night, ma'am?

Mrs. Hei. Yes, my dear, to-night. Oh, put on a smarter cap, and change those ordinary ruffles!—Lord, I have such a deal to do, I shall scarce have time to slip on my Italian lutestring. Where is this dawdle of a housekeeper?

Enter MRS. TRUSTY, L.

Oh, here, Trusty! do you know that people of quality are expected here this evening?

Trusty. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Hei. Well—Do you be sure, now, that every thing is done in the most genteelest manner—and to the honour of the family.

Trusty. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Hei. Well—but mind what I say to you.

Trusty. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Hei. His lordship is to lie in the chintz bed-chamber; d'ye hear? and Sir John in the blue damask room. His lordship's valet-de-shamb in the opposite—

Trusty. But Mr. Lovewell is come down; and you know that's his room, ma'am.

Mrs. Hei. Well, well; Mr. Lovewell may make shift, or get a bed at the George. But hark ye, Trusty!

Trusty. Ma'am!

Mrs. Hei. Get the great dining-room in order as soon as possible. Unpaper the curtains, take the kivers off the couch and the chairs, and put the china figures on the mantle-piece immediately, and set their heads a-nodding.

Trusty. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Hei. Be gone, then! fly this instant. Where's my brother Sterling?

Trusty. Talking to the butler, ma'am.

[*Fanny rises and advances.*

Mrs. Hei. (c.) Very well. [*Exit Trusty,* R.] Miss Fanny! I pertest I did not see you before. Lord, child, what's the matter with you?

Fanny. (L.) With me! Nothing, ma'am!

Mrs. Hei. Bless me! Why, your face is as pale, and black, and yellow—of fifty colours, I pertest. And then you have dressed yourself as loose, and as big—I declare there is not such a thing to be seen, now, as a young woman with a fine waist—You all make yourselves as round as Mrs. Deputy Barter. Go, child!—You know the qualaty will be here by and bye—Go, and make yourself a little more fit to be seen. [*Exit Fanny,* L.] She is gone away in tears—absolutely crying, I vow and pertest. This ridicalous love! we must put a stop to it. It makes a perfect natural of the girl.

Miss Ster. (R. C.) Poor soul! she can't help it.

Mrs. Hei. Well, my dear; now I shall have an opportoonity of convincing you of the absurdity of what you was telling me concerning Sir John Melvil's behaviour to you.

Miss Ster. Oh, it gives me no manner of uneasiness. But, indeed, ma'am, I cannot be persuaded but that Sir John is an extremely cold lover. Such distant civility, grave looks, and lukewarm professions of esteem for me and the whole family! I have heard of flames and darts, but Sir John's is a passion of mere ice and snow.

Mrs. Hei. Oh, fie, my dear! I am perfectly ashamed of you. That's so like the notions of your poor sister. What

you complain of as coldness and indifference, is nothing but the extreme gentilaty of his address, an exact pictur of the manners of qualaty.

Miss Ster. Oh, he is the very mirror of complaisance! full of formal bows and set speeches! I declare, if there was any violent passion on my side, I should be quite jealous of him.

Mrs. Hei. I say jealus, indeed! Jealus of who, pray?

Miss Ster. My sister Fanny. She seems a much greater favourite than I am, and he pays her infinitely more attention, I assure you.

Mrs. Hie. Lord! dy'ye think a man of fashion, as he is, can't distinguish between the genteel and the wulgar part of the famaly?—Between you and your sister, for instance—or me and my brother?—Be advised by me, child: It is all purliteness and good breeding. Nobody know the qualaty better than I do.

Miss Ster. In my mind, the old lord, his uncle, has ten times more gallantry about him than Sir John. He is full of attentions to the ladies, and smiles, and grins, and leers, and ogles, and fills every wrinkle of his old wizen face with comical expressions of tenderness. I think he would make an admirable sweetheart.

Enter STERLING, L.

Ster. [*Entering.*] No fish? Why, the pond was dragged but yesterday morning. There's carp and trench in the boat. Pox on't, if that dog Lovewell had any thought, he would have brought down a turbot, or some of the land-carriage mackerel.

Mrs. Hie. Lord, brother, I am afraid his lordship and Sir John will not arrive while it is light.

Ster. I warrant you. But pray, sister Heidelberg, let the turtle be dressed to-morrow, and some venison—and let the gardener cut some pine-apples—and get out some ice. I'll answer for wine, I warrant you. I'll give them such a glass of Champagne as they never drank in their lives—no, not at a duke's table.

Mrs. Hei. Pray, now, brother, mind how you behave. I am always in a fright about you with people of qualaty Take care that you don't fall asleep directly after supper, as you commonly do. Take a good deal of snuff, and

that will keep you awake—and don't burst out with your horrible loud horse-laughs. It is monstrous vulgar.

Ster. Never fear, sister! Who have we here?

Mrs. Hei. It is Mounseer Cantoon, the Swish gentleman, that lives with his lordship, I vow and pertest.

Enter Canton, L.

Ster. Ah, mounseer! your servant, I am very glad to see you, mounseer.

Cant. (L.) Mosh oblige to Monsieur Sterling. Ma'am, I am yours. Matemoiselle, I am yours. [*Bowing round.*

Mrs. Hei. (C.) Your humble servant, Mr. Cantoon!

Cant. (L.) I kiss your hands, matam.

Ster. Well, mounseer! and what news of your good family? When are we to see his Lordship and Sir John?

Cant. Monsieur Sterling! Milor Ogleby and Sir Jean Melvil will be here in one quarter-hour.

Ster. I am glad to hear it.

Mrs. Hei. Oh, I am perdigious glad to hear it. Being so late, I was afeard of some accident. Will you please to have anything, Mr. Cantoon, after your journey?

Cant. No, I tank you, ma'am.

Mrs. Hei. Shall I go and show you the apartments, sir?

Cant. You do me great honneur, ma'am.

Mrs. H. Come, then.—[*To Miss Ster.*] Come, my dear! [*Canton crosses to* R., *and exits with Mrs. H. and Miss Ster., bowing and protesting they do him too much honneur.*

Ster. Pox on't, it's almost dark. It will be too late to go round the garden this evening. However, I will carry them to take a peep at my fine canal at least, I am determined. [*Exit,* R.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT II.

Scene I.—*An Ante-chamber to Lord Ogleby's Bed-chamber. Table with chocolate, and small case for medicines.*

Enter Brush, *my Lord's Valet-de-Chambre, and* Sterling's *Chambermaid.*

Brush. You shall stay, my dear I insist upon it.

Chamb. Nay, pray, sir, don't be so positive; I can't stay, indeed.

Brush. You shall take one cup to our better acquaintance.

Chamb. I seldom drinks chocolate; and if I did, one has no satisfaction with such apprehensions about one. If my lord should awake, or the Swish gentleman should see one, or Madam Heidelberg should know of it, I should be frighted to death: besides, I have had my tea already this morning—I'm sure I hear my lord. [*Frightened.*

Brush. No, no, madam, don't flutter yourself—the moment my lord wakes, he rings his bell, which I answer sooner or later, as it suits my convenience.

Chamb. But should he come upon us without ringing?

Brush. I'll forgive him if he does. This key—[*Pointing to a range of phials*]—locks him up, till I please to let him out.

Chamb. Law, sir! that's potecary's stuff.

Brush. It is so: but without this he can no more get out of bed, than he can read without spectacles. [*Sips.*] What with qualms, age, rheumatisms, and a few surfeits in his youth, he must have a great deal of brushing, oiling, screwing, and winding up, to set him a-going for the day.

Chamb. [*Sips.*] That's prodigious indeed. [*Sips.*] My lord seems quite in a decay.

Brush. Yes, he's quite a spectacle, [*sips*] a mere corpse, till he is revived and refreshed from our little magazine here. When the restorative pills and cordial waters warm his stomach, and get into his head, vanity frisks in his heart, and then he sets up for the lover, the rake, and the fine gentleman.

Chamb. [*Sips.*] Poor gentleman! but should the Swish gentleman come upon us? [*Frightened.*

Brush. Why then the English gentleman would be very angry. No foreigner must break in upon my privacy. [*Sips.*] But I can assure you Mr. Canton is otherwise employed—he is obliged to skim the cream of half a score newspapers for my lord's breakfast. Pray, madam, drink your cup peaceably. My lord's chocolate is remarkably good—he won't touch a drop, but what comes from Italy.

Chamb. [*Sipping.*] 'Tis very fine, indeed! [*sips*] and charmingly perfumed—it smells for all the world like our young ladies' dressing boxes.

Brush. You have an excellent taste, madam, and I must beg of you to accept of a few cakes for your own drinking, [*rise and advance*] and in return I desire nothing but to taste the perfume of your lips. [*Kissing her.*] A small return of favors, madam, will make, I hope, this country and retirement agreeable to both. [*He bows, she courtsies; return, and sit again.*] Your young ladies are fine girls, faith: [*sips*] tho', upon my soul, I am quite of my old lord's opinion about them, and were I inclined to matrimony, I should take the youngest. [*Sips.*

Chamb. Miss Fanny's the most affablest and the most best natur'd creter!

Brush. And the eldest a little haughty or so—

Chamb. More haughtier and prouder than Saturn himself—but this I say quite confidential to you; for one would not hurt a young lady's marriage, you know. [*Sips.*

Brush. By no means; but you can't hurt it with us—we don't consider tempers—we wan't money, Mrs. Nancy; give us enough of that, we'll abate you a great deal in other particulars.

Chamb. Bless me, here's somebody—[*bell rings*]—O! 'tis my lord—Well, your servant, Mr. Brush—I'll clean the cups in the next room.

Brush. Do so—but never mind the bell—I shan't go this half hour. Will you drink tea with me in the afternoon?

Chamb. Not for the world, Mr. Brush. I'll be here to set all things to rights—but I must not drink tea, indeed, and so your servant. [*Bell rings.—Exit, with tea-board,* L.

Brush. It is impossible to stupify one's self in the country for a week, without some little flirting with the Abigails: this is much the handsomest wench in the house, except the old citizen's youngest daughter, and I have not time enough to lay a plan for her. [*Bell rings.*] And now I'll go to my Lord, for I have nothing else to do.

[*Going.*

Enter Canton, (R.) *with newspapers in his hand.*

Cant. Monsieur Brush—Maître Brush—my lor stirra yet?

Brush. He has just rung his bell—I am going to him.

[*Exit, Brush.*

Cant. Dépêchez-vous donc. [*Puts on spectacles.*] I wish de Deveil had all dese papiers—I forget as fast as I read —De Advertise put out of my head de Gazette, de Gazette de Cronique, and so dey all go l'un après l'autre—I must get some nouvelle for my lor, or he'ell be enragé contre moi—Voyons! [*Reads the Papers.*] Here is nothing but Anti-Sejanus et advertise—

Enter MAID *with chocolate things.*

Vat you vant, child?

Chamb. Only the chocolate things, sir.

Cant. Oh, ver well—dat is good girl—and very prit, too. [*Exit Maid.*

Lord Ogl. [*Within.*] Canton, he, he, [*coughs*] Canton!

Cant. I come, my lor—vat shall I do?—I have no news —He will make great tintamarre!—

Lord Ogl. [*Within.*] Canton, I say, Canton! Where are you?

Enter LORD OGLEBY, *leaning on* BRUSH.

Cant. Here, my lor; I ask pardon, my lor; I have not finish de papiers—

Lord Ogl. Damn your pardon, and your papiers,—I want you here, Canton.

Cant. Den I run, dat is all. [*Shuffles along.*

[LORD OGLEBY *leans upon* CANTON *too, and comes forward.*

Lord Ogl. You Swiss are the most unaccountable mixture—you have the language and impertinence of the French, with the laziness of Dutchmen.

Cant. 'Tis very true, my lor—I can't help—

Lord Ogl. [*Cries out*] O, Diavolo!

Cant. You are not in pain, I hope, my lor.

Lord Ogl. Indeed but I am, my lor. That vulgar fellow, Sterling, with his city politeness, would force me down his slope last night, to see a clay-coloured ditch, which he calls a canal; and what with the dew, and the East wind, my hips and shoulders are absolutely screwed to my body.

Cant. A littel véritable eau d'arquibusade vill set all to right again.

[*My lord sits down in an easy-chair, and Brush gives him chocolate.*

Lord Ogl. Where are the palsy drops, Brush?

Brush. Here, my lord! [*Pouring out.*

Lord Ogl. Quelle nouvelle avez-vous, Canton?

Cant. A great deal of papier, but no news at all.

Lord Ogl. What! nothing at all, you stupid fellow?

Cant. Yes, my lor, I have a little advertise here vil give you more plaisir den all de lyes about nothing at all. La voilá! [*Puts on his spectacles.*

Lord Ogl. Come, read it, Canton, with good emphasis and discretion.

Cant. I vil, my lor. [*Cant reads.*] Dere is no question, but that the Cosmétique Royale vil utterlie take away all heats, pimps, frecks, oder eruptions of de skin, and likewise de wrinque of old age, &c. &c.—A great deal more, my lor—be sure to ask for de Cosmétique Royale, signed by de Docteur own hand. Dere is more raison for dis caution dan good men vil tink.—Eh bien, my lor?

Lord Ogl. Eh bien, Canton, will you purchase any?

Cant. For you, my lor?

Lord Ogl. For me, you old puppy! for what?

Cant. My lor?

Lord Ogl. Do I want cosmetics?

Cant. My lor?

Lord Ogl. Look in my face. Come, be sincere. Does it want the assistance of art?

Cant. [*With his Spectacles.*] En vérité non. 'Tis very smoose and brillian—but tote dat you might take a litle by way of prevention.

Lord Ogl. You thought like an old fool, Monsieur, as you generally do—The surfeit water, Brush! [*Brush pours out.*] What do you think, Brush, of this family, we are going to be connected with? Eh?

Brush. Very well to marry in, my lord; but it would not do to live with.

Lord Ogl. You are right, Brush. There is no washing the blackamoor white—Mr. Sterling will never get rid of Blackfriars, always taste of the Borachio; and the poor woman, his sister, is so busy and so notable to make one welcome, that I have not yet got over her first reception; it almost amounted to suffocation! I think the daughters are tolerable—Where's my cephalic snuff?

[*Brush gives him a box.*

Cant. Dey tink so of you, my lor, for dey look at no ting else, ma foi.

Lord Ogl. Did they? Why, I think they did a little—Where's my glass? [*Brush puts one on the table.*] The youngest is delectable. [*Takes snuff.*

Cant. O oui, my lor, very delect, inteed; she made doux yeux at you, my lor.

Lord Ogl. She was particular. The eldest, my nephew's lady, will be a most valuable wife; she has all the vulgar spirits of her father and aunt, happily blended with the termagant qualities of her deceased mother.—Some peppermint water, Brush!—How happy is it, Cant., for young ladies in general, that people of quality overlook every thing in a marriage contract but their fortune.

Cant. C'est bien heureux, et commode aussi.

Lord Ogl. Brush, give me that pamphlet by my bedside. [*Brush goes for it.*] Canton, do you wait in the ante-chamber, and let no one interrupt me till I call you.

Cant. Mush good may do your lordship! [*Exit,* R.

Lord Ogl. [*To Brush, who brings the pamphlet.*] And now, Brush, leave me a little to my studies.

[*Exit Brush,* L.

Lord Ogl. [*Alone.*] What can I possibly do among these women, here, with this confounded rheumatism? It is a most grievous enemy to gallantry and address. [*Rises.*] He! Courage, my lor! by heavens, I'm another creature. [*Hums and dances a little.*] It will do, faith. Bravo, my lor! These girls have absolutely inspired me. If they are for a game of romps—me voilà prêt! [*Sings and dances.*] Oh—that's an ugly twinge—but it's gone. I have rather too much of the lily this morning in my complexion; a faint tincture of the rose will give a delicate spirit to my eyes for the day. [*Unlocks a drawer at the bottom of the glass, and takes out rouge; while he's painting himself, a knocking at the door.*] Who's there? I won't be disturbed.

Cant. [*Without,* R.] My lor, my lor, here is Monsieur Sterling to pay his devoir to you this morn in your chambre.

Lord Ogl. [*Softly.*] What a fellow!—[*Aloud.*] I am extremely honoured by Mr. Sterling. Why don't you see him in, Monsieur? I wish he was at the bottom of his

stinking canal. [*Door opens.*] Oh, my dear Mr. Sterling, you do me a great deal of honour.

Enter CANTON, STERLING, *and* LOVEWELL, R.

Ster. I hope, my lord, that your lordship slept well in the night—I believe there are no better beds in Europe than I have—I spare no pains to get 'em, nor money to buy them—His Majesty, God bless him, don't sleep upon a better out of his palace; and if I had said *in* too, I hope no treason, my lord.

Lord Ogl. Your beds are like everything else about you—incomparable. They not only make one rest well, but give one spirits, Mr. Sterling.

Ster. What say you, then, my lord, to another walk in the garden? You must see my water by daylight, and my walks, and my slopes, and my clumps, and my bridge, and my flowering trees, and my bed of Dutch tulips. Matters looked but dim last night, my lord; I feel the dew in my great toe—but I would put on a cut shoe, that I might be able to walk you about. I may be laid up to-morrow.

Lord Ogl. [*Aside.*] I pray heaven you may!

Ster. What say you, my lord?

Lord Ogl. I was saying, sir, that I was in hopes of seeing the young ladies at breakfast. Mr. Sterling, they are, in my mind, the finest tulips in this part of the world—he! he!

Cant. (L. C.) Bravissimo, my lor—ha! ha! ha!

Ster. They shall meet your lordship in the garden—we don't lose our walk for them; I'll take you a little round before breakfast, and a larger before dinner, and in the evening you shall go to the Grand Tower, as I call it—ha! ha! ha!

Lord Ogl. (C.) Not a foot, I hope, Mr. Sterling—consider your gout, my good friend. You'll certainly be laid by the heels for your politeness.

Cant. Ha! ha! ha! 'Tis admirable! en vérité!

[*Laughing very heartily.*

Ster. (R. C.) If my young man [*To Lovewell*] here would but laugh at my jokes, which he ought to do, as Mounseer does at yours, my lord, we should be all life and mirth.

Lord Ogl. What say you, Cant., will you take my

kinsman into your tuition? You have certainly the most companionable laugh I ever met with, and never out of tune—

Cant. But when your lordship is out of spirits.

Lord Ogl. Well said, Cant.; but here comes my nephew to play his part.

Enter Sir John Melvil, r.

Well, Sir John, what news from the island of Love? have you been sighing and serenading this morning?

Sir John. I am glad to see your lordship in such spirits this morning.

Lord Ogl. I'm sorry to see you so dull, sir. What poor things, Mr. Sterling, these *very* young fellows are! they make love with faces, as if they were burying the dead; though, indeed, a marriage sometimes may be properly called a burying of the living—eh, Mr. Sterling?

Ster. Not if they have enough to live upon, my lord—Ha! ha! ha!

Cant. Dat is all Monsieur Sterling tink of.

Sir John. [*Apart to Lovewell.*] Pr'ythee, Lovewell, come with me into the garden; I have something of consequence for you, and I must communicate it directly.

Lov. We'll go together.—If your lordship and Mr. Sterling please, we'll prepare the ladies to attend you in the garden. [*Exeunt Sir John and Lovewell*, r.

Ster. My girls are always ready; I make 'em rise soon and to bed early; their husbands shall have 'em with good constitutions and good fortunes, if they have nothing else, my lord.

Lord Ogl. Fine things, Mr. Sterling!

Ster. Fine things, indeed, my lord! Ah, my lord, had not you run off your speed in your youth, you had not been so crippled in your age, my lord.

Lord Ogl. Very pleasant. [*Half laughing.*

Ster. Here's Mounseer, now, I suppose, is pretty near your lordship's standing; but having little to eat, and little to spend, in his own country, he'll wear three of your lordship out—eating and drinking kills us all.

Lord Ogl. Very pleasant, I protest.—[*Aside.*] What a vulgar dog!

Cant. My lor so old as me? He is chicken to me, and look like a boy to pauvre me.

Ster. Ha! ha! ha! Well said, Mounseer—keep to that, and you'll live in any country of the world—Ha! ha! ha! But, my lord, I will wait upon you in the garden; we have but a little time to breakfast—I'll go for my hat and cane, fetch a little walk with you, my lord, and then for the hot rolls and butter! [*Exit*, R.

Lord Ogl. I shall attend you with pleasure. Hot rolls and butter in July! I sweat with the thoughts of it. What a strange beast it is!

Cant. C'est un barbare.

Lord Ogl. He is a vulgar dog, and if there was not so much money in the family, which I can't do without, I would leave him and his hot rolls and butter directly. Come along, Monsieur! [*Exeunt Lord Ogl. and Cant.*, R.

Scene II.—*A Garden.*

Enter Sir John Melvil *and* Lovewell, L.

Lov. In my room this morning? Impossible.

Sir John. Before five this morning, I promise you.

Lov. On what occasion?

Sir John. I was so anxious to disclose my mind to you, that I could not sleep in my bed—but I found that you could not sleep neither—the bird was flown, and the nest long since cold. Where was you, Lovewell?

Lov. Pooh! prithee! ridiculous!

Sir John. Come, now, which was it? Miss Sterling's maid? a pretty little rogue! or Miss Fanny's Abigail? a sweet soul too—or—

Lov. Nay, nay, leave trifling, and tell me your business.

Sir John. Well, but where was you, Lovewell?

Lov. Walking—writing—what signifies where I was?

Sir John. Walking! yes, I dare say. It rained as hard as it could pour. Sweet refreshing showers to walk in! No, no, Lovewell. Now would I give twenty pounds to know which of the maids—

Lov. But your business—your business, Sir John!

Sir John. Let me a little into the secrets of the family.

Lov. Psha!

Sir John. [*Aside.*] Poor Lovewell, he can't bear it, I see.—[*Aloud.*] She charged you not to kiss and tell—eh,

Lovewell? However, though you will not honour me with your confidence, I'll venture to trust you with mine. What do you think of Miss Sterling?

Lov. What do I think of Miss Sterling?

Sir John. Ay, what d'ye think of her?

Lov. An odd question! But I think her a smart, lively girl, full of mirth and sprightliness.

Sir John. All mischief and malice, I doubt not.

Lov. How?

Sir John. But her person, what d'ye think of that?

Lov. Pretty and agreeable.

Sir John. An awkward creature.

Lov. What is the meaning of all this?

Sir John. I'll tell you. You must know, Lovewell, that notwithstanding all appearances—[*Seeing Lord Ogleby, &c.*]—We are interrupted: when they are gone, I'll explain.

Enter LORD OGLEBY, STERLING, MRS. HEIDELBERG, MISS STERLING, *and* FANNY, L. S. E.

Lord Ogl. (C.) Great improvements, indeed, Mr. Sterling! wonderful improvements! The Four Seasons in Lead, the Flying Mercury, and the basin with Neptune in the middle, are all in the very extreme of fine taste. You have as many rich figures as the man at Hyde Park Corner.

Ster. (R. C.) The chief pleasure of a country house is to make improvements, you know, my lord. I spare no expense, not I. This is quite another guess sort of a place than it was when I first took it, my lord. We were surrounded with trees. I cut down above fifty to make the lawn before the house, and let in the wind and the sun—smack-smooth—as you see. Then I made a green-house out of the old laundry, and turned the brew-house into a pinery. The high octagon summer-house, you see yonder, is raised on the mast of a ship, given me by an East India captain, who has turned many a thousand of my money. It commands the whole road. All the coaches, and chariots, and chaises pass and repass under your eye. I'll mount you up there in the afternoon, my lord. 'Tis the pleasantest place in the world to take a pipe and a bottle; and so you shall say, my lord.

Lord Ogl. Ay, or a bowl of punch, or a can of flip, Mr.

Sterling; for it looks like a cabin in the air. If flying chairs were in use, the captain might make a voyage to the Indies in it still, if he had but a fair wind.

Cant. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Hei. (L. C.) My brother's a little comical in his ideas, my lord—but you'll excuse him. I have a little Gothic dairy, fitted up entirely in my own taste. In the evening I shall hope for the honour of your lordship's company to take a dish of tea there, or a syllabub warm from the cow.

Lord Ogl. I have every moment a fresh opportunity of admiring the elegance of Mrs. Heidelberg—the very flower of delicacy, and cream of politeness.

Mrs. Hei. Oh, my lord! } [*Leering at each other.*
Lord Ogl. Oh, madam! }

Ster. How d'ye like these close walks, my lord?

Lord Ogl. A most excellent serpentine! It forms a perfect maze, and winds like a true lover's knot.

Ster. Ay, here's none of your straight lines here—but all taste—zig-zag—crinkum-crankum—in and out—right and left—to and again—twisting and turning like a worm, my lord!

Lord Ogl. Admirably laid out, indeed, Mr. Sterling! one can hardly see an inch beyond one's nose anywhere in these walks. You are a most excellent economist of your land, and make a little go a great way. It lies together in as small parcels as if it was placed in pots out at your window in Gracechurch street.

Cant. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Lord Ogl. What d'ye laugh at, Canton?

Cant. Ah! que cette similitude est drole! So clever what you say, my lor!

Lord Ogl. [*To Fanny.*] You seem mightily engaged, madam. What are those pretty hands so busily employed about?

Fanny. Only making up a nosegay, my lord. Will your lordship do me the honour of accepting it?

[*Presenting it.*

Lord Ogl. I'll wear it next my heart, madam! [*Apart.*] I see, the young creature doats on me!

Miss Ster. Lord, sister! you've loaded his lordship with a bunch of flowers as big as the cook or the nurse carry

to town on Monday morning for a beau-pot. Will your lordship give me leave to present you with this rose and a sprig of sweet-briar?

Lord Ogl. The truest emblems of yourself, madam! all sweetness and poignancy.—[*Apart.*] A little jealous, poor soul!

Ster. Now, my lord, if you please, I'll carry you to see my ruins.

Mrs. Hei. You'll absolutely fatigue his lordship with over-walking, brother.

Lord Ogl. Not at all, madam. We're in the garden of Eden, you know; in the region of perpetual spring, youth, and beauty. [*Leering at the women, who stand,* L.

Mrs. Hei. [*Apart.*] Quite the man of qualaty, I pertest.

Cant. Take a my arm, my lor. [*Lord O. leans on him.*

Ster. I'll only show his lordship my ruins, and the cascade, and the Chinese bridge, and then we'll go in to breakfast.

Lord Ogl. Ruins, did you say, Mr. Sterling?

Ster. Ay, ruins, my lord! and they are reckoned very fine ones, too. You would think them ready to tumble on your head. It has just cost me a hundred and fifty pounds to put my ruins in thorough repair. This way, if your lordship pleases.

Lord Ogl. [*Going, stops.*] What steeple's that we see yonder?—the parish church, I suppose.

Ster. Ha! ha ha! that's admirable. It is no church at all, my lord! it is a spire that I have built against a tree, a field or two off, to terminate the prospect. One must always have a church, or an obelisk, or something to terminate the prospect, you know. That's a rule in taste, my lord!

Lord Ogl. (c.) Very ingenious, indeed! For my part, I desire no finer prospect than I see before me. [*Leering at the women.*] Simple, yet varied; bounded, yet extensive.—Get away, Canton! [*Pushing away Canton.*] I want no assistance—I'll walk with the ladies.

Ster. This way, my lord!

Lord Ogl. Lead on, sir!—We young folks will follow you. Madam!—Miss Sterling!—Miss Fanny!—I attend you. [*Exit after Sterling, gallanting the ladies.*

Cant. [*Following.*] He is cock o' de game, ma foi!

[*Exit.—Sir John Melvil and Lovewell come forward.*

Sir John. At length, thank heaven, I have an opportunity to unbosom.—I know you are faithful, Lovewell, and flatter myself you would rejoice to serve me.

Lov. Be assured, you may depend on me.

Sir John. You must know, then, notwithstanding all appearances, that this treaty of marriage between Miss Sterling and me will come to nothing.

Lov. How!

Sir John. It will be no match, Lovewell.

Lov. No match?

Sir John. No.

Lov. You amaze me. What should prevent it?

Sir John. I.

Lov. You! wherefore?

Sir John. I don't like her.

Lov. Very plain indeed! I never supposed that you was extremely devoted to her from inclination, but thought you always considered it as a matter of convenience, rather than affection.

Sir John. Very true. I came into the family without any impression on my mind—with an unimpassioned indifference, ready to receive one woman as well as another. I looked upon love, serious, sober love, as a chimera, and marriage as a thing of course, as you know most people do. But I, who was lately so great an infidel in love, am now one of its sincerest votaries. In short, my defection from Miss Sterling proceeds from the violence of my attachment to another.

Lov. (R. C.) Another! So, so! here will be fine work. And pray, who is she?

Sir John. (C.) Who is she? who can she be, but Fanny, the tender, amiable, engaging Fanny?

Lov. Fanny! What Fanny?

Sir John. Fanny Sterling; her sister. Is she not an angel, Lovewell?

Lov. Her sister? Confusion!—You must not think of it, Sir John.

Sir John. Not think of it? I can think of nothing else. Nay, tell me, Lovewell! was it possible for me to be indulged in a perpetual intercourse with two such objects as Fanny and her sister, and not find my heart led by insen-

sible attraction towards her? You seem confounded! Why don't you answer me?

Lov. Indeed, Sir John, this event gives me infinite concern.

Sir John. Why so? Is she not an angel, Lovewell?

Lov. I foresee that it must produce the worst consequences. Consider the confusion it must unavoidably create. Let me persuade you to drop these thoughts in time.

Sir John. Never—never, Lovewell!

Lov. You have gone too far to recede. A negociation, so nearly concluded, cannot be broken off with any grace. The lawyers, you know, are hourly expected; the preliminaries almost finally settled between Lord Ogleby and Mr. Sterling; and Miss Sterling herself ready to receive you as a husband.

Sir John. Why, the banns have been published, and nobody has forbidden them, 'tis true. But you know either of the parties may change their minds even after they enter the church.

Lov. You think too lightly of this matter. To carry your addresses so far—and then to desert her—and for her sister, too! It will be such an affront to the family, that they can never put up with it.

Sir John. I don't think so: for as to my transferring my passion from her to her sister, so much the better! for then, you know, I don't carry my affection out of the family.

Lov. Nay, but prythee, be serious, and think better of it.

Sir John. I have thought better of it already, you see. Tell me honestly, Lovewell, can you blame me? Is there any comparison between them?

Lov. As to that, now—Why, that—is just—just as it may strike different people. There are many admirers of Miss Sterling's vivacity.

Sir John. Vivacity! a medley of Cheapside pertness, and Whitechapel pride. No, no, if I do go so far into the city for a wedding-dinner, it shall be upon turtle, at least.

Lov. But I see no probability of success; for granting that Mr. Sterling would have consented to it at first, he cannot listen to it now. Why did not you break this affair to the family before?

Sir John. Under such embarrassed circumstances as I have been, can you wonder at my irresolution or perplexity? Nothing but despair, the fear of losing my dear Fanny, could bring me to a declaration even now; and yet I think I know Mr. Sterling so well, that strange as my proposal may appear, if I can make it advantageous to him as a money transaction, as I am sure I can, he will certainly come into it.

Lov. But even suppose he should, which I very much doubt, I don't think Fanny herself would listen to your addresses.

Sir John. You are deceived a little in that particular.

Lov. You'll find I am in the right.

Sir John. I have some little reason to think otherwise.

Lov. You have not declared your passion to her already?

Sir John. Yes, I have.

Lov. Indeed!—And—and—how did she receive it?

Sir John. I think it is not very easy for me to make my addresses to any woman, without receiving some little encouragement.

Lov. Encouragement! did she give you any encouragement?

Sir John. I don't know what you call encouragement—but she blushed—and cried—and desired me not to think of it any more—upon which I pressed her hand—kissed it—swore she was an angel—and I could see it tickled her to the soul.

Lov. And did she express no surprise at your declaration?

Sir John. Why, faith, to say the truth, she was a little surprised—and she got away from me too, before I could thoroughly explain myself. If I should not meet with an opportunity of speaking to her, I must get you to deliver a letter for me.

Lov. I! a letter!—I had rather have nothing—

Sir John. Nay, you promised me your assistance—and I am sure you cannot scruple to make yourself useful on such an occasion—You may, without suspicion, acquaint her verbally of my determined affection for her, and that I am resolved to ask her father's consent.

Lov. As to that, I—your commands, you know—that is, if she—Indeed, Sir John, I think you are in the wrong.

Sir John. Well—well—that's my concern—Ha! there she goes, by heaven! along that walk, yonder, d'ye see? I'll go to her immediately.

Lov. You are too precipitate. Consider what you are doing!

Sir John. I would not lose this opportunity for the universe.

Lov. Nay, pray don't go! Your violence and eagerness may overcome her spirits. The shock will be too much for her. [*Detaining him.*

Sir John. Nothing shall prevent me. Ha! now she turns into another walk—let me go! [*Breaks from him.*] I shall lose her. [*Going, turns back.*] Be sure now to keep out of the way! If you interrupt us, I shall never forgive you. [*Exit, hastily,* R.

Lov. (c.) 'Sdeath! I can't bear this. In love with my wife! acquaint me with his passion for her! make his addresses before my face! I shall break out before my time —This was the meaning of Fanny's uneasiness. She could not encourage him—I am sure she could not—Ha! they are turning into the walk, and coming this way. Shall I leave the place?—Leave him to solicit my wife! I can't submit to it—They come nearer and nearer—If I stay, it will look suspicious—It may betray us and incense him—They are here—I must go—I am the most unfortunate fellow in the world. [*Exit,* L.

Enter FANNY, *followed by* SIR JOHN, R.

Fanny. (c.) Leave me, Sir John, I beseech you, leave me; nay, why will you persist to follow me with idle solicitations, which are an affront to my character, and an injury to your own honour?

Sir John. (R. c.) I know your delicacy, and tremble to offend it; but let the urgency of the occasion be my excuse! Consider, madam, that the future happiness of my life depends on my present application to you! consider that this day must determine my fate; and these are perhaps the only moments left me to incline you to warrant my passion, and to intreat you not to oppose the proposals I mean to open to your father.

Fanny. For shame, for shame, Sir John! Think of your previous engagements! Think of your own situation,

and think of mine! What have you discovered in my conduct that might encourage you to so bold a declaration? I am shocked that you might venture to say so much, and blush that I should even dare to give it a hearing.—Let me be gone!

Sir John. Nay, stay madam, but one moment—Your sensibility is too great. Engagements! what engagements have been pretended on either side more than those of family convenience? I went on in the trammels of matrimonial negociation with a blind submission to your father and Lord Ogleby; but my heart soon claimed a right to be consulted. It has devoted itself to you, and obliges me to plead earnestly for the same tender interest in yours.

Fanny. Have a care, Sir John! do not mistake a depraved will for a virtuous inclination. By these common pretences of the heart, half our sex are made fools, and a greater part of yours despise them for it.

Sir John. Affection, you will allow, is involuntary. We cannot always direct it to the object on which it should fix —But when it is once inviolably attached, inviolably as mine is to you, it often creates reciprocal affection. When I last urged you on this subject, you heard me with more temper, and I hoped with some compassion.

Fanny. You deceived yourself. If I forbore to exert a proper spirit; nay, if I did not even express the quickest resentment of your behaviour, it was only in consideration of that respect I wish to pay you, in honour to my sister: and be assured, sir, woman as I am, that my vanity could reap no pleasure from a triumph that must result from the blackest treachery to her. [*Going.*

Sir John. One word, and I have done. [*Stopping her.*] Your impatience and anxiety, and the urgency of the occasion, oblige me to be brief and explicit with you—I appeal therefore from your delicacy to your justice. Your sister, I verily believe, neither entertains any real affection for me, or tenderness for you. Your father, I am inclined to think, is not much concerned by means of which of his daughters the families are united. Now, as they cannot, shall not be connected, otherwise than by my union with you, why will you, from a false delicacy, oppose a measure so conducive to my happiness, and, I hope, your own? I love you, most passionately and sincerely love you—and I hope

to propose terms agreeable to Mr. Sterling:—If then you don't absolutely loath, abhor, and scorn me—if there is no other happier man—

Fanny. Hear me, sir, hear my final determination. Were my father and sister as insensible as you are pleased to represent them;—were my heart for ever to remain disengaged to any other—I could not listen to your proposals. What! you on the very eve of a marriage with my sister; I living under the same roof with her, bound not only by the laws of friendship and hospitality, but even the ties of blood, to contribute to her happiness—and not to conspire against her peace—the peace of a whole family—and that my own too!—Away, away, Sir John!—At such a time, and in such circumstances, your addresses only inspire me with horror—Nay, you must detain me no longer—I will go. [*Going,* L.

Sir John. Do not leave me in absolute despair!—Give me a glimpse of hope! [*Falling on his knees,* L.

Fanny. I cannot. Pray, Sir John! [*Struggling to go.*

Sir John. Shall this hand be given to another? [*Kissing her hand.*] No—I cannot endure it—My whole soul is yours, and the whole happiness of my life is in your power.

Enter MISS STERLING, R. U. E.

Fanny. (L.) Ha! My sister is here. Rise, for shame, Sir John!

Sir John. Miss Sterling! [*Rising.*

Miss Ster. (R.) I beg pardon, sir! You'll excuse me, madam! I have broke in upon you a little inopportunely, I believe—but I did not mean to interrupt you—I only came, sir, to let you know that breakfast waits, if you have finished your morning's devotions.

Sir John. (R.) I am very sensible, Miss Sterling, that this may appear particular, but—

Miss Ster. (C.) O dear, Sir John, don't put yourself to the trouble of an apology. The thing explains itself.

Sir John. It will soon, madam! In the mean time I can only assure you of my profound respect and esteem for you, and make no doubt of convincing Mr. Sterling of the honour and integrity of my intentions. And—and—your humble servant, madam! [*Exit, in confusion,* R.

Miss Ster. Respect?—Insolence!—Esteem?—Very fine

truly! And you, madam! my sweet, delicate, innocent, sentimental sister! will you convince my papa, too, of the integrity of your intentions?

Fanny. Do not upbraid me, my dear sister! Indeed I don't deserve it. Believe me, you can't be more offended at his behaviour than I am, and I am sure it cannot make you half so miserable.

Miss Ster. Make me miserable! You are mightily deceived, madam! It gives me no sort of uneasiness, I assure you.—A base fellow!—As for you, miss! the pretended softness of your disposition, your artful good-nature, never imposed upon me. . I always knew you to be sly, and envious, and deceitful.

Fanny. Indeed, you wrong me.

Miss Ster. Oh, you are all goodness, to be sure!—Did not I find him on his knees before you? Did not I see him kiss your sweet hand? Did not I hear his protestations? Was not I a witness of your dissembled modesty?—No, no, my dear! don't imagine that you can make a fool of your elder sister so easily.

Fanny. Sir John, I own, is to blame; but I am above the thoughts of doing you the least injury.

Miss Ster. We shall try that, madam!—I hope, miss, you'll be able to give a better account to my papa and my aunt—for they shall both know of this matter, I promise you. [*Exit*, R.

Fanny. [*Alone.*] How unhappy I am! my distresses multiply upon me. Mr. Lovewell must now become acquainted with Sir John's behaviour to me—and in a manner that may add to his uneasiness. My father, instead of being disposed by fortunate circumstances to forgive any transgressions, will be previously incensed against me. My sister and my aunt will become irreconcilably my enemies, and rejoice in my disgrace. Yet, at all events, I am determined on a discovery. I dread it, and am resolved to hasten it. It is surrounded with more horrors every instant, as it appears every instant more necessary. [*Exit*, R.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Hall.*

Enter, L., *a* SERVANT, *leading in* SERGEANT FLOWER, *and* COUNSELLORS TRAVERSE *and* TRUEMAN—*all booted.*

Serv. This way, if you please, gentlemen! my master is at breakfast with the family at present—but I'll let him know, and he'll wait on you immediately.

Flower. Mighty well, young man, mighty well.

Serv. Please to favour me with your names, gentlemen.

Flower. Let Mr. Sterling know, that Mr. Sergeant Flower, and two other gentlemen of the bar, are come to wait on him, according to his appointment.

Serv. I will, sir. [*Going*, L.

Flower. And harkee, young man. [*Servant returns.*] Desire my servant—Mr. Sergeant Flower's servant—to bring in my green and gold saddle-cloth and pistols, and lay them down here in the hall with my portmanteau.

Serv. I will, sir. [*Exit*, L.

Flower. Well, gentlemen! the settling these marriage articles falls conveniently enough, almost just on the eve of the circuits. Let me see—the Home, the Midland, and Western; ay, we can all cross the country well enough to our several destinations. Traverse, when do you begin at Hertford?

Traverse. The day after to-morrow.

Flower. That is commission-day with us at Warwick too. But my clerk has retainers for every cause in the paper, so it will be time enough if I am there the next morning. Besides, I have about half a dozen cases that have lain by me ever since the spring assizes, and I must tack opinions to them before I see my country clients again. So I will take the evening before me—and then *currente calamo*, as I say—eh, Traverse?

Traverse. True, Mr. Sergeant—and the easiest thing in the world too—for those country attorneys are such ignorant dogs, that in case of the devise of an estate to A, and his heirs for ever, they'll make a query, whether he takes in fee or in tail.

Flower. Do you expect to have much to do on the home circuit these assizes?

Traverse. Not much *nisi prius* business, but a good deal on the crown side, I believe. The gaols are brim full—and some of the felons in good circumstances, and likely to be tolerable clients. Let me see; I am engaged for three highway robberies, three murders, one forgery, and half a dozen larcenies, at Kingston.

Flower. A pretty decent gaol delivery! Do you expect to bring off Darking, for the robbery on Putney-Common? Can you make out your *alibi?*

Traverse. Oh, no! the crown witnesses are sure to prove our indentity. We shall certainly be hanged: but that don't signify. But Mr. Sergeant, have you much to do?—any remarkable cause on the Midland this circuit?

Flower. Nothing very remarkable—except two rapes, and Rider and Western at Nottingham, for *crim con*;—but, on the whole, I believe a good deal of business. Our associate tells me, there are above thirty *venires* for Warwick.

Traverse. Pray, Mr. Sergeant, are you concerned in Jones and Thomas, at Lincoln?

Flower. I am—for the plaintiff.

Traverse. And what do you think on't?

Flower. A nonsuit.

Traverse. I thought so.

Flower. Oh, no manner of doubt on't—*luce clarius*—we have no right in us—we have but one chance.

Traverse. What's that?

Flower. Why, my Lord Chief does not go the circuit this time, and my brother Puzzle being in the commission, the cause will come on before him.

Trueman. Ay, that may do, indeed, if you can but throw dust in the eyes of the defendant's counsel.

Flower. True.—Mr. Trueman, I think you are concerned for Lord Ogleby in this affair. [*To Trueman.*

Trueman. I am, sir—I have the honour to be related to his lordship, and hold some courts for him in Somersetshire—go the Western circuit—and attend the sessions at Exeter, merely because his lordship's interests and property lie in that part of the kingdom.

Flower. Ha! and pray, Mr. Trueman, how long have you been called to the bar?

Trueman. About nine years and three quarters.

Flower. Ha! I don't know that I ever had the pleasure of seeing you before. I wish you success, young gentleman.

Enter STERLING, R.

Ster. Oh, Mr. Sergeant Flower, I am glad to see you. Your servant, Mr. Sergeant! gentlemen, your servant! Well, are all matters concluded? has that snail-paced conveyancer, old Ferret, of Gray's Inn, settled the articles at last? Do you approve of what he has done? Will his tackle hold, tight and strong?—Eh, master Sergeant?

Flower. My friend Ferret's slow and sure, sir. But then *serius aut citius*, as we say, sooner or later, Mr. Sterling, he is sure to put his business out of hand as he should do. My clerk has brought the writing, and all other instruments along with him, and the settlement is, I believe, as good a settlement as any settlement on the face of the earth.

Ster. But that damned mortgage of 60,000*l.* There don't appear to be any other incumbrances, I hope?

Traverse. I can answer for that, sir; and that will be cleared off immediately on the payment of the first part of Miss Sterling's portion. You agree, on your part, to come down with 80,000*l.*

Ster. Down on the nail. Ay, ay, my money is ready to-morrow, if he pleases: he shall have it in India-bonds, or notes, or how he chooses. Your lords and your dukes, and your people at the court-end of the town, stick at payments sometimes—debts unpaid, no credit lost with them—but no fear of us substantial fellows—eh, Mr. Sergeant?

Flower. Sir John having last term, according to agreement, levied a fine, and suffered a recovery, has hitherto cut off the entail of the Ogleby estate for the better effecting the purposes of the present intended marriage; on which above-mentioned Ogleby estate, a jointure of 2000*l.* per annum is secured to your eldest daughter, now Elizabeth Sterling, spinster, and the whole estate, after the death of the aforesaid earl, descends to the heirs male of Sir John Melvil, on the body of the aforesaid Elizabeth Sterling lawfully to be begotten.

Traverse. Very true—and Sir John is to be put in im-

mediate possession of as much of his lordship's Somersetshire estate, as lies in the manors of Hogmore and Cranford, amounting to between two and three thousand per annum, and at the death of Mr. Sterling, a further sum of seventy thousand—

Enter Sir John Melvil, R.

Ster. Ah, Sir John! Here we are hard at it—paving the road to matrimony—first the lawyers, then comes the doctor—let us but dispatch the long robe, we shall soon get pudding-sleeves to work, I warrant you.

Sir John. I am sorry to interrupt you, sir—but I hope that both you and these gentlemen will excuse me—having something particular for your private ear, I took the liberty of following you, and beg you will oblige me with an audience immediately.

Ster. Ay, with all my heart!—Gentlemen, Mr. Sergeant, you'll excuse it—business must be done, you know. The writings will keep cold till to-morrow morning.

Flower. I must be at Warwick, Mr. Sterling, the day after.

Ster. Nay, nay, I sha'n't part with you to-night, gentlemen, I promise you. My house is very full, but I have beds for you all, beds for your servants, and stabling for all your horses. Will you take a turn in the garden, and view some of my improvements before dinner? Or will you amuse yourselves on the green, with a game of bowls and a cool tankard? My servants shall attend you. Do you choose any other refreshment? Call for what you please; do as you please; make yourselves quite at home, I beg of you. Here, Thomas! Harry! William! wait on these gentlemen!—[*Follows the Lawyers out*, L., *bawling and talking, and then returns to Sir John.*] And now, sir, I am entirely at your service. What are your commands with me, Sir John?

Sir John. After having carried the negociation between our families to so great a length, after having assented so readily to all your proposals, as well as received so many instances of your cheerful compliance with the demands made on our part, I am extremely concerned, Mr. Sterling, to be the involuntary cause of any uneasiness.

Ster. Uneasiness! What uneasiness? Where business

is transacted as it ought to be, and the parties understand one another, there can be no uneasiness. You agree, on such and such conditions, to receive my daughter for a wife; on the same conditions, I agree to receive you as a son-in-law; and as to all the rest, it follows of course, you know, as regularly as the payment of a bill after acceptance.

Sir John. Pardon me, sir, more uneasiness has arisen than you are aware of. I am myself, at this instant, in a state of inexpressible embarrassment; Miss Sterling, I know, is extremely disconcerted, too; and unless you will oblige me with the assistance of your friendship, I foresee the speedy progress of discontent and animosity through the whole family.

Ster. What the deuce is all this? I don't understand a single syllable.

Sir John. In one word, then—it will be absolutely impossible for me to fulfil my engagements in regard to Miss Sterling.

Ster. How, Sir John! Do you mean to put an affront upon my family? What! refuse to—

Sir John. Be assured, sir, that I neither mean to affront, nor forsake your family. My only fear is, that you should desert me; for the whole happiness of my life depends on my being connected with your family by the nearest and tenderest ties in the world.

Ster. Why, did not you tell me, but a moment ago, that it was absolutely impossible for you to marry my daughter?

Sir John. True. But you have another daughter, sir—

Ster. Well?

Sir John. Who has obtained the most absolute dominion over my heart. I have already declared my passion to her; nay, Miss Sterling herself is also apprised of it; and if you will but give a sanction to my present addresses, the uncommon merit of Miss Sterling will no doubt recommend her to a person of equal, if not superior rank to myself, and our families may still be allied by my union with Miss Fanny.

Ster. Mighty fine, truly! Why, what the plague do you make of us, Sir John? Do you come to market for my daughter, like servants at a statute-fair? Do you think that I will suffer you, or any man in the world, to come

into my house, like the Grand Signior, and throw the handkerchief first to one, and then to t'other, just as he pleases? Do you think I drive a kind of African slave-trade with them; and—

Sir John. A moment's patience, sir! Nothing but the excess of my passion for Miss Fanny should have induced me to take any step that had the least appearance of disrespect to any part of your family; and even now I am desirous to atone for my transgression, by making the most adequate compensation that lies in my power.

Ster. Compensation! what compensation can you possibly make in such a case as this, Sir John?

Sir John. Come, come, Mr. Sterling; I know you to be a man of sense, a man of business, a man of the world. I'll deal frankly with you; and you shall see that I don't desire a change of measures for my own gratification, without endeavouring to make it advantageous to you.

Ster. What advantage can your inconstancy be to me, Sir John?

Sir John. I'll tell you, sir. You know that by the articles at present subsisting between us, on the day of my marriage with Miss Sterling, you agree to pay down the gross sum of eighty thousand pounds.

Ster. Well!

Sir John. Now if you will but consent to my waiving that marriage—

Ster. I agree to your waiving that marriage? Impossible, Sir John!

Sir John. I hope not, sir; as on my part, I will agree to waive my right to thirty thousand pounds of the fortune I was to receive with her.

Ster. Thirty thousand, d'ye say?

Sir John. Yes, sir; and accept of Miss Fanny with fifty thousand, instead of fourscore.

Ster. Fifty thousand— [*Pausing.*

Sir John. Instead of fourscore.

Ster. Why—why—there may be something in that. Let me see—Fanny with fifty thousand, instead of Betsy with fourscore. But how can this be, Sir John? For you know I am to pay this money into the hands of my Lord Ogleby; who, I believe—between you and me, Sir

John—is not overstocked with ready money at present; and threescore thousand of it, you know, is to go to pay off the present incumbrances on the estate, Sir John.

Sir John. That objection is easily obviated. Ten of the twenty thousand, which would remain as a surplus of the fourscore, after paying off the mortgage, was intended by his lordship for my use, that we might set off with some little eclat on our marriage; and the other ten for his own. Ten thousand pounds, therefore, I shall be able to pay you immediately; and for the remaining twenty thousand, you shall have a mortgage on that part of the estate which is to be made over to me, with whatever security you shall require for the regular payment of the interest, till the principal is duly discharged.

Ster. Why—to do you justice, Sir John, there is something fair and open in your proposal; and since I find you do not mean to put an affront upon the family—

Sir John. Nothing was ever farther from my thoughts, Mr. Sterling. And after all, the whole affair is nothing extraordinary—such things happen every day—and as the world has only heard generally of a treaty between the families, when this marriage takes place, nobody will be the wiser, if we have but discretion enough to keep our own counsel.

Ster. True, true; and since you only transfer from one girl to the other, it is no more than transferring so much stock, you know.

Sir John. The very thing!

Ster. Odso! I had quite forgot. We are reckoning without our host here. There is another difficulty—

Sir John. You alarm me. What can that be?

Ster. I can't stir a step in this business without consulting my sister Heidelberg. The family has very great expectations from her, and we must not give her any offence.

Sir John. But if you come into this measure, surely she will be so kind as to consent—

Ster. I don't know that—Betsy is her darling, and I can't tell how far she may resent any slight that seems to be offered to her favourite niece. However, I'll do the best I can for you. You shall go and break the matter to her first, and by the time I may suppose that your rhe-

toric has prevailed on her to listen to reason, I will step in to reinforce your arguments.

Sir John. I'll fly to her immediately; you promise me your assistance?

Ster. I do.

Sir John. Ten thousand thanks for it! and now success attend me! [*Going*, R.

Ster. (L.) Harkee, Sir John! [*Sir John returns.*] Not a word of the thirty thousand to my sister, Sir John.

Sir John. Oh, I am dumb—I am dumb, sir. [*Going.*

Ster. You remember it is thirty thousand.

Sir John. To be sure, I do.

Ster. But, Sir John!—one thing more. [*Sir John returns.*] My lord must know nothing of this stroke of friendship between us.

Sir John. Not for the world. Let me alone! let me alone! [*Offering to go.*

Ster. [*Holding him.*] And when every thing is agreed, we must give each other a bond to be held fast to the bargain.

Sir John. To be sure. A bond by all means! a bond, or whatever you please. [*Exit hastily*, R.

Ster. [*Alone.*] I should have thought of more conditions—he's in a humour to give me every thing. [*Exit*, L.

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment.*

Enter MRS. HEIDELBERG *and* MISS STERLING, L.

Miss Ster. This is your gentle-looking, soft-speaking, sweet-smiling, affable Miss Fanny for you!

Mrs. Hei. My Miss Fanny! I disclaim her. With all her arts she never could insinuate herself into my good graces—and yet she has a way with her, that deceives man, woman, and child, except you and me, niece.

Miss Ster. Oh, ay; she wants nothing but a crook in her hand, and a lamb under her arm, to be a perfect picture of innocence and simplicity.

Mrs. Hei. Just as I was drawn at Amsterdam, when I went over to visit my husband's relations.

Miss Ster. And then she's so mighty good to servants —"Pray, John, do this—pray, Tom, do that—thank you, Jenny"—and then so humble to her relations—"To be

sure, papa!—as my aunt pleases—my sister knows best." But with all her demureness and humility, she has no objection to be Lady Melvil, it seems, nor to any wickedness that can make her so.

Mrs. Hei. She Lady Melvil? Compose yourself, niece! I'll ladyship her indeed! a little creppin, cantin—she shan't be the better for a farden of my money. But tell me, child, how does this intriguing with Sir John correspond with her partiality to Lovewell? I don't see a concatunation here.

Miss Ster. There I was deceived, madam. I took all their whisperings and stealing into corners to be the mere attraction of vulgar minds: but, behold! their private meetings were not to contrive their own insipid happiness, but to conspire against mine. But I know whence proceeds Mr. Lovewell's resentment to me. I could not stoop to be familiar with my father's clerk, and so I have lost his interest.

Mrs. Hei. My spurrit to a T.—my dear child! [*Kisses her.*] Mr. Heidelberg lost his election for member of parliament, because I would not demean myself to be slobbered about by drunken shoemakers, beastly cheesemongers, and greasy butchers and tallow-chandlers. However, niece, I can't help diffuring a little in opinion from you in this matter. My experunce and sagucity makes me still suspect, that there is something more between her and that Lovewell, notwithstanding this affair of Sir John. I had my eye upon them the whole time of breakfast. Sir John, I observed, looked a little confounded, indeed, though I knew nothing of what had passed in the garden. You seemed to sit upon thorns too: but Fanny and Mr. Lovewell made quite another guess sort of a figur; and were as perfect a pictur of two distrest lovers, as if it had been drawn by Raphael Angelo. As to Sir John and Fanny, I want a matter of fact.

Miss Ster. Matter of fact, madam? Did not I come unexpectedly upon them? Was not Sir John kneeling at her feet, and kissing her hand? Did not he look all love, and she all confusion? Is not that a matter of fact? and did not Sir John, the moment that papa was called out of the room to the lawyermen, get up from breakfast, and follow him immediately? And I warrant you, that

by this time he has made proposals to him to marry my sister—oh, that some other person, an earl, or a duke, would make his addresses to me, that I might be revenged on this monster!

Mrs. Hei. Be cool, child! you *shall* be Lady Melvil, in spite of all their cabillins, if it costs me ten thousand pounds to turn the scale. Sir John may apply to my brother, indeed; but I'll make them all know who governs in this fammaly.

Miss Ster. As I live, madam, yonder comes Sir John. A base man! I can't endure the sight of him. I'll leave the room this instant. [*Disordered.*

Mrs. Hei. Poor thing! Well, retire to your own chamber, child. I'll give it him, I warrant you; and by and by I'll come and let you know all that has past between us.

Miss Ster. Pray do, madam! [*Looking back.*] A vile wretch! [*Exit in a rage,* R.

Enter SIR JOHN MELVIL, L.

Sir John. Your most obedient humble servant, madam! [*Bowing very respectfully.*

Mrs. Hei. Your servant, Sir John! [*Dropping a half courtsey and pouting.*

Sir John. Miss Sterling's manner of quitting the room on my approach, and the visible coldness of your behaviour to me, madam, convince me that she has acquainted you with what passed this morning.

Mrs. Hei. I am very sorry, Sir John, to be made acquainted with any thing that should induce me to change the opinion, which I could always wish to entertain of a person of qualaty. [*Pouting.*

Sir John. It has always been my ambition to merit the best opinion from Mrs. Heidelberg; and when she comes to weigh all circumstances, I flatter myself—

Mrs. Hei. You *do* flatter yourself, if you imagine that I can approve of your behaviour to my niece, Sir John. And give me leave to tell you, Sir John, that you have been drawn into an action much beneath you, Sir John; and that I look upon every injury offered to Miss Betty Sterling, as an affront to myself, Sir John. [*Warmly.*

Sir John. I would not offend you for the world, madam! but when I am influenced by a partiality for another, how-

ever ill-founded, I hope your discernment and good sense will think it rather a point of honour to renounce engagements, which I could not fulfil so strictly as I ought; and that you will excuse the change in my inclinations, since the new object, as well as the first, has the honour of being your niece, madam.

Mrs. Hei. I disclaim her as a niece, Sir John; Miss Sterling disclaims her as a sister, and the whole fammaly must disclaim her, for her monstrous baseness and treachery.

Sir John. Indeed, she has been guilty of none, madam. Her hand and her heart are, I am sure, entirely at the disposal of yourself and Mr. Sterling.

Enter STERLING, L. U. E.

And if you should not oppose my inclinations, I am sure of Mr. Sterling's consent, Madam.

Mrs. Hei. Indeed!

Sir John. Quite certain, Madam.

Ster. [*Behind.*] So! they seem to be coming to terms already. I may venture to make my appearance.

Mrs. Hei. To marry Fanny?

[*Sterling advances by degrees.*

Sir John. Yes, madam.

Mrs. Hei. My brother has given his consent, you say?

Sir John. In the most ample manner, with no other restriction than the failure of your concurrence, madam. [*Sees Ster.*] Oh, here's Mr. Sterling, who will confirm what I have told you.

Mrs. Hei. What! have you consented to give up your own daughter in this manner, brother?

Ster. Give her up! no, not give her up, sister; only in case that you—[*Apart to Sir John.*] Zounds! I am afraid you have said too much, Sir John.

Mrs. Hei. Yes, yes. I see now that it is true enough what my niece told me. You are all plottin and caballin against her.—Pray, does Lord Ogleby know of this affair?

Sir John. I have not yet made him acquainted with it, madam.

Mrs. Hei. No, I warrant you, I thought so.—And so his lordship and myself, truly, are not to be consulted till the last.

Ster. What! did you not consult my lord? Oh! fie for shame, Sir John!

Sir John. Nay, but Mr. Sterling—

Mrs. Hei. We, who are the persons of most consequence and experunce in the two fammalies, are to know nothing of the matter, 'till the whole is as good as concluded upon. But his lordship, I am sure, will have more generosaty than to countenance such a perceding. And I could not have expected such behaviour from a person of your quality, Sir John—and as for you, brother—

Ster. Nay, nay, but hear me, sister!

Mrs. Hei. Iam perfectly ashamed of you—have you no spurrit? no more concern for the honour of our fammaly than to consent—

Ster. Consent? I consent? As I hope for mercy, I never gave my consent. Did I consent, Sir John?

Sir John. Not absolutely, without Mrs. Heidelberg's consent. But in case of her approbation—

Ster. Ay, I grant you, if my sister approved—But that's quite another thing, you know— [*To Mrs. Heidelberg.*

Mrs. Hei. Your sister approve, indeed!—I thought you knew her better, brother Sterling?—What! approve of having your eldest daughter returned upon your hands, and exchanged for the younger? I am surprised how you could listen to such a scandalous proposal.

Ster. I tell you, I never did listen to it. Did not I say that I would be entirely governed by my sister, Sir John? and unless she agreed to your marrying Fanny—

Mrs. Hei. I agree to his marrying Fanny? abominable! The man is absolutely out of his senses. Can't that wise head of yours foresee the consequences of all this, brother Sterling? Will Sir John take Fanny without a fortin? No! After you have settled the largest part of your property on your youngest daughter, can there be an equal portion left for the eldest? No! Does not this overturn the whole systum of the fammaly? Yes, yes, yes! You know I was always for my niece Betsy's marrying a person of the very first qualaty. That was my maxum: and therefore, much the largest settlement was, of course, to be made upon her. As for Fanny, if she could, with a fortune of twenty or thirty thousand pounds, get a knight, or a member of parliament, or a rich common-councilman for a husband, I thought it might do very well.

Sir John. But if a better match should offer itself, why should it not be accepted, madam?

Mrs. Hei. What, at the expense of her elder sister! Oh, fie, Sir John! How could you bear to hear of such an indignaty, brother Sterling?

Ster. I! Nay, I sha'n't hear of it, I promise you. I can't hear of it, indeed, Sir John.

Mrs. Hei. But you have heard of it, brother Sterling. You know you have; and sent Sir John to propose it to me. But if you can give up your daughter, I sha'n't forsake my niece, I assure you. Ah! if my poor dear Mr. Heidelberg and our sweet babes had been alive, he would not have behaved so.

Ster. Did I, Sir John?—[*Apart to him.*] Nay, speak!—Bring me off, or we are ruined.

Sir John. Why, to be sure, to speak the truth—

Mrs. Hei. To speak the truth, I'm ashamed of you both. But have a care what you are about, brother! have a care, I say. The counsellors are in the house, I hear; and if everything is not settled to my liking, I'll have nothing more to say to you, if I live these hundred years. I'll go over to Holland, and settle with Mr. Vanderspracken, my poor husband's first cousin, and my own fammaly shall never be the better for a farden of my money, I promise you. [*Exit*, R.

Ster. I thought so. I knew she would never agree to it.

Sir John. 'Sdeath, how unfortunate! what can we do, Mr. Sterling?

Ster. Nothing.

Sir John. What, must our agreement break off the moment it is made, then?

Ster. It can't be helped, Sir John. The family, as I told you before, have great expectations from my sister; and if this matter proceeds, you hear yourself that she threatens to leave us. My brother Heidelberg was a warm man, a very warm man; and died worth a plum, at least; a plum! ay, I warrant you, he died worth a plum and a half.

Sir John. Well; but if I—

Ster. And then, my sister has three or four very good mortgages, a deal of money in the three per cents., and

old South Sea annuities, besides large concerns in the Dutch and French funds. The greatest part of all this she means to leave to our family.

Sir John. I can only say, sir—

Ster. Why, your offer of the difference of thirty thousand was very fair and handsome, to be sure, Sir John.

Sir John. Nay, but I am even willing to—

Ster. Ay, but if I was to accept it against her will, I might lose above a hundred thousand; so you see the balance is against you, Sir John.

Sir John. But is there no way, do you think, of prevailing on Mrs. Heidelberg to grant her consent?

Ster. I am afraid not. However, when her passion is a little abated—for she's very passionate—you may try what can be done: but you must not use my name any more, Sir John.

Sir John. Suppose I was to prevail on Lord Ogleby to apply to her, do you think that would have any influence over her?

Ster. I think he would be more likely to persuade her to it than any person in the family. She has a great respect for Lord Ogleby. She loves a lord.

Sir John. I'll apply to him this very day. And if he should prevail on Mrs. Heidelberg, I may depend on your friendship, Mr. Sterling?

Ster. Ay, ay, I shall be glad to oblige you, when it is in my power; but as the account stands now, you see it is not upon the figures. And so, your servant, Sir John.

[*Exit*, L.

Sir John. What a situation am I in! Breaking off with her whom I was bound by treaty to marry; rejected by the object of my affections; and embroiled by this turbulent woman, who governs the whole family. And yet opposition, instead of smothering, increases my inclination. I must have her. I'll apply immediately to Lord Ogleby; and if he can but bring over the aunt to our party, her influence will overcome the scruples and delicacy of my dear Fanny, and I shall be the happiest of mankind.

[*Exit*, L.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room*

Enter STERLING, MRS. HEIDELBERG, *and* MISS STERLING, R.

Ster. What! will you send Fanny to town, sister?

Mrs. Hei. To-morrow morning. I've given orders about it already.

Ster. Indeed?

Mrs. Hei. Posatively.

Ster. But consider, sister, at such a time as this, what an odd appearance it will have.

Mrs. Hei. Not half so odd as her behaviour, brother. This time was intended for happiness, and I'll keep no incendiaries here to destroy it. I insist on her going off to-morrow morning.

Ster. I'm afraid this is all your doing, Betsy.

Miss Ster. (R. C.) No, indeed, papa. My aunt knows that it is not. For all Fanny's baseness to me, I am sure I would not do or say anything to hurt her with you or my aunt, for the world.

Mrs. Hei. (C.) Hold your tongue, Betsy! I will have my way. When she is packed off, everything will go on as it should do. Since they are at their intrigues, I'll let them see that we can act with vigur on our part; and sending her out of the way shall be the purliminary step to all the rest of my proceedings.

Ster. (L. C.) Well, but sister—

Mrs. Hei. It does not signify talking, brother Sterling, for I'm resolved to be rid of her, and I will. [*To Miss Ster.*] Come along, child. The postman shall be at the door by six o'clock in the morning; and if Miss Fanny does not get into it, why, I will—and so there's an end of the matter. [*Bounces out the room with Miss Sterling.* R.

Re-enter MRS. HEIDELBERG, R.

(R.) One word more, brother Sterling! I expect that you will take your eldest daughter in your hand, and make a formal complaint to Lord Ogleby of Sir John Melvil's behaviour. Do this, brother; show a proper regard for the

honour of your fammaly yourself, and I shall throw in my mite to the raising of it. If not—but now you know my mind. So act as you please, and take the consequences.

[*Exit*, R.

Ster. The devil's in the women for tyranny! Mothers, wives, mistresses, or sisters, they always will govern us. As to my sister Heidelberg, she knows the strength of her purse, and domineers upon the credit of it. "I will do this," and "You shall do that," and "You shall do t'other, or else the fammaly sha'n't have a farden of"—[*Mimicking.*]—So absolute with her money!—But, to say the truth, nothing but money can make us absolute, and so we must e'en make the best of her. [*Exit*, L.

Scene II.—A *Garden.*

Enter Lord Ogleby *and* Canton, L.

Lord Ogl. What! Mademoiselle Fanny to be sent away! Why? wherefore? What's the meaning of all this?

Cant. Je ne sçais pas. I know nothing of it.

Lord Ogl. It can't be—it shan't be. I protest against the measure. She's a fine girl, and I had much rather that the rest of the family were annihilated, than that she should leave us. Her vulgar father, that's the very abstract of 'Change Alley—the aunt, that's always endeavouring to be a fine lady—and the pert sister, for ever showing that she is one, are horrid company, indeed, and without her would be intolerable. Ah, la petite Fanchon! she's the thing; isn't she Cant.?

Cant. Dere is very good sympatie entre vous and dat young lady, mi lor.

Lord Ogl. I'll not be left among these Goths and Vandals, your Sterlings, your Heidelbergs, and Devilbergs—if she goes, I'll positively go too.

Cant. In de same post-chay, my lor? You have no objection to dat I believe, nor mademoiselle neider too—ha! ha! ha!

Lord Ogl. Pr'ythee hold thy foolish tongue, Cant. Does thy Swiss stupidity imagine that I can see and talk with a fine girl without desires? My eyes are involuntarily attracted by beautiful objects. I fly as naturally to a fine girl—

Cant. As de fine girl to you, my lor: ha, he, ha! you always fly togedre like un pair de pigeons.

Lord Ogl. Like un pair de pigeons—[*mocks him.*]—Vous etes un sot, Mons. Canton—Thou art always dreaming of my intrigues, and never seest me *badiner*, but you suspect mischief, you old fool, you.

Cant. I am fool, I confess, but not always fool in dat, mi lor, he, he, he!

Lord Ogl. He, he, he! Thou art incorrigible, but thy absurdities amuse one. Thou art like my rappee here, [*takes out his box,*] a most ridiculous superfluity, but a pinch of thee, now and then, is a more delicious treat.

Cant. You do me great honneur, mi lor.

Lord Ogl. 'Tis fact, upon my soul. Thou art properly my cephalic snuff, and art no bad medicine against megrims, vertigoes, and profound thinking—ha, ha, ha!

Cant. Your flatterie, mi lor, vil make me too prode.

Lord Ogl. The girl has some little partiality for me, to be sure: but pr'ythee, Cant., is not that Miss Fanny yonder?

Cant. [*Looking with a glass.*] En verité, 'tis she, mi lor—'tis one of the pigeons—de pigeons d'amour.

Lord Ogl. Don't be ridiculous, you old monkey. [*Smiling.*

Cant. I am monkée, I am ole, but I have eye, I have ear, and little understand, now and den.

Lord Ogl. Taisez vous, béte!

Cant. Elle vous attend, mi lor.—She vil make a love to you.

Lord Ogl. Will she? Have at her then! A fine girl can't oblige me more.—Egad, I find myself a little enjoué—come along Cant.! she is but in the next walk—but there is such a deal of this damned crinkum-crankum, as Sterling calls it, that one sees people for half an hour before one can get to them—Allons, Mons. Canton, allons donc! [*Exeunt, singing in French,* R.

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Garden.*

Enter LOVEWELL *and* FANNY, L.

Lov. My dear Fanny, I cannot bear your distress! it overcomes all my resolutions, and I am prepared for the discovery.

Fanny. But how can it be effected before my departure?

Lov. I'll tell you.—Lord Ogleby seems to entertain a visible partiality for you; and notwithstanding the peculiarities of his behaviour, I am sure that he is humane at the bottom. He is vain to an excess; but withal, extremely good-natured, and would do any thing to recommend himself to a lady.—Do you open the whole affair of our marriage to him immediately. It will come with more irresistible persuasion from you than myself; and I doubt not but you'll gain his friendship and protection at once.—His influence and authority will put an end to Sir John's solicitations, remove your aunt's and sister's unkindness and suspicions, and, I hope, reconcile your father and the whole family to our marriage.

Fanny. Heaven grant it! Where is my lord?

Lov. I have heard him and Canton, since dinner, singing French songs under the great walnut tree by the parlour door. If you meet with him in the garden, you may disclose the whole immediately.

Fanny. Dreadful as the task is, I'll do it.—Any thing is better than this continual anxiety.

Lov. By that time the discovery is made, I will appear to second you.—Ha! there comes my lord.—Now, my dear Fanny, summon up all your spirits, plead our cause powerfully, and be sure of success. [*Going*, R.

Fanny. Ay, don't leave me!

Lov. Nay, you must let me.

Fanny. Well, since it must be so, I'll obey you, if I have the power. Oh, Lovewell!

Lov. Consider, our situation is very critical. To-morrow morning is fixed for your departure, and if we lose this opportunity, we may wish in vain for another. He approaches—I must retire.—Speak, my dear Fanny, speak and make us happy! [*Exit*, R.

Fanny. Good heaven, what a situation am I in! what shall I do? what shall I say to him! I am all confusion.

Enter Lord Ogleby *and* Canton.

Lord Ogl. To see so much beauty so solitary, madam, is a satire upon mankind, and 'tis fortunate that one man has broken in upon your reverie, for the credit of our sex. I say *one*, madam, for poor Canton, here, from age and infirmities, stands for nothing.

Cant. Noting at all, indeed.

Fanny. Your lordship does me great honour.—I had a favour to request, my lord!

Lord Ogl. A favour, madam!—To be honoured with your commands, is an inexpressible favour done to me, madam.

Fanny. If your lordship could indulge me with the honour of a moment's—What's the matter with me? [*Aside.*

Lord Ogl. The girl's confused—he!—here's something in the wind, faith—I'll have a tête-à-tête with her—allez vous en! [*To Cant.*

Cant. I go—ah, pauvre mademoiselle! my lor, have *pitié* upon the poor *pigeone!*

Lord Ogl. I'll knock you down, Cant., if you are impertinent. [*Smiling.*

Cant. Den I mus avay.—[*Shuffles along.*]—You are mosh please, for all dat. [*Aside and exit.*

Fanny. I shall sink with apprehension. [*Aside.*

Lord Ogl. What a sweet girl! she's a civilized being, and atones for the barbarism of the rest of the family.

Fanny. My lord, I— [*She curtseys and blushes.*

Lord Ogl. [*Addressing her.*] I look upon it, madam, to be one of the luckiest circumstances of my life, that I have this moment the honour of receiving your commands, and the satisfaction of confirming with my tongue, what my eyes perhaps have but too weakly expressed—that I am literally—the humblest of your servants.

Fanny. I think myself greatly honoured by your lordship's partiality to me; but it distresses me, that I am obliged in my present situation to apply to it for protection.

Lord Ogl. I am happy in your distress, madam, because it gives me an opportunity to shew my zeal. Beauty to me is a religion in which I was born and bred a bigot, and would die a martyr.—I'm in tolerable spirits, faith! [*Aside.*

Fanny. There is not perhaps at this moment a more distressed creature than myself. Affection, duty, hope, despair, and a thousand different sentiments, are struggling in my bosom; and even the presence of your lordship, to whom I have flown for protection, adds to my perplexity.

Lord Ogl. Does it, madam? Venus forbid!—My old

fault; the devil's in me, I think, for perplexing young women. [*Aside and smiling.*]—Take courage, madam! dear Miss Fanny, explain. You have a powerful advocate in my breast, I assure you—my heart, madam—I am attached to you by all the laws of sympathy and delicacy. By my honour, I am.

Fanny. Then I will venture to unburthen my mind.—Sir John Melvil, my lord, by the most misplaced and mistimed declaration of affection for me, has made me the unhappiest of women.

Lord Ogl. How, madam! has Sir John made his addresses to you?

Fanny. He has, my lord, in the strongest terms. But I hope it is needless to say, that my duty to my family, love to my sister, and regard to the whole family, as well as the great respect I entertain for your lordship [*curtseying*], made me shudder at his addresses.

Lord Ogl. Charming girl!—Proceed, my dear Miss Fanny, proceed!

Fanny. In a moment—give me leave, my lord!—but if what I have to disclose should be received with anger or displeasure—

Lord Ogl. Impossible, by all the tender powers!—speak, I beseech you, or I shall divine the cause before you utter it.

Fanny. Then, my lord, Sir John's addresses are not only shocking to me in themselves, but are more particularly disagreeable to me at this time—as—as— [*Hesitating.*

Lord Ogl. As what, madam?

Fanny. As—pardon my confusion—I am entirely devoted to another.

Lord Ogl. [*Aside.*] If this is not plain, the devil's in it.—But tell me, my dear Miss Fanny, for I must know; tell me the how, the when, and the where—Tell me—

Enter CANTON *hastily.*

Cant. My lor, my lor, my lor!

Lord Ogl. Damn your Swiss impertinence! how durst you interrupt me, in the most critical melting moment that ever love and beauty honoured me with?

Cant. I demande pardonne, my lor! Sir John Melvil,

my lor, sent me to beg you do him de honneur to speak a little to your lordship.

Lord Ogl. I'm not at leisure—I'm busy—Get away, you stupid old dog, you Swiss rascal, or I'll—

Cant. Fort bien, my lor. [*Canton goes out on tiptoe.*

Lord Ogl. By the laws of gallantry, madam, this interruption should be death; but as no punishment ought to disturb the triumph of the softer passions, the criminal is pardoned and dismissed. Let us return, madam, to the highest luxury of exalted minds—a declaration of love from the lips of beauty.

Fanny. The entrance of a third person has a little relieved me, but I cannot go through with it—and yet I must open my heart with a discovery, or it will break with its burthen.

Lord Ogl. [*Aside.*] What passion in her eyes! I am alarmed to agitation.—[*Aloud.*] I presume, madam, (and as you have flattered me by making me a party concerned, I hope you'll excuse the presumption,) that—

Fanny. Do you excuse my making you a party concerned, my lord, and let me interest your heart in my behalf, as my future happiness or misery in a great measure depend—

Lord Ogl. Upon me, madam?

Fanny. Upon you, my lord. [*Sighs.*

Lord Ogl. [*Aside.*] There's no standing this: I have caught the infection—her tenderness dissolves me. [*Sighs.*

Fanny. And should you too severely judge of a rash action which passion prompted, and modesty has long concealed—

Lord Ogl. [*Taking her hand.*] Thou amiable creature—command my heart, for it is vanquished—speak but thy virtuous wishes, and enjoy them.

Fanny. I cannot, my lord—indeed, I cannot—Mr. Lovewell must tell you my distresses—and when you know them—pity and protect me. [*Exit in tears,* R.

Lord Ogl. [*Alone.*] How the devil could I bring her to this? It is too much—too much—I can't bear it—I must give way to this amiable weakness. [*Wipes his eyes.*] My heart overflows with sympathy, and I feel every tenderness I have inspired. How blind have I been to the desolation I have made! How could I possibly imagine

that a little partial attention and tender civilities to this young creature should have gathered to this burst of passion! Can I be a man and withstand it?—No—I'll sacrifice the whole sex to her. But here comes the father, quite *apropos*. I'll open the matter immediately, settle the business with him, and take the sweet girl down to Ogleby House to-morrow morning—but what the devil! Miss Sterling too! What mischief's in the wind now?

Enter Sterling *and* Miss Sterling, L.

Ster. My lord, your servant! I am attending my daughter here upon rather a disagreeable affair. Speak to his lordship, Betsy.

Lord Ogl. Your eyes, Miss Sterling—for I always read the eyes of a young lady—betray some little emotion.—What are your commands, madam?

Miss Ster. I have but too much cause for my emotion, my lord!

Lord Ogl. I cannot commend my kinsman's behaviour, madam. He has behaved like a false knight, I must confess. I have heard of his apostacy. Miss Fanny has informed me of it.

Miss Ster. Miss Fanny's baseness has been the cause of Sir John's inconstancy.

Lord Ogl. Nay, now, my dear Miss Sterling, your passion transports you too far. Sir John may have entertained a passion for Miss Fanny, but believe me, my dear Miss Sterling, believe me, Miss Fanny has no passion for Sir John. She has a passion, indeed, a most tender passion. She has opened her whole soul to me, and I know where her affections are placed. [*Conceitedly.*

Miss Ster. Not upon Mr. Lovewell, my lord; for I have great reason to think that her seeming attachment to him, is, by his consent, made use of as a blind to cover her designs upon Sir John.

Lord Ogl. Lovewell! No, poor lad! She does not think of him. [*Smiling.*

Miss Ster. Have a care, my lord, that both the families are not made the dupes of Sir John's artifice, and my sister's dissimulation! You don't know her—indeed, my lord, you don't know her—a base, insinuating, perfidious!—It is too much—She has been beforehand with me, I

perceive. Such unnatural behaviour to me!—But since I see I can have no redress, I am resolved that some way or other I will have revenge. [*Exit, L.*

Ster. This is foolish work, my lord.

Lord Ogl. I have too much sensibility to bear the tears of beauty.

Ster. It is touching, indeed, my lord—and very moving for a father.

Lord Ogl. To be sure, sir!—You must be distressed beyond measure!—Wherefore, to divert your too exquisite feeling, suppose we change the subject, and proceed to business.

Ster. With all my heart, my lord.

Lord Ogl. You see, Mr. Sterling, we can make no union in our families by the proposed marriage.

Ster. And very sorry am I to see it, my lord.

Lord Ogl. Have you set your heart upon being allied to our house, Mr. Sterling?

Ster. 'Tis my only wish, at present, my omnium, as I may call it.

Lord Ogl. Your wishes shall be fulfilled.

Ster. Shall they, my lord!—but how—how?

Lord Ogl. I'll marry in your family.

Ster. What! my sister Heidelberg?

Lord Ogl. You throw me into a cold sweat, Mr. Sterling. No, not your sister—but your daughter.

Ster. My daughter?

Lord Ogl. Fanny!—now the murder's out!

Ster. What, *you*, my lord?—

Lord Ogl. Yes—I, I, Mr. Sterling!

Ster. No, no, my lord—that's too much. [*Smiling.*

Lord Ogl. Too much?—I don't comprehend you.

Ster. What, you, my lord, marry my Fanny!—Bless me, what will the folks say?

Lord Ogl. Why, what will they say?

Ster. That you're a bold man, my lord—that's all.

Lord Ogl. Mr. Sterling, this may be city wit, for aught I know—Do you court my alliance?

Ster. To be sure, my lord.

Lord Ogl. Then I'll explain.—My nephew won't marry your eldest daughter—nor I neither—Your youngest daughter won't marry him—I will marry your youngest daughter.

Ster. What! with a youngest daughter's fortune, my lord?

Lord Ogl. With any fortune, or no fortune at all, sir. Love is the idol of my heart, and the demon Interest sinks before him. So, sir, as I said before, I will marry your youngest daughter; your youngest daughter will marry me—

Ster. Who told you so, my lord?

Lord Ogl. Her own sweet self, sir.

Ster. Indeed?

Lord Ogl. Yes, sir; our affection is mutual; your advantage double and treble—your daughter will be a countess directly—I shall be the happiest of beings—and you'll be father to an earl instead of a baronet.

Ster. But what will my sister say?—and my daughter?

Lord Ogl. I'll manage that matter—nay, if they won't consent, I'll run away with your daughter, in spite of you.

Ster. Well said, my lord! your spirit's good—I wish you had my constitution!—but if you'll venture, I have no objection, if my sister has none.

Lord Ogl. I'll answer for your sister, sir. Apropos! the lawyers are in the house—I'll have articles drawn, and the whole affair concluded to-morrow morning.

Ster. Very well; and I'll dispatch Lovewell to London immediately for some fresh papers I shall want, and I shall leave you to manage matters with my sister. You must excuse me, my lord, but I can't help laughing at the match—He! he! he! what will the folks say? [*Exit*, L.

Lord Ogl. What a fellow am I going to make a father of? He has no more feeling than the post in his warehouse—But Fanny's virtues tune me to rapture again, and I won't think of the rest of the family.

Enter Lovewell, *hastily*, R.

Lov. I beg your lordship's pardon, my lord; are you alone, my lord?

Lord Ogl. No, my lord, I am not alone; I am in company, the best of company.

Lov. My lord!

Lord Ogl. I never was in such exquisite enchanting company since my heart first conceived, or my senses tasted pleasure.

Lov. Where are they, my lord? [*Looking about.*

Lord Ogl. In my mind, sir.

Lov. What company have you there, my lord? [*Smiling.*

Lord Ogl. My own ideas, sir, which so crowd upon my imagination, and kindle in it such a delirium of extacy, that wit, wine, music, poetry, all combined, and each in perfection, are but mere mortal shadows of my felicity.

Lov. I see that your lordship is happy, and I rejoice at it.

Lord Ogl. You *shall* rejoice at it, sir; my felicity shall not selfishly be confined, but shall spread its influence to the whole circle of my friends. I need not say, Lovewell, that you shall have your share of it.

Lov. Shall I, my lord?—then I understand you—you have heard—Miss Fanny has informed you—

Lord Ogl. She has—I have heard, and she shall be happy—'tis determined.

Lov. Then I have reached the summit of my wishes—And will your lordship pardon the folly?

Lord Ogl. O yes, poor creature, how could she help it?—'twas unavoidable—Fate and necessity.

Lov. It was indeed, my lord—Your kindness distracts me—

Lord Ogl. And so it did the poor girl, faith.

Lov. She trembled to disclose the secret, and declare her affections.

Lord Ogl. The world, I believe, will not think her affections ill placed.

Lov. [*Bowing.*] You are too good, my lord. And do you really excuse the rashness of the action?

Lord Ogl. From my very soul, Lovewell.

Lov. Your generosity overpowers me.—[*Bowing.*]—I was afraid of her meeting with a cold reception.

Lord Ogl. More fool you, then.

Who pleads her cause with never-failing beauty,
Here finds a full redress. [*Strikes his breast.*

She's a fine girl, Lovewell.

Lov. Her beauty, my lord, is her least merit. She has an understanding—

Lord Ogl. Her choice convinces me of that.

Lov. [*Bowing.*] That's your lordship's goodness. Her choice was a disinterested one.

Lord Ogl. No—no—not altogether—it began with interest, and ended in passion.

Lov. Indeed, my lord, if you were acquainted with her goodness of heart, and generosity of mind, as well as you are with the inferior beauties of her face and person—

Lord Ogl. I am so perfectly convinced of their existence, and so totally of your mind touching every amiable particular of that sweet girl, that were it not for the cold unfeeling impediments of the law, I would marry her tomorrow morning.

Lov. My lord!

Lord Ogl. I would, by all that's honourable in man, and amiable in woman.

Lov. Marry her!—What do you mean, my lord?

Lord Ogl. Miss Fanny Sterling that is—the Countess of Ogleby that shall be.

Lov. I am astonished!

Lord Ogl. Why, could you expect less from me?

Lov. I did not expect this, my lord.

Lord Ogl. Trade and accounts have destroyed your feeling.

Lov. No, indeed, my lord. [*Sighs.*

Lord Ogl. The moment that love and pity entered my breast, I was resolved to plunge into matrimony, and shorten the girl's tortures—I never do any thing by halves; do I, Lovewell?

Lov. No, indeed, my lord—[*Sighs.*]—What an accident?

Lord Ogl. What's the matter, Lovewell? thou seem'st to have lost thy faculties. Why don't you wish me joy, man?

Lov. Oh, I do, my lord. [*Sighs.*

Lord Ogl. She said that you would explain what she had not power to utter—but I wanted no interpreter for the language of love.

Lov. But has your lordship considered the consequences of your resolution?

Lord Ogl. No, sir, I am above consideration, when my desires are kindled.

Lov. But consider the consequences, my lord, to your nephew, Sir John.

Lord Ogl. Sir John has considered no consequences himself, Mr. Lovewell.

Lov. Mr. Sterling, my lord, will certainly refuse his daughter to Sir John.

Lord Ogl. Sir John has already refused Mr. Sterling's daughter.

Lov. But what will become of Miss Sterling, my lord?

Lord Ogl. What's that to you?—You may have her, if you will.—I depend upon Mr. Sterling's city philosophy, to be reconciled to Lord Ogleby's being his son-in-law, instead of Sir John Melvil, Baronet. Don't you think that your master may be brought to that, without having recourse to his calculations? Eh, Lovewell?

Lov. But, my lord, that is not the question.

Lord Ogl. Whatever is the question, I'll tell you my answer. I am in love with a fine girl, whom I resolve to marry.

Enter SIR JOHN MELVIL, L.

What news with you, Sir John?—You look all hurry and impatience—like a messenger after a battle.

Sir John. After a battle, indeed, my lord. I have this day had a severe engagement, and wanting your lordship as an auxiliary, I have at last mustered resolution to declare, what my duty to you and to myself have demanded from me some time.

Lord Ogl. To the business, then, and be as concise as possible—for I am upon the wing—eh, Lovewell?

[*He smiles, and Lovewell bows.*

Sir John. I find 'tis in vain, my lord, to struggle against the force of inclination.

Lord Ogl. Very true, nephew; I am your witness, and will second the motion—sha'n't I, Lovewell?

[*Smiles, and Lovewell bows.*

Sir John. Your lordship's generosity encourages me to tell you—that I cannot marry Miss Sterling.

Lord Ogl. I am not at all surprised at it—she's a bitter potion, that's the truth of it; but as you were to swallow it, and not I, it was your business, and not mine—any thing more?

Sir John. But this, my lord—that I may be permitted to make my addresses to the other sister.

Lord Ogl. O yes—by all means—have you any hopes there, nephew? Do you think he'll succeed, Lovewell?

[*Smiles, and winks at Lovewell.*

Lov. I think not, my lord. [*Gravely.*

Lord Ogl. I think so too; but let the fool try.

Sir John. Will your lordship favour me with your good offices to remove the chief obstacle to the match, the repugnance of Mrs. Heidelberg?

Lord Ogl. Mrs. Heidelberg!—Had not you better begin with the young lady first? It will save you a great deal of trouble: won't it, Lovewell? [*Smiles.*] But do what you please, it will be the same thing to me—won't it, Lovewell? [*Conceitedly.*] Why dont you laugh at him?

Lov. I do, my lord. [*Forces a smile.*

Sir John. And your lordship will endeavor to prevail on Mrs. Heidelberg to consent to my marriage with Miss Fanny?

Lord Ogl. I'll speak to Mrs. Heidelberg about the adorable Fanny, as soon as possible.

Sir John. Your generosity transports me.

Lord Ogl. Poor fellow, what a dupe! he little thinks who's in possession of the town. [*Aside.*

Sir John. And your lordship is not offended at this seeming inconstancy?

Lord. Ogl. Not in the least. Miss Fanny's charms will even excuse infidelity. I look upon women as the *ferœ naturæ*—lawful game—and every man who is qualified has a natural right to pursue them; Lovewell as well as you, and I as well as either of you. Every man shall do his best, without offence to any—what say you, kinsmen?

Sir John. You have made me happy, my lord.

Lov. And me, I assure you, my lord.

Lord Ogl. And I am superlatively so—*allons donc!*—to horse and away, boys!—you to your affairs, and I to mine—*suivons l'amour.* [*Sings—Exeunt severally.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Fanny's Apartment.*

Enter LOVEWELL *and* FANNY, *followed by* BETTY.

Fanny. Why did you come so soon, Mr. Lovewell? the

family is not yet in bed, and Betty certainly heard somebody listening near the chamber-door.

Betty. My mistress is right, sir! evil spirits are abroad; and I am sure you are both too good, not to expect mischief from them.

Lov. But who can be so curious, or so wicked?

Betty. I think we have wickedness and curiosity enough in this family, sir, to expect the worst.

Fanny. I do expect the worst.—Prithee, Betty, return to the outward door, and listen if you hear anybody in the gallery; and let us know directly.

Betty. I warrant you, madam—the Lord bless you both! [*Goes out at the door.*

Fanny. What did my father want with you this evening?

Lov. He gave me the key of his closet, with orders to bring from London some papers relating to Lord Ogleby.

Fanny. And why did you not obey him?

Lov. Because I am certain that his lordship has opened his heart to him about you, and those papers are wanted merely on that account—but as we shall discover all tomorrow, there will be no occasion for them, and it would be idle in me to go.

Fanny. Hark! hark!—bless me, how I tremble!—I feel the terrors of guilt—indeed, Mr. Lovewell, this is too much for me.

Lov. And for me, too, my sweet Fanny. Your apprehensions make a coward of me. But what can alarm you? your aunt and sister are in their chambers, and you have nothing to fear from the rest of the family.

Fanny. I fear every body, and every thing, and every moment—my mind is in continual agitation and dread;—indeed, Mr. Lovewell, this situation may have very unhappy consequences. [*Weeps.*

Lov. But it sha'n't—I would rather tell our story this moment to all the house, and run the risk of maintaining you by the hardest labour, than suffer you to remain in this dangerous perplexity. What! shall I sacrifice all my best hopes and affections, in your dear health and safety, for the mean, and in such case, the meanest consideration—of our fortune! Were we to be abandoned by all our relations, we have that in our hearts and minds, will weigh

against the most affluent circumstances. I should not have proposed the secrecy of our marriage, but for your sake; and with hopes that the most generous sacrifice you have made to love and me, might be less injurious to you, by waiting a lucky moment of reconciliation.

Fanny. Hush! hush! for heaven's sake, my dear Lovewell, don't be so warm!—your generosity gets the better of your prudence; you will be heard, and we shall be discovered. I am satisfied—indeed I am. Excuse this weakness, this delicacy,—this what you will. My mind's at peace—indeed it is—think no more of it, if you love me!

Lov. That one word has charmed me, as it always does, to the most implicit obedience: it would be the worst of ingratitude in me to distress you for a moment.

[*Kisses her.*

Re-enter Betty, R.

Betty. [*In a low voice.*] I am sorry to disturb you.

Fanny. Ha! what's the matter?

Lov. Have you heard anybody?

Betty. Yes, yes, I have; and they have heard *you*, too, or I'm mistaken—if they had *seen* you, too, we should have been in a fine quandary!

Fanny. Prithee, don't prate now, Betty!

Lov. What did you hear?

Betty. I was preparing myself, as usual, to take me a little nap—

Lov. A nap!

Betty. Yes, sir, a nap; for I watch much better so than wide awake; and when I had wrapped this handkerchief round my head, for fear of the ear-ache from the key-hole, I thought I heard a kind of a sort of a buzzing, which I first took for a gnat, and shook my head two or three times, and went so with my hand.

Fanny. Well, well—and so—

Betty. And so, madam, when I heard Mr. Lovewell a little loud, I heard the buzzing louder too: and pulling off my handkerchief softly, I could hear this sort of noise—

[*Makes an indistinct noise like speaking.*

Fanny. Well, and what did they say?

Betty. Oh! I could not understand a word of what was said.

Lov. The outward door is locked?

Betty. Yes; and I bolted it, too, for fear of the worst.

Fanny. Why did you? they must have heard you, if they were near.

Betty. And I did it on purpose, madam, and coughed a little, too, that they might not hear Mr. Lovewell's voice. When I was silent, they were silent, and so I came to tell you.

Fanny. What shall we do?

Lov. Fear nothing! we know the worst; it will only bring on our catastrophe a little too soon. But Betty might fancy this noise—she's in the conspiracy, and can make a man a mouse at any time.

Betty. But I can distinguish a man from a mouse, as well as my betters. I am sorry you think so ill of me, sir.

Fanny. He compliments you; don't be a fool!—[*To Lovewell.*] Now you have set her tongue a-running, she'll mutter for an hour. I'll go and hearken myself. [*Exit,* R.

Betty. [*Half aside, and muttering.*] I'll turn my back on no girl, for sincerity and service.

Lov. Thou art the first in the world for both; and I will reward you soon, Betty, for one and the other.

Betty. I'm not mercenary, neither. I can live on a little, with a good *carreter.*

Re-enter FANNY, R.

Fanny. All seems quiet—suppose, my dear, you go to your own room. I shall be much easier then: and to-morrow we will be prepared for the discovery.

Betty. [*Half aside, and muttering.*] You may discover, if you please; but for my part, I shall still be secret.

Lov. Should I leave you now,—if they still are upon the watch, we shall lose the advantage of our delay. Besides, we should consult about to-morrow's business. Let Betty go to her own room, and lock the outward door after her; we can fasten this, and when she thinks all safe, she may return and let me out as usual.

Betty. Shall I, madam?

Fanny. Do let me have my way to-night, and you shall command me ever after. I would not have you surprised here for the world. Pray leave me! I shall be quite myself again, if you'll oblige me.

Lov. I live only to oblige you, my sweet Fanny! I'll be gone this moment. [*Going.*

Fanny. Let us listen first at the door, that you may not be intercepted. Betty shall go first, and if they lay hold of her—

Betty. They'll have the wrong sow by the ear, I can tell them that. [*Going hastily.*

Fanny. Softly, softly, Betty! don't venture out, if you hear a noise. Softly, I beg of you! See, Mr. Lovewell, the effects of indiscretion!

Lov. But love, Fanny, makes amends for all.

[*Exeunt all softly,* R.

Scene II.—*A Gallery, which leads to several bedchambers.*

Enter Miss Sterling, *leading* Mrs. Heidelberg, *in a nightcap,* R. U. E.

Miss Ster. This way, dear madam, and then I'll tell you all.

Mrs. Hei. Nay, but niece—consider a little—don't drag me out in this figur—let me put on my fly-cap! If any of my lord's fammaly, or the counsellors at law, should be stirring, I should be perdigus disconcarted.

Miss Ster. But, my dear madam, a moment is an age, in my situation. I am sure my sister has been plotting my disgrace and ruin in that chamber. Oh, she's all craft and wickedness!

Mrs. Hei. Well, but softly, Betsy! you are all in emotion; your mind is too much flustrated; you can neither eat, nor drink, nor take your natural rest. Compose yourself, child; for if we are not as warysome as they are wicked, we shall disgrace ourselves and the whole fammaly.

Miss Ster. We are disgraced already, madam. Sir John Melvil has forsaken me: my lord cares for nobody but himself; or if anybody, it is my sister; my father, for the sake of a better bargain, would marry me to a 'Change-broker; so that if you, madam, don't continue my friend—if you forsake me—if I am to lose my best hopes and consolation—in your tenderness—and affections—I had better—at once—give up the matter—and let my sister enjoy the fruits of her treachery, trample with scorn upon the rights

of her elder sister, the will of the best of aunts, and the weakness of a too interested father.

[*She pretends to be bursting into tears all this speech.*

Mrs. Hei. Don't, Betsy—keep up your spurrit—I hate whimpering—I am your friend—depend upon me in every particular—but be composed, and tell me what new mischief you have discovered.

Miss Ster. I had no desire to sleep, and would not undress myself, knowing that my Machiaval sister would not rest till she had broke my heart. I was so uneasy that I could not stay in my room; but when I thought that all the house was quiet, I sent my maid to discover what was going forward; she immediately came back, and told me that they were in high consultation; that she had heard only, for it was in the dark, my sister's maid conduct Sir John Melvil to her mistress, and then lock the door.

Mrs. Hei. And how did you conduct yourself in this dilamma?

Miss Ster. I returned with her, and could hear a man's voice, though nothing that they said distinctly; and you may depend upon it, that Sir John is now in that room, that they have settled the matter, and will run away together before morning, if we don't prevent them.

Mrs. Hei. Why, the brazen slut! she has got her sister's husband (that is to be) locked up in her chamber! at night too!—I tremble at the thoughts!

Miss Ster. Hush, madam! I hear something.

Mrs. Hei. You frighten me—let me put on my fly-cap—I would not be seen in this figur for the world.

Miss Ster. 'Tis dark, madam; you can't be seen.

Mrs. Hei. I purtest there's a candle coming, and a man, too!

Miss Ster. Nothing but servants; let us retire a moment! [*They retire,* R. U. E.

Enter BRUSH *half-drunk, laying hold of the* CHAMBERMAID, *who has a candle in her hand,* L. U. E.

Chamb. Be quiet, Mr. Brush; I shall drop down with terror!

Brush. But my sweet and most amiable chambermaid, if you have no love, you may hearken to a little reason; that cannot possibly do your virtue any harm.

Chamb. But you may do me harm, Mr. Brush, and a great deal of harm, too—pray let me go—I am ruined if they hear you—I tremble like an asp.

Brush. But they shan't hear us—and therefore I say it again, if you have no love, hear a little reason!

Chamb. I wonder at your impurence, Mr. Brush, to use me in this manner; this is not the way to keep me company, I assure you.—You are a town rake, I see, and now you are a little in liquor, you fear nothing.

Brush. Nothing, by heavens, but your frowns, most amiable chambermaid; I am a little electrified, that's the truth on't; I am not used to drink port, and your master's is so heady, that a pint of it oversets a claret-drinker.

Chamb. Don't be rude! bless me!—I shall be ruined —what will become of me?

Brush. I'll take care of you, by all that's honourable.

Chamb. You are a base man to use me so—I'll cry out, if you don't let me go—That is Miss Sterling's chamber, that Miss Fanny's, and that Madam Heidelberg's. [*Pointing.*

Brush. And that my Lord Ogleby's, and that my lady what-d'ye-call-'em: I don't mind such folks when I am sober, much less when I am whimsical—rather above that, too.

Chamb. More shame for you, Mr. Brush!—you terrify me—you have no modesty.

Brush. Oh, but I have, my sweet spider-brusher!—for instance; I reverence Miss Fanny—with all my horrors of matrimony, I could marry her myself—but for her sister—

Miss Ster. There, there, madam, all in a story!

Chamb. Bless me, Mr. Brush!—I heard something.

Brush. Rats, I suppose, that are gnawing the old timbers of this execrable old dungeon.—If it was mine, I would pull it down, and fill your fine canal up with the rubbish; and then I should get rid of two damned things at once.

Chamb. Law! law! how you blaspheme! we shall have the house upon our heads for it.

Brush. No, no, it will last our time—but as I was saying, the eldest sister—Miss Jezebel—

Chamb. Is a fine young lady, for all your evil tongue.

Brush. No—we have smoked her already; and unless she marries our old Swiss, she can have none of us—no, no, she won't do—we are a little too nice.

Chamb. You're a monstrous rake, Mr. Brush, and don't care what you say.

Brush. Why, for that matter, my dear—where's old mother Heidelberg's room?

Mrs. H. [*Coming forward.*] There's no bearing this—you profligate monster!

Chamb. Ha! I am undone!

Brush. Zounds! here she is, by all that's monstrous. [*Runs off*, L.

Miss Ster. A fine discourse you have had with that fellow!

Mrs. Hei. And a fine time of night it is to be here with that drunken monster!

Miss Ster. What have you to say for yourself?

Chamb. I can say nothing—I am so frightened, and so ashamed—but indeed I am vartuous—I am vartuous, indeed.

Mrs. Hei. Well, well—don't tremble so; but, tell us what you know of this horrible plot here.

Miss Ster. We'll forgive you, if you'll discover all.

Chamb. Why, madam—don't let me betray my fellow-servants—I sha'nt sleep in my bed, if I do.

Mrs. Hei. Then you shall sleep somewhere else to-morrow night.

Chamb. Oh, dear! what shall I do?

Mrs. Hei. Tell us this moment, or I'll turn you out of doors directly.

Chamb. Why, our butler has been treating us below in his pantry—Mr. Brush forced us to make a kind of a holiday night of it.

Miss Ster. Holiday! for what?

Chamb. Nay, I only made one.

Miss Ster. Well, well, but upon what account?

Chamb. Because, as how, madam, there was a change in the family, they said—that his honour, Sir John—was to marry Miss Fanny instead of your ladyship.

Miss Ster. And so you make a holiday for that.—Very fine!

Chamb. I did not make it, ma'am.

Mrs. Hei. But do you know nothing of Sir John's being to run away with Miss Fanny to-night?

Chamb. No, indeed, ma'am!

Miss Ster. Nor of his being now locked up in my sister's chamber?

Chamb. No, as I hope for marcy, ma'am!

Mrs. Hei. Well, I'll put an end to all this directly—do you run to my brother Sterling—

Chamb. Now, ma'am? 'Tis so very late, ma'am—

Mrs. Hei. I don't care how late it is. Tell him there are thieves in the house—that the house is o'fire—tell him to come here immediately—go, I say!

Chamb. I will, I will, though I'm frightened out of my wits. [*Exit*, L.

Mrs. Hei. Do you watch here, my dear; and I'll put myself in order to face them. We'll plot 'em, and counterplot 'em too. [*Exit into her chamber.*

Miss Ster. I have as much pleasure in this revenge, as in being made a countess! Ha! they are unlocking the door. Now for it. [*Retires.*

FANNY'S *door is unlocked—and* BETTY *comes out with a candle.* MISS STERLING *approaches her.*

Betty. [*Calling within.*] Sir, sir! now's your time—all's clear. [*Seeing Miss Ster.*] Stay, stay—not yet—we are watched.

Miss Ster. And so you are, madam Betty!

[*Miss Sterling lays hold of her, while Betty locks the door, and puts the key into her pocket.*

Betty. [*Turning round.*] What's the matter, ma'am?

Miss Ster. Nay, that you shall tell my father and aunt, madam.

Betty. I am no tell-tale, ma'am, and no thief; they'll get nothing from me.

Miss Ster. You have a great deal of courage, Betty; and considering the secrets you have to keep, you have occasion for it.

Betty. My mistress shall never repent her good opinion of me, ma'am.

Enter STERLING.

Ster. What is all this? What's the matter? Why am I disturbed in this manner?

Miss Ster. This creature, and my distresses, sir, will explain the matter.

Re-enter MRS. HEIDELBERG, *with another head-dress.*

Mrs. Hei. Now I'm prepared for the rancounter—well, brother, have you heard of this scene of wickedness?

Ster. Not I—but what is it? Speak? I was got into my little closet—all the lawyers were in bed, and I had almost lost my senses in the confusion of Lord Ogleby's mortgages, when I was alarmed with a foolish girl, who could hardly speak; and whether it's fire, or thieves, or murder, I am quite in the dark.

Miss Ster. Who's in that chamber? [*Detaining Betty, who seemed to be stealing away.*

Betty. My mistress.

Miss Ster. And who is with your mistress?

Betty. Why, who should there be?

Miss Ster. Open the door, then, and let us see!

Betty. The door is open, madam. [*Miss Sterling goes to the door.*] I'll sooner die than peach. [*Exit hastily,* L.

Miss Ster. The door's locked; and she has got the key in her pocket.

Mrs. Hei. There's impudence, brother! piping hot from your daughter Fanny's school!

Ster. But zounds! what is all this about? you tell me of a sum total, and you don't produce the particulars.

Mrs. Hei. Sir John Melvil is locked up in your daughter's bedchamber.—There is the particular!

Ster. The devil he is! that's bad!

Miss Ster. And he has been there some time, too.

Ster. Ditto!

Mrs. Hei. Ditto! worse and worse, I say. I'll raise the house, and expose him to my lord, and the whole fammaly.

Ster. By no means! we shall expose ourselves, sister! the best way is to insure privately—let me alone! I'll make him marry her to-morrow morning.

Miss Ster. Make him marry her! this is beyond all patience! You have thrown away all your affection; and I shall do as much by my obedience: unnatural fathers make unnatural children. My revenge is in my own power and I'll indulge it. Had they made their escape, I

should have been exposed to the derision of the world; but the deriders shall be derided; and so—help! help, there! thieves! thieves!

Mrs. Hei. Tit-for-tat, Betsy! you are right, my girl.

Ster. Zounds! you'll spoil all—you'll raise the whole family—the devil's in the girl.

Mrs. Hei. No, no; the devil's in you, brother. I am ashamed of your principles. What! would you connive at your daughter's being locked up with her sister's husband? Help! thieves! thieves! I say. [*Cries out.*

Ster. Sister, I beg you! daughter, I command you! If you have no regard for me, consider yourselves! We shall lose this opportunity of ennobling our blood and getting above twenty per cent. for our money.

Miss Ster. What! by my disgrace and my sister's triumph! I have a spirit above such mean considerations; and to shew you that it is not a low-bred, vulgar, 'Change-Alley spirit—help! help! thieves! thieves! I say.

Ster. Ay, ay, you may save your lungs—the house is in an uproar; women, at best, have no discretion; but in a passion they'll fire a house, or burn themselves in it, rather than not be revenged.

Enter Canton, *in a night-gown and slippers.*

Cant. Eh, diable! vat is de raison of dis great noise, dis tantamarre?

Ster. Ask those ladies, sir; 'tis of their making.

Lord Ogl. [*Calls within.*] Brush! Brush! Canton! where are you? What's the matter? [*Rings a bell.*] Where are you?

Ster. 'Tis my lord calls, Mr. Canton.

Cant. I com, mi lor!

[*Exit, Canton—Lord Ogleby still rings.*

Serg. Flower. [*Calls within.*] A light! a light, here! where are the servants? Bring a light for me and my brothers.

Ster. Lights here! lights for the gentlemen!

[*Exit Sterling.*

Mrs. Hei. My brother feels, I see—your sister's turn will come next.

Miss Ster. Ay, ay, let it go round, madam, it is the only comfort I have left.

Re-enter STERLING, *with lights, before* SERGEANT FLOWER (*with one boot and a slipper*) *and* TRAVERSE.

Ster. This way, sir! this way, gentlemen!

Flower. Well; but Mr. Sterling, no danger, I hope. Have they made a burglarious entry? Are you prepared to repulse them? I am very much alarmed about thieves at circuit-time. They would be particularly severe with us gentlemen of the bar.

Traverse. No danger, Mr. Sterling—no trespass, I hope?

Ster. None, gentlemen, but of those ladies' making.

Mrs. Hei. You'll be ashamed to know, gentlemen, that all your labours and studies about this young lady are thrown away—Sir John Melvil is at this moment locked up with this lady's younger sister.

Flower. The thing is a little extraordinary, to be sure—but, why were we to be frightened out of our beds for this? Could not we have tried this cause to-morrow morning?

Miss Ster. But, sir, by to-morrow morning, perhaps, even your assistance would not have been of any service—the birds now in that cage would have flown away.

Enter LORD OGLEBY, *in his robe-de-chambre, nightcap, &c., leaning on* CANTON.

Lord Ogl. I had rather lose a limb than my night's rest—what's the matter with you all!

Ster. Ay, ay, 'tis all over! here's my lord too.

Lord Ogl. What's all this shrieking and screaming? where's my angelic Fanny? she's safe, I hope?

Mrs. Hei. Your angelic Fanny, my lord, is locked up with your angelic nephew in that chamber.

Lord Ogl. My nephew! then will I be excommunicated.

Mrs. Hei. Your nephew, my lord, has been plotting to run away with the younger sister; and the younger sister has been plotting to run away with your nephew; and if we had not watched them, and called up the fammaly, they had been upon the scamper to Scotland by this time.

Lord Ogl. Look'ee, ladies! I know that Sir John has

conceived a violent passion for Miss Fanny; and I know too that Miss Fanny has conceived a violent passion for another person; and I am so well convinced of the rectitude of her affections, that I will support them with my fortune, my honour, and my life. Eh, shan't I, Mr. Sterling? [*Smiling.*] What say you?

Ster. [*Sulkily.*] To be sure, my lord.—[*Aside.*] These bawling women have been the ruin of everything.

Lord Ogl. But come, I'll end this business in a trice. If you, ladies, will compose yourselves, and Mr. Sterling will ensure Miss Fanny from violence, I will engage to draw her from her pillow with a whisper through the keyhole.

Mrs. Hei. The horrid creatures! I say, my lord, break the door open.

Lord Ogl. Let me beg of your delicacy not to be too precipitate! Now to our experiment!

[*Advancing towards the door.*

Miss Ster. Now, what will they do? My heart will beat through my bosom.

Enter Betty *with the key.*

Betty. There's no occasion for breaking open doors, my lord; we have done nothing that we ought to be ashamed of, and my mistress shall face her enemies.

[*Going to unlock the door.*

Mrs. Hei. There's impudence.

Lord Ogl. The mystery thickens. Lady of the bedchamber! [*To Betty,*] open the door, and intreat Sir John Melvil (for the ladies will have it that he is there,) to appear and answer to high crimes and misdemeanors. Call Sir John Melvil into court.

Enter Sir John Melvil, *on the other side.*

Sir John. I am here, my lord.

Mrs. Hei Heyday!

Miss Ster. Astonishment!

Sir John. What is all this alarm and confusion! there is nothing but hurry in the house; what is the reason of it?

Lord Ogl. Because you have been in that chamber;

have been! nay, you *are* there at this moment, as these ladies have protested, so don't deny it.

Traverse. This is the clearest *alibi* I ever knew, Mr. Sergeant.

Flower. Luce clarius.

Lord Ogl. Upon my word, ladies, if you have often these frolics, it would be really entertaining to pass a whole summer with you. But come—[*To Betty,*] open the door, and intreat your amiable mistress to come forth, and dispel all our doubts with her smiles.

Betty. [*Opening the door.*] Madam, you are wanted in this room. [*Pertly.*

Enter FANNY, *in great confusion.*

Miss Ster. You see she's ready dressed—and what confusion she's in.

Mrs. Heidel. Ready to pack off, bag and baggage! Her guilt confounds her!

Flower. Silence in the court, ladies!

Fanny. I *am* confounded, indeed, madam!

Lord Ogl. Don't droop, my beauteous lily! but with your own peculiar modesty declare your state of mind. Pour conviction into their ears, and raptures into mine. [*Smiling.*

Fanny. I am at this moment the most unhappy—most distressed—the tumult is too much for my heart—and I want the power to reveal a secret, which to conceal has been the misfortune and misery of my—my— [*Faints away.*

Lord Ogl. She faints; help! help! for the fairest and best of women!

Betty. [*Running to her.*] Oh, my dearest mistress! help, help, there!

Sir John. Ha! let me fly to her assistance.

} *Speaking all at once.*

LOVEWELL *rushes out of the Chamber.*

Lov. My Fanny in danger—I can restrain myself no longer.—Prudence were now a crime; all other cares were lost in this!—Speak, speak to me, my dearest Fanny! Let me but hear thy voice, open your eyes, and bless me with the smallest sign of life!

[*During this speech they are all in amazement.*

Miss Ster. Lovewell!—I am easy!

Mrs. Heidel. I am thunderstruck!

Lord Ogl. I am petrified!

Sir John. And I undone!

Fanny. [*Recovering.*] O Lovewell!—even supported by thee, I dare not look my father nor his lordship in the face.

Ster. What now! did not I send you to London, sir?

Lord Ogl. Eh!—What!—How's this?—By what right and title have you been half the night in that lady's bedchamber?

Lov. By that right which makes me the happiest of men; and by a title which I would not forego, for any the best of kings could give.

Betty. I could cry my eyes out to hear his magnanimity.

Lord Ogl. I am annihilated!

Ster. I have been choaked with rage and wonder; but now I can speak.—Zounds! what have you to say to me?—Lovewell, you are a villain.—You have broke your word with me.

Fanny. Indeed, sir, he has not—you forbad him to think of me, when it was out of his power to obey you; we have been married these four months.

Ster. And he sha'n't stay in my house four hours. What baseness and treachery! As for you, you shall repent this step as long as you live, madam.

Fanny. Indeed, sir, it is impossible to conceive the tortures I have already endured in consequence of my disobedience. My heart has continually upbraided me for it; and though I was too weak to struggle with affection, I feel that I must be miserable for ever without your forgiveness.

Ster. Lovewell, you shall leave my house directly,—and you shall follow him, madam. [*To Fanny.*

Lord Ogl. And if they do, I will receive them into mine. Lookyee, Mr. Sterling, there have been some mistakes, which we had all better forget for our own sakes; and the best way to forget them is to forgive the cause of them; which I do from my soul.—Poor girl! I swore to support her affection with my life and fortune; 'tis a debt of honour, and must be paid—you swore as much, too, Mr. Sterling; but your laws in the city will excuse *you*, I sup-

pose; for you never strike a balance without errors excepted.

Ster. I am a father, my lord; but for the sake of all other fathers, I think I ought not to forgive her, for fear of encouraging other silly girls like herself to throw themselves away without the consent of their parents.

Lov. I hope there will be no danger of that, sir. Young ladies, with minds like my Fanny's, would startle at the very shadow of vice; and when they know to what uneasiness only an indiscretion has exposed her, her example, instead of encouraging, will rather serve to deter them.

Mrs. Heidel. Indiscretion, quotha! a mighty pretty delicat word to express obedience!

Lord Ogl. For my part, I indulge my own passions too much to tyrannize over those of other people. Poor souls, I pity them. And you must forgive them too. Come, come, melt a little of your flint, Mr. Sterling!

Ster. Why, why, as to that, my lord—to be sure, he is a relation of yours, my lord—what say *you*, sister Heidelberg?

Mrs. Heidel. The girl's ruined, and I forgive her.

Ster. Well—so do I, then—Nay, no thanks—[*To Lovewell and Fanny, who seem preparing to speak*]—there's an end of the matter.

Lord Ogl. But, Lovewell, what makes you dumb all this while?

Lov. Your kindness, my lord.—I can scarce believe my own senses—they are all in a tumult of fear, joy, love, expectation, and gratitude; I ever was, and am now more bound in duty to your lordship. For you, Mr. Sterling, if every moment of my life, spent gratefully in your service, will in some measure compensate the want of fortune, you perhaps will not repent your goodness to me. And you, ladies, I flatter myself, will not for the future suspect me of artifice and intrigue—I shall be happy to oblige and serve you.—As for you, Sir John—

Sir John. No apologies to me, Lovewell, I do not deserve any. All I have to offer in excuse for what has happened, is my total ignorance of your situation. Had you dealt a little more openly with me, you would have saved me, and yourself, and that lady, (who I hope will pardon my behaviour,) a great deal of uneasiness. Give me leave,

however, to assure you, that light and capricious as I may have appeared, now my infatuation is over, I have sensibility enough to be ashamed of the part I have acted, and honour enough to rejoice at your happiness.

Lov. And now, my dearest Fanny, though we are seemingly the happiest of beings, yet all our joys will be damped, if his lordship's generosity, and Mr. Sterling's forgiveness, should not be succeeded by the indulgence, approbation, and consent of these our best benefactors.

[*To the Audience.*

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Ster. Lord O. Fanny. Love. Mrs. H. Miss Ster. Sir J. R.] [L

THE END.

No. XXXIX.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &C.

WILLIAM TELL.

A Play

IN THREE ACTS.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

AS ACTED BY MR. FORREST.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

NEW YORK:

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PRICE 12 1-2 CENTS.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

The play of "William Tell" was produced at Drury Lane Theatre the 11th of May, 1825. The London Chronicle of the next morning remarked: "Mr. Knowles has exhibited considerable talent in this production, and much contrivance of that kind which the performers call stage effect; but he has fallen into one main error, as we conceive, by attempting to drag a story through five long acts, the circumstances of which could scarcely furnish matter for three. It was competent, of course, to the writer, to construct an underplot in aid of his historical materials, and he did so; but we must confess, that though in some instances the loves of the additional parties reminded us of some of the earlier dramatists, they appeared upon the whole rather as heavy appendages, than enlivening concomitants, to a play otherwise judiciously and powerfully conducted. But the worst effect of this unhappy determination to have five acts, right or wrong, was the extreme meagreness of the last, which sank, from want of matter, into downright insipidity. This was a grievous fault—but there was a redeeming energy in the play sufficient to atone for many more."

Time has proved the justice of these criticisms. The comic underplot of "William Tell," as originally acted and published, was a clumsy excrescence upon the main plot. No better proof of this need be given than the fact, that as the piece is now successfully played both by Mr. Macready and Mr. Forrest, this underplot is entirely omitted; the play is reduced to three acts, and is made to terminate where it ought, soon after the shooting of the apple. This retrenched and re-arranged version we have chosen to adopt for our series, as it is the one sanctioned by popular approval, and is free from the serious objections so justly

raised against the play in its original form. If an underplot can be omitted without detracting from the interest of the rest of a drama—without leaving any of its incidents unexplained, or putting out of sight some essential traits of character,—then it is very certain that the underplot has no business in the play, and it had much better be omitted.

It is always interesting to know what was the impression made by a piece on its first representation. Macready was the original *William Tell*. "He throws his whole heart and soul into the part," says the London New Monthly Magazine, "and gives a noble picture of heroic resentment and domestic affection. He delivers the speeches of the patriot in a voice fit for the mountain echoes to answer, and embodies the pride, the love, and the sorrow of the father, with a truth which comes home to every heart. Clara Fisher is the child, and a prettier piece of acting, more fresh and unaffected, we never saw." The scene in which *Tell* finds his son *Albert* practising at a mark, was performed with the most acute discrimination by Mr. Macready. The nature with which he in the first instance directs the boy, and his bursts of energy when he tells him to suppose the mark to be *Gesler*, elicited from the audience a burst of merited and most spontaneous emotion. Again: when the father and child are confronted, their endeavour to conceal the connection, and its discovery by a merciless order for the execution of both, afforded opportunities which were improved to the utmost—the powers of Miss Fisher producing an effect, to which no youthful performer with common talents could in any proportionate degree have contributed.

This play is well adapted to exhibit some of the most impressive traits of Mr. Forrest's acting. On all occasions where a certain rugged magnanimity is to be depicted in connection with deep passion, he is incomparable; and his personation of *William Tell* is at once strong, pathetic, and eloquent. You feel that his heart is in the liberal aspirations he utters; and they consequently have an effect far beyond that which declamatory passages of a political character usually are invested with on the stage.

The historical incident upon which this play is founded, is a

familiar one; and whether the story of the apple be apocryphal or not, it is pretty certain that Tell was the chief instigator of the revolution, which delivered the Swiss cantons from the German yoke in 1307. Schiller has founded an interesting play upon this subject; but he, with more fidelity to history probably, represents his hero as an honest rustic, little conversant with abstract notions of liberty, and requiring the sense of personal wrong to sting him into enterprise. The English dramatist, in representing *Tell* from the first as brooding over the wrongs of his country, and watching for the moment of retribution, has probably gained in dramatic effect what he may have lost in historical accuracy.

The play abounds in touches of pathos—in instances of genuine passion, and passages of high poetical merit. In its present form it cannot fail always to be attractive, while our stage can offer a Forrest or a Macready for the embodiment of the principal character.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Drury Lane.	*Park*, 1843.	*Boston*, 1846.
Gesler	Mr. Mude.	Mr. Ryder.	Mr. Fleming.
Sarnem, his Lieut. ..	" Thompson.	" Lovell.	" W. Germon.
Rodolph, }	" E. Vining.	" Freeland.	
Lutold, } *Austrians*	" Howell.	" Gallot.	" Parker.
Gerard, }		" Gourlay.	
William Tell	" Macready.	" Macready.	" Forrest.
Albert, his Son	Miss Vincent.	Master Wood.	Miss Wagstaff.
Melctal, Erni's fath.	Mr. Young.	Mr. Barry.	Mr. Brydges.
Erni, } *Patriots in*	" Webster.	" Crocker.	" Benson.
Furst, } *league with*	" Fenton.	" Forbes.	" Stephens.
Verner } *Tell.*	" C. Jones.	" Gann.	" H. Russell.
Michael	" Wallack.	" Andrews.	" Blaud.
Pierre	" Eaton.	" King.	" Parsons.
Theodore	" Wakefield.	" Bridges.	" Adams.
Emma, Tell's wife ..	Mrs. W. West.	Miss Cushman.	Mrs. Phillips.
Savoyard		" Pearson.	Miss Boquet.

Austrian Officers, Archers, and Soldiers, Savoyards, Villagers, Citizens, Mountaineers, &c.—SCENE, *Altorf and neighbouring Mountains.*

COSTUMES.

GESLER.—Green velvet tunic and cloak trimmed with ermine, flesh legs and sandals, black cap and feathers.
SARNEM.—Russet-coloured body, cloak, and trunks, trimmed with yellow, and brass buttons, white leggings and russet boots, black cap and feathers.
LUTOLD.—Ibid.—green.
MELCTAL.—Light brown tunic and cloak, flesh legs and sandals, gray hair, hat to match.
PIERRE.—Brown tunic, blue hose, russet shoes, black cap.
THEODORE.—Ibid.—gray.
OFFICERS.—Red tunic, flesh coloured legs and arms, sandals, caps with bright rims round them, swords and bands.
ARCHERS.—Ibid.—green.
SOLDIERS.—Ibid.—red.
SAVOYARDS.—Plum-coloured jaekets and trunks, trimmed with red binding, white shirts, Swiss braces and hats.
PEASANTS.—Different coloured tunics, gray and red or blue hose, blue-black hats, russet shoes,
WILLIAM TELL.—Dark brown jacket and trunks, flesh legs and sandals, looso cloak to throw across his shoulders, white shirt to draw close round the throat, cap to match.
VERNER.—Light gray tunic, cloak to throw across shoulders, cap of same, flesh legs and sandals, white shirt.
ERNI.—Ibid.—light blue.
FURST.—Ibid.—Dark brown.
ALBERT.—Ibid.—drab-coloured.

EMMA.—Slate-coloured body and petticoat, trimmed with fur, sandals, flesh stockings, &c.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right;* L. *Left:* R. D. *Right Door;* L. D. *Left Door;* S. E. *Second Entrance;* U. E. *Upper Entrance;* M. D. *Middle Door.*

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right;* L., *Left;* C., *Centre;* R. C., *Right of Centre;* L. C., *Left of Centre.*

N.B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas, *are usually omitted in the representation.*

WILLIAM TELL

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Tell's Cottage on the right of a Mountain—a distant view of a Lake, backed by Mountains of stupendous height, their tops covered with snow, and lighted at the very points by the rising Sun, the rest of the distance being yet in shade—on one side a Vineyard.*

Enter EMMA, *from the Cottage.*

Emma. (c.) Oh, the fresh morning! Heaven's kind messenger,
That never empty-handed comes to those
Who know to use its gifts.—Praise be to Him
Who loads it still, and bids it constant run
The errand of his bounty!—Praise be to Him!
We need his care that on the mountain's cliff
Lodge by the storm, and cannot lift our eyes,
But piles on piles of everlasting snows,
O'erhanging us, remind us of his mercy.

ALBERT *appears on an eminence,* L. U. E.

Alb. My mother!
Emma. Albert!
Alb. [*Descending and approaching Emma.*] Bless thee!
Emma. Bless thee, Albert!
How early were you up?
Alb. Before the sun.
Emma. Ay, strive with him. He never lies a-bed
When it is time to rise. He ever is

The constant'st workman, that goes through his task,
And shows us how to work, by setting to't
With smiling face; for labour's light as ease
That cheerfulness doth take in hand. Be like
The sun.

Alb. (c.) What you would have me like, I will be like,
As far as will, to labour joined, can make me.

Emma. Well said, my boy! Knelt you, when you got up
To-day?

Alb. I did; and do so every day.

Emma. I know you do! and think you, when you kneel,
To whom you kneel?

Alb. I do!

Emma. You have been early up, when I, that played
The sluggard in comparison, am up
Full early; for the highest peaks alone
As yet, behold the sun. Now tell me what
You ought to think on, when you see the sun
So shining on the peak?

Alb. That as the peak
Feels not the pleasant sun, or feels it least,—
So they, who highest stand in fortune's smile,
Are gladdened by it least, or not at all!

Emma. And what's the profit you should turn this to?

Alb. Rather to place my good in what I have,
Than think it worthless, wishing to have more:
For more is not more happiness, so oft
As less.

Emma. I'm glad you husband what you're taught.
That is the lesson of content, my son;
He who finds which, has all—who misses, nothing.

Alb. Content is a good thing.

Emma. A thing the good
Alone can profit by.

Alb. My father's good.

Emma. What say'st thou, boy?

Alb. I say, my father's good.

Emma. Yes; he is good! what then?

Alb. I do not think
He is content—I'm sure he's not content;
Nor would I be content, were I a man

And Gesler seated on the rock of Altorf!
A man may lack content, and yet be good.
Emma. I did not say all good men found content.
I would be busy: leave me.
Alb. You're not angry?
Emma. No, no, my boy.
Alb. You'll kiss me?
Emma. Will I not!
The time will come you will not ask your mother
To kiss you!
Alb. Never!
Emma. Not when you're a man?
Alb. I'll never be a man to see that time:
I'd rather die, now when I am a child,
Than live to be a man, and not love you!
Emma. (c.) Live—live to be a man, and love your mother!
[*They embrace—Albert runs off into the cottage,* R.
Why should my heart sink?—'tis for this we rear them:
Cherish their tiny limbs; pine if a thorn
But mar their tender skin; gather them to us
Closer than miser hugs his bags of gold;
Bear more for them than slave, who makes his flesh
A casket for the rich, purloinéd gem—
To send them forth into a wintry world,
To brave its flaws and tempests!—They must go;
Far better, then, they go with hearty will!
Be that my consolation.—Nestling as
He is, he is the making of a bird
Will own no cowering wing. 'Twas fine—'twas fine
To see my eaglet on the verge o' the nest,
Ruffling himself at sight of the big gulf
He feels anon he'll have the wing to soar.

Re-enter ALBERT, *from the Cottage,* R. *with a bow and arrows, and rude target, which he sets up near* R. U. E. *during the first lines, laying his bow and quiver on the ground.*

What have you there?
Alb. My bow and arrows, mother.
Emma. When will you use them like your father, boy?
Alb. Some time, I hope.

Emma. You brag! There's not an archer
In all Helvetia can compare with him.
Alb. But I'm his son; and when I am a man
I may be like him. Mother, do I brag,
To think I sometime may be like my father?
If so, then is it he that teaches me;
For ever, as I wonder at his skill,
He calls me boy, and says I must do more
Ere I become a man.
Emma. May you be such
A man as he—if Heaven wills, better—I'll
Not quarrel with its work; yet 'twill content me
If you are only such a man.
Alb. I'll show you
How I can shoot. [*Shoots at the target.*] Look, mother! there's within
An inch!
Emma. Oh, fie! it wants a hand.
[*Going into the Cottage,* R.
Alb. A hand's
An inch for me. I'll hit it yet. Now for it!
[*Shoots again.— While he continues to shoot, the light gradually approaches the base of the mountains in the distance, and spreads itself over the lake and valley.*

Enter Tell, L., *watching Albert some time in silence.*

Tell. That's scarce a miss, that comes so near the mark!
Well aimed, young archer! With what ease he bends
The bow! To see those sinews, who'd believe
Such strength did lodge in them? Well aimed again!
There plays the skill will thin the chamois' herd,
And bring the lammer-geyer from the cloud
To earth. Perhaps do greater feats—perhaps
Make man its quarry, when he dares to tread
Upon his fellow man. That little arm,
His mother's palm can span, may help, anon,
To pull a sinewy tyrant from his seat,
And from their chains a prostrate people lift
To liberty. I'd be content to die,
Living to see that day.—What, Albert!
Alb. (c.) Ah!
My father! [*Running to Tell, who embraces him.*

Emma. [*Running from the Cottage,* R.] William!—Welcome! welcome, William!
I did not look for you till noon.
Joy's double joy,
That comes before the time: it is a debt
Paid ere 'tis due, which fills the owner's heart
With gratitude, and yet 'tis but his own!
And are you well? And has the chase proved good?
How has it fared with you? Come in; I'm sure
You want refreshment.
Tell. No; I did partake
A herdsman's meal, upon whose lonely chalet
I chanced to light. I've had bad sport; my track
Lay with the wind, which to the startlish game
Betrayed me still. One only prize; and that
I gave mine humble host.
Then, scaling yonder peak,
I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow:
O'er the abyss his broad expanded wings
Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
As if he floated there without their aid,
By the sole act of his unlorded will,
That buoyed him proudly up. Instinctively
I bent my bow; yet kept he rounding still
His airy circle, as in the delight
Of measuring the ample range beneath
And round about: absorbed, he heeded not
The death that threatened him. I could not shoot—
'Twas liberty! I turned my bow aside,
And let him soar away.
[*To Albert, who has returned to his practice.*] You raise the bow
Too fast. Bring't slowly to the eye.— [*Albert shoots.*
You've missed.
How often have you hit the mark to-day?
Alb. Not once yet.
Tell. You're not steady. I perceived
You wavered now. Stand firm! Let every limb
Be braced as marble, and as motionless.
Stand like the sculptor's statue on the gate
Of Altorf, that looks life, yet neither breathes
Nor stirs. [*Albert shoots.*] That's better!

Emma. William, William! Oh!
To be the parents of a boy like that!
Why speak you not—and wherefore do you sigh?
What's in your heart to keep the transport out
That fills up mine, when looking on our child,
Till it o'erflows mine eye! [*Albert shoots.*

Tell. You've missed again!
Dost see the mark? Rivet your eye to it!
There let it stick, fast as the arrow would,
Could you but send it there.

Emma. Why, William, don't
You answer me? [*Albert shoots.*

Tell. (c.) Again! How would you fare,
Suppose a wolf should cross your path, and you
Alone, with but your bow, and only time
To fix a single arrow? 'Twould not do
To miss the wolf! You said, the other day,
Were you a man, you'd not let Gesler live.
'Twas easy to say that. Suppose you, now,
Your life or his depended on that shot!—
Take care! That's Gesler!—Now for liberty!
Right to the tyrant's heart!—[*Albert shoots.*]—Well done, my boy!
Come here!—Now, Emma, I will answer you:
Do I not love you? Do I not love our child?
Is not that cottage dear to me, where I
Was born? How many acres would I give
That little vineyard for, which I have watched
And tended since I was a child? Those crags
And peaks—what spired city would I take
To live in, in exchange for them?—Yet what
Are these to me? What is this boy to me?
What art thou, Emma, to me—when a breath
Of Gesler's can take all? [*Crosses,* R.

"*Emma.* (c.) Oh, William! think
"How little is that all to him—too little
"For Gesler, sure, to take. Bethink thee, William,
"We have no treasure.

"*Tell.* Have we not? Have we
"No treasure? How! No treasure? What!
"Have we not liberty?—that precious ore,
"That pearl, that gem, the tyrant covets most,

"Yet can't enjoy himself—for which he drains
"His coffers of their coin—his land of blood;
"Goes without sleep—pines himself sallow—pale—
"Yea, makes a pawn of his own soul—lacks ease—
"Frets till the bile gnaws appetite away—
"Forgets both heaven and hell, only to strip
"The wearer of it! Emma, we have that,
"And that's enough for Gesler!"

Emma. Then, indeed,
My William, we have much to fear!

Tell. We have;
And best it is we know how much. Then, Emma,
Make up thy mind, wife; make it up! Remember
What wives and mothers, on these very hills,
Once breathed the air you breathe. Helvetia
Hath chronicles, the masters of the world,
As they were called—the Romans—kept for her:
And in those chronicles 'tis writ—and praise
Set down by foes, must needs, at least, be true—
'Tis writ, I say, that when the Rhetians—
They were the early tenants of those hills—
Withstood the lust of Roman tyranny,
With Claudius Drusus, and a certain Nero,
Sons-in-law of Octavius Cæsar, at
Its head—the Rhetian women, when the men,
O'ermatched by numbers, did at last give way,
Seeing that liberty was gone, threw life
And nature, too, as worthless, after it;
Rushed through the gaping ranks of them who fled,
And on the dripping weapons of the red
Victorious van, impaled themselves and children!

Emma. Oh, William!

Tell. Emma, let the boy alone;
Don't clasp him so—'twill soften him. Go, sir,
See if the valley sends us visitors
To-day; some friend, perchance, may need thy guidance.
Away! [*Exit Albert*, L.] He's better from thee, Emma; the time
Is come, a mother on her breast should fold
Her arms, as they had done with such endearments,
And bid her children go from her to hunt
For danger, which will presently hunt them—
The less to heed it.

Emma. (c.) William, you are right;
The task you set me I will try to do.
I would not live myself to be a slave—
I would not be the dam of one!
No! woman as I am, I would not, William!
Then choose my course for me: whate'er it is,
I will say ay, and do it, too; suppose
To dress my little stripling for the war,
And take him by the hand to lead him to't!
Yes, I would do it at thy bidding, William,
Without a tear: I say that I would do it—
But, now I only talk of doing it,
I can't help shedding one! [*Weeps.*

Tell. (l. c.) "Did I not choose thee
"From out the fairest of the maids of Uri,
"Less that in beauty thou did'st them surpass,
"Than that thy soul that beauty overmatched?
"Why rises on thy matron cheek that blush,
"Mantling it fresh as in thy virgin morn,
"But that I did so?" Do I wonder, then,
To find thee equal to the task of virtue,
Although a hard one? No, I wonder not.
"Why should I, Emma, make thy heart acquainted
"With ills I could shut out from it—rude guests
"For such a home! Here, only, we have had
"Two hearts; in all things else—in love, in faith,
"In hope, in joy, that never had but one!
"But henceforth we must have but one here also.

"*Emma.* Oh, William! you have wronged me—kindly wronged me.

"When ever yet was happiness the test
"Of love in man or woman? Who'd not hold
"To that which must advantage him? Who'd not
"Keep promise to a feast, or mind his pledge
"To share a rich man's purse? There's not a churl,
"However base, but might be thus approved
"Of most unswerving constancy. But that
"Which loosens churls, ties friends; or changes them,
"Only to stick the faster. William! William!
"That man knew never yet the love of woman,
"Who never had an ill to share with her!

"*Tell.* Not even to know that would I in so

"Ungentle partnership engage thee, Emma,
"So will could help it"—but necessity,
The master yet of will, how strong soe'er,
Commands me prove thee. When I wedded thee,
The land was free. Oh! with what pride I used
To walk these hills, and look up to my God,
And bless him that it was so. It was free—
From end to end, from cliff to lake 'twas free!
How happy was I in it then! I loved
Its very storms! Yes, Emma, I have sat
In my boat at night, when, midway o'er the lake,
The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge
The wind came roaring—I have sat and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master save his own.
You know the jutting cliff, round which a track
Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow
To such another one, with scanty room
For two a-breast to pass? O'ertaken there
By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along,
And while gust followed gust more furiously,
As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink;
And I have thought of other lands, whose storms
Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wished me there—the thought that mine was free,
Has checked that wish, and I have raised my head,
And cried in thraldom to that furious wind,
Blow on! This is the land of liberty! [*Crosses*, R.

Emma. I almost see thee on that fearful pass;
And yet, so seeing thee, I have a feeling
Forbids me wonder that thou didst so.

Tell. 'Tis
A feeling must not breathe where Gesler breathes,
But may within these arms. List, Emma, list!
A league is made to pull the tyrant down
E'en from his seat upon the rock of Altorf!
Four hearts have staked their blood upon the cast,
And mine is one of them.

Emma. I did not start;—
Tell me more, William!

Tell. I will tell thee all—

Albert. [*Without.*] Oh, father!
Old Melctal. [*Without.*] Tell!—Tell!—William!
Emma. Don't you know
That voice?

Enter Old Melctal, L., *blind, led by* Albert.

Old M. Where art thou, William?
Tell. Who is't!
Emma. Do you not know him?
Tell. No!—It cannot be
The voice of Melctal!
Alb. Father, it is Melctal!
Emma. What ails you, Tell?
Alb. Oh, father, speak to him.
Emma. What passion shakes you thus?
Tell. His eyes—where are they?—
Melctal has eyes.
Old M. Tell! Tell!
Tell. Tis Melctal's voice.
Where are his eyes? Have they put out his eyes?
Has Gesler turned the little evening of
The old man's life to night, before its time?
To such black night as sees not with the day
All round it! Father, speak! pronounce the name
Of Gesler!
Old M. Gesler!
Tell. (c.) Gesler has torn out
The old man's eyes! Support thy mother! Erni?
Where's Erni? Where's thy son? Is he alive?
And are his father's eyes torn out?
Old M. He lives, my William,
But knows it not.
Tell. When he shall know it!—Heavens!—
When he shall know it!—I am not thy son,
Yet—
Emma. [*Alarmed at his increasing vehemence.*] William!
—William!
Alb. Father!
Tell. Could I find
Something to tear—to rend, were worth it!—something
Most ravenous and bloody!—something like
Gesler!—a wolf!—no, no! a wolf's a lamb

To Gesler! 'Tis a natural hunger makes
The wolf a savage: and, savage as he is,
Yet with his kind he gently doth consort.
'Tis but his lawful prey he tears; and that
He finishes—not mangles, and then leaves
To live!—"They slander him who call him cruel:
"He hath no joy in cruelty, but as
"It ministers to his most needful want:
"He does not know that he is cruel—no—
"Not when he rends an infant." I would let
The wolf go free for Gesler!—Water! Water!
My tongue cleaves to its roof! [*Emma goes out*, R.

Old M. What ails thee, William?
I pray thee, William, let me hear thy voice!
That's not thy voice!

Tell. I cannot speak to thee!

Emma. [*Returning*, R., *with a vessel of water.*] Here, William!

Tell. Emma!

Emma. Drink!

Tell. I cannot drink!

Emma. Your eyes are fixed.

Tell. Melctal!—he has no eyes! [*Bursts into tears.*
The poor old man! [*Falls on Melctal's neck.*

Old M. I feel thee, Tell! I care not
That I have lost my eyes. I feel thy tears—
They're more to me than eyes! When I had eyes,
I never knew thee, William, as I know
Thee now without. I do not want my eyes!

Tell. How came it, father? briefly, father! quick
And briefly! Action! action! I'm in such glee
For work—so eager to be doing—have
Such stomach for a task, I've scarcely patience
To wait to know what 'tis—Here, here; sit down.
Now, father!

[*Old Melctal sits down*, C.—*Tell kneels*, L.—*Emma and Albert*, R.

Old M. Yesterday, when I and Erni
Went to the field, to bring our harvest home,
Two soldiers of the tyrant came upon us,
And, without cause alleged, or interchange
Of word, proceeded to unyoke the oxen.

Tell. Go on.

Old M. As one stunned by a thunder-clap
Stands sudden still, nor for a while bethinks him
Of taking shelter from the storm, so we,
Confounded by an act so bold, awhile
Looked on in helpless silence; till at length
Erni, as sudden as the hurricane,
That lays the oak uprooted, ere you see
Its branches quiver, bounding on the spoilers,
Wrenched from their grasp the yoke, and would have smote
Them dead, had they not ta'en to instant flight.

Tell. Did he pursue them?

Old M. No: I threw myself
Between.

Tell. Why did'st thou save them?

Old M. 'Twas my son
I saved! I clasped his knees—I calmed his rage.
I forced him from me to the caverns of
Mount Faigel, William, till the tyrant's wrath
Should cool, or be diverted. 'Twas my son
I saved; for, scarcely was he out of sight,
And I within my cottage, when the cries
Of Gesler's bands beset it, calling for
The blood of Erni! William, he was safe,—
Clear of their fangs! My son was safe! Oh, think—
Think, William, what I felt to see his lair—
His very lair beset, and know my boy,—
My lion boy was safe! Enough: they seized me,
And dragged me before Gesler.

Tell. Say no more!
His life cost you your eyes. 'Tis worth a pair
Of eyes, but not your eyes, old man. No, no;
He would have given it ten times over for
But one of them. But one! But for a hair
O' the lash! My bow and quiver! [*Emma obeys his directions.*] Gesler—he was by?

Old M. Was by.

Tell. More arrows for my quiver,—
And looking on?

Old M. And looking on.

Tell. [*Putting arrows into his quiver.*] 'Twill do!

He would dine after that, and say a grace.
Good heavens! to tear a man's eyes out, and then
Thank God! My staff! He'd have his wine, too. How
The man could look at it, and drink it off,
And not grow sick at the colour on't!
[*The expression of Emma's countenance, as she assists to equip him, catches his eye.*
Emma, I thank thee for that look!
Now seem'st thou like some kind, o'er-seeing angel,
Smiling as he prepares the storm, that, while it
Shakes the earth, and makes its tenants pale,
Doth smite a pestilence. Thou would'st not stay me?
Emma. No.
Tell. Nor thy boy, if I required his service?
Emma. No, William.
Tell. Make him ready, Emma.
Old M. No,
Not Albert, William.
Emma. Yes; even Albert, father.
Thy cap and wallet, boy—thy mountain staff,—
Where hast thou laid it? Find it—haste! Don't keep
Thy father waiting. He is ready, William.
[*Leading Albert up to Tell.*
Tell. (L.) Well done—well done! I thank you, love—
I thank you!
Now mark me, Albert: dost thou fear the snow,
The ice-field, or the hail-flaw? Carest thou for
The mountain mist, that settles on the peak
When thou'rt upon it? Dost thou tremble at
The torrent roaring from the deep ravine,
Along whose shaking ledge thy track doth lie?
Or faint'st thou at the thunder-clap, when on
The hill thou art o'ertaken by the cloud,
And it doth burst around thee? Thou must travel
All night.
Alb. I'm ready. Say all night again.
Tell. The mountains are to cross; for thou must reach
Mount Faigel by the dawn.
Alb. Not sooner shall
The dawn be there than I.
Tell. Heaven speeding thee!
Alb. Heaven speeding me!

Tell. Show me thy staff.—Art sure
O'the point? I think 'tis loose. No—stay—'twill do!
Caution is speed when danger's to be passed.
Examine well the crevice—do not trust
The snow! 'Tis well there is a moon to-night.
You are sure o'the track?

Alb. Quite sure.

Tell. The buskin of
That leg's untied. Stoop down and fasten it.
You know the point where you must round the cliff?

Alb. I do.

Tell. Thy belt is slack—draw't tight.
Erni is in Mount Faigel: take this dagger,
And give it him. You know its caverns well:
In one of them you'll find him. Bid thy mother
Farewell. Come, boy; we go a mile together.
Father, thy hand. [*Shakes hands with Old Melctal*

Old M. How firm thy grasp is, William!

Tell. There is a resolution in it, father,
Will keep.

Old M. I cannot see thine eye, but I know
How it looks.

Tell. I'll tell thee how it looks. List, father,
List. Father, thou shalt be revenged! My Emma,
Melctal's thy father; that's his home till I
Return. Yes, father, thou shalt be revenged!
Lead him in, Emma, lead him in; the sun
Grows hot—the old man's weak and faint. Mind, father,
Mind, thou shalt be revenged! In, wife—in, in.
Thou shalt be sure revenged! Come, Albert.

[*Emma and Melctal enter the Cottage,* R.—*Exeunt Tell and Albert hastily,* L.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

Scene I.—*A Mountain with mist.*

Gesler *is seen descending the mountain with a hunting pole,* r. u. e.

Ges. (c.) Alone, alone! and every step the mist
Thickens around me! On these mountain tracks
To lose one's way, they say, is sometimes death.
What, hoa! holloa!—No tongue replies to me!
What thunder hath the horror of this silence!
I dare not stop—the day, though not half run,
Is not less sure to end his course; and night,
Dreary when through the social haunts of men
Her solemn darkness walks, in such a place
As this, comes wrapped in most appalling fear!
I dare not stop, nor dare I yet proceed,
Begirt with hidden danger. If I take
This hand, it carries me still deeper into
The wild and savage solitudes I'd shun,
Where once to faint with hunger is to die:
If this, it leads me to the precipice,
Whose brink with fatal horror rivets him
That treads upon't, till, drunk with fear, he reels
Into the gaping void, and headlong down
Plunges to still more hideous death! Cursed slaves!
To let me wander from them! [*Thunder.*] Hoa!—Holloa!
My voice sounds weaker to mine ear; I've not
The strength to call I had, and through my limbs
Cold tremor runs, and sickening faintness seizes
On my heart! Oh, heaven, have mercy! Do not see
The colour of the hands I lift to thee!
Look only on the strait wherein I stand,
And pity it! Let me not sink! Uphold,—
Support me! Mercy! mercy!

[*He leans against a rock, stupefied with terror and exhaustion—it grows darker and darker—the rain pours down in torrents, and a furious wind arises—the mountain streams begin to swell and roar.* Albert *is seen descending by the side of one of the streams, which, in his course, he crosses with the help of his pole,* r.

Alb. I'll breathe upon this level, if the wind
Will let me. Ha! a rock to shelter me!
Thanks to't. A man, and fainting! Courage, friend,
Courage! A stranger that has lost his way!—
Take heart—take heart; you're safe. How feel you now?
[*Gives him drink from a flask.*

Ges. Better.

Alb. (L. C.) You've lost your way upon the hill?

Ges. I have.

Alb. And whither would you go?

Ges. To Altorf.

Alb. I'll guide you thither.

Ges. You're a child.

Alb. I know
The way: the track I've come is harder far
To find.

Ges. (R. C.) The track you've come! What mean you? Sure
You have not been still farther in the mountains?

Alb. I've travelled from Mount Faigel.

Ges. No one with thee?

Alb. No one but God.

Ges. Do you not fear these storms?

Alb. God's in the storm.

Ges. And there are torrents, too,
That must be crossed.

Alb. God's by the torrent, too.

Ges. You're but a child.

Alb. God will be with a child.

Ges. You're sure you know the way?

Alb. 'Tis but to keep
The side of yonder stream.

Ges. But guide me safe,
I'll give thee gold.

Alb. I'll guide thee safe without.

Ges. Here's earnest for thee. [*Offers gold.*] Here—I'll double that,
Yea, treble it, but let me see the gate
Of Altorf. Why do you refuse the gold?
Take't.

Alb. No.

Ges. You shall.

Alb. I will not.
Ges. Why?
Alb. Because
I do not covet it; and, though I did,
It would be wrong to take it as the price
Of doing one a kindness.
Ges. Ha!—who taught
Thee that?
Alb. My father.
Ges. Does he live in Altorf?
Alb. No, in the mountains.
Ges. How!—a mountaineer?
He should become a tenant of the city;
He'd gain by't.
Alb. Not so much as he might lose by't.
Ges. What might he lose by't?
Alb. Liberty.
Ges. Indeed!
He also taught thee that?
Alb. He did.
Ges. His name?
Alb. This is the way to Altorf, sir.
Ges. I'd know
Thy father's name.
Alb. The day is wasting—we
Have far to go.
Ges. Thy father's name, I say?
Alb. I will not tell it thee.
Ges. Not tell it me!
Why?
Alb. You may be an enemy of his.
Ges. May be a friend.
Alb. May be; but should you be
An enemy—Although I would not tell you
My father's name, I'd guide you safe to Altorf.
Will you follow me?
Ges. Ne'er mind thy father's name:
What would it profit me to know't? Thy hand!
We are not enemies.
Alb. I never had
An enemy.
Ges. Lead on.

Alb. Advance your staff
As you descend, and fix it well. Come on.
Ges. What, must we take that steep?
Alb. 'Tis nothing. Come,
I'll go before—ne'er fear. Come on—come on!
[*Exeunt*, L.

Scene II.—*A Mountain Pass.*

Enter Verner, L., *meeting* Erni *and* Furst, R.

Ver. Ha, friends! Well met! Do we go on?
Erni. We do.
Ver. Then you can reckon on the friends you named?
Erni. On every man of them.
Furst. And I on mine.
Erni. Not one I sounded, but doth rate his blood
As water in the cause! Then fix the day
Before we part.
Furst. No, Erni; rather wait
For some new outrage to amaze and rouse
The common mind, which does not brood so much
On wrongs gone by, as it doth quiver with
The sense of present ones.
Ver. [*To Furst.*] I wish with Erni,
But I think with thee. Yet, when I ask myself
On whom the wrong shall light for which we wait—
Whose vineyard they'll uproot—whose flocks they'll ravage—
Whose threshold they'll profane—whose hearth pollute—
Whose roof they'll fire, I almost take the part
Of generous indignation that doth blush,
At such expense, to wait on sober prudence.
Furst. Yet it is best.
Ver. On that we're all agreed.
Who fears the issue when the day shall come?
Erni. Not I!
Furst. Nor I!
Ver. I'm not the man
To mar this harmony—nor I, no more
Than any of you! You commit to me
The warning of the rest:—Remember, then,
Tell's dagger sent to either one of you—

As time may press—is word enough. The others
I'll see myself. Our course is clear. Do both of you provide
What store you can of arms.
The next aggression of the tyrant is
The downfall of his power. Farewell! [*Crosses*, R.
When next we meet upon this theme,
All Switzerland shall witness what we do!
[*Exeunt, Verner*, R., *Furst and Erni*, L.

Scene III.—*The Gate of Altorf.*

Enter Gesler *and* Albert, R.

Alb. You're at the gate of Altorf. [*Returning*, R.
Ges. Tarry, boy!
Alb. I would be gone; I'm waited for.
Ges. Come back!
Who waits for thee? Come, tell me; I am rich
And powerful, and can reward.
Alb. (R.) 'Tis close
On evening; I have far to go! I'm late.
Ges. (C.) Stay, I can punish, too.
Alb. I might have left you,
When on the hill I found you fainting, and
The mist around you; but I stopped and cheered you,
Till to yourself you came again. I offered
To guide you, when you could not find the way,
And I have brought you to the gate of Altorf.
Ges. Boy, do you know me?
Alb. No.
Ges. Why fear you, then,
To trust me with your father's name?—Speak.
Alb. Why
Do you desire to know it?
Ges. You have served me,
And I would thank him, if I chanced to pass
His dwelling.
Alb. 'Twould not please him that a service
So trifling should be made so much of!
Ges. Trifling?
You've saved my life.
Alb. Then do not question me,
But let me go.

Ges. When I have learned from thee
Thy father's name. What, hoa! [*Knocks at the gate,* C. F.
Sentinel. [*Within.*] Who's there?
Ges. Gesler! [*The gate is opened.*
Alb. Ha, Gesler!
Ges. [*To Soldiers.*] Seize him! Wilt thou tell me
Thy father's name?
Alb. No!
Ges. I can bid them cast thee
Into a dungeon! Wilt thou tell it now?
Alb. No!
Ges. I can bid them strangle thee! Wilt tell it?
Alb. Never!
Ges. Away with him! Send Sarnem to me.
[*Soldiers take off Albert through the gate.*
Behind that boy I see the shadow of
A hand must wear my fetters, or 'twill try
To strip me of my power. I have felt to-day
What 'tis to live at others' mercy. I
Have tasted fear to very sickness, and
Owed to a peasant boy my safety—ay,
My life! and there does live the slave can say
Gesler's his debtor! How I loathed the free
And fearless air with which he trod the hill!
Yea, though the safety of his steps was mine,
Oft as our path did brink the precipice,
I wished to see him miss his footing, and
Roll over! But he's in my power!—Some way
To find the parent nest of this fine eaglet,
And harrow it! I'd like to clip the broad
And full-grown wing that taught his tender pinion
So bold a flight!

Enter Sarnem, *through the gate,* C. F.

Ha, Sarnem! Have the slaves
Attended me, returned?
Sar. They have.
Ges. You'll see
That every one of them be laid in chains!
Sar. I will.
Ges. Didst see the boy?
Sar. That passed me?

Ges. Yes.
Sar. A mountaineer.
Ges. You'd say so, saw you him
Upon the hills; he walks them like their lord!
I tell thee, Sarnem, looking on that boy,
I felt I was not master of those hills.
He has a father—neither promises
Nor threats could draw from him his name—a father
Who talks to him of liberty! I fear
That man.
Sar. He may be found.
Ges. He must; and, soon
As found, disposed of. I can see the man!
He is as palpable to my sight, as if
He stood like you before me. I can see him
Scaling that rock; yea, I can feel him, Sarnem,
As I were in his grasp, and he about
To hurl me o'er yon parapet! I live
In danger till I find that man! Send parties
Into the mountains, to explore them far
And wide; and if they chance to light upon
A father, who expects his child, command them
To drag him straight before us. Sarnem, Sarnem,
They are not yet subdued. Some way to prove
Their spirit!—Take this cap; and have it set
Upon a pole in the market-place, and see
That one and all do bow to it; whoe'er
Resists, or pays the homage sullenly,
Our bonds await him! Sarnem, see it done.
[*Exit Sarnem through the gate*, c.
We need not fear the spirit that would rebel,
But dares not:—that which dares we will not fear.
[*Exit, accompanied by Soldiers, through the gate*, c.

Scene IV.—*The Market-Place.*

Burghers and Peasants, with Pierre, Theodore, *and Savoyards, discovered.*

CHORUS.

Pie. (c.) Come, come, another strain,
The. (r.) A cheerful one.

Sav. (L.) What shall it be?
The. No matter, so 'tis gay.
Begin!
Sav. You'll join the burden?
The. Never fear.
Go on.

[*Savoyard plays and sings, during which* Tell *and* Verner *enter,* L. S. E.—*Tell leans upon his bow, and listens gloomily.*

The Savoyard from clime to clime
Tunes his strain, and sings his rhyme;
And still, whatever clime he sees,
His eye is bright, his heart's at ease.
For gentle, simple—all reward
The labours of the Savoyard.

The rich forget their pride—the great
Forget the splendour of their state,
Whene'er the Savoyard they meet,
And list his song, and say 'tis sweet;
For titled, wealthy—none regard
The fortune of the Savoyard.

But never looks his eye so bright,
And never feels his heart so light,
As when in beauty's smile he sees
His strain is sweet, his rhyme doth please.
Oh, that's the praise doth best reward
The labours of the Savoyard.

But though the rich retained their pride,
And though the great their praise denied—
Though beauty pleased his song to slight,
His heart would smile, his eye be bright:
His strain itself would still reward
The labours of the Savoyard.

[*They shout, and laughingly accompany the Savoyards to* R. U. E.

Tell. What's the heart worth that lends itself to glee,
With argument like theirs for bitterness?
Or is't the melancholy sport of grief
To look on pleasures and to handle them
That, when it lays the precious jewels down,
It may perceive its poverty the more? [*A laugh.*

Methinks those cheeks are not exactly dressed
To please the hearts that own them.

Ver. Doubt it not:
They feel their thraldom.

Tell. (L.) So they should—that's hope—
I'd have it gall them—eat into their flesh!
While they do fester, there's a remedy;
But for your callous slave I know no cure!
To-morrow brings the test will surely prove them.
You'll not forget the hour? [*Crosses*, C.

Ver. Be sure I will not.

Tell. Erni is warned ere this; and Furst, I've said,
Is ready. Fare you well. [*Going*, R.

Ver. Stay, William! Now
Observe the people.

[*The people have gathered to one side, and look in the opposite direction with apprehension and trouble—those who had gone off return*, R. U. E.

Tell. Ha! they please me now—
That's honest—that's sincere. I still preferred
The seasons like themselves.—Let summer laugh,
But give me winter with a hearty scowl:
None of your hollow sunshine—fogs and clouds
Become it best!—I like them now—their looks
Are just in season. There has surely been
Some shifting of the wind, upon such brightness,
To bring so sudden lowering.

Ver. We shall see.

Pie. 'Tis Sarnem!

The. [*Looking out*, R. U. E.] What is that he brings with him?

Pie. A pole; and on the top of it a cap
That looks like Gesler's—I could pick it from
A hundred!

The. So could I!—My heart hath oft
Leaped at the sight of it. What comes he now
To do?

Enter SARNEM, R. U. E., *with Soldiers, bearing Gesler's cap upon a pole, which he fixes into the ground*, C., *the people looking on in silence and amazement—the Guards station themselves behind the pole.*

Sar. Ye men of Altorf!

Behold the emblem of your master's power
And dignity. This is the cap of Gesler,
Your governor; let all bow down to it
Who owe him love and loyalty. To such
As shall refuse this lawful homage, or
Accord it sullenly, he shows no grace,
But dooms them to the penalty of bondage,
Till they're instructed—'tis no less their gain
Than duty, to obey their master's mandate.
Conduct the people hither, one by one,
To bow to Gesler's cap.

Tell. Have I my hearing?

[*Peasants pass from* L. *to* R., *taking off their hats, and bowing to Gesler's cap as they pass.*

Ver. Away! Away!

Tell. (R.) Or sight?—They do it, Verner;
They do it!—Look!—Ne'er call me man again!
I'll herd with baser animals! They keep
Their stations. Still the dog's a dog.—The reptile
Doth know his proper rank, and sinks not to
The uses of the grade below him.—Man!
Man! that doth hold his head above them all,
Doth ape them all. He's man, and he's the reptile.
Look!—look! Have I the outline of that caitiff,
Who to the servile earth doth bend the crown
His God did rear for him to heaven?

Ver. Away,
Before they mark us.

Tell. No! no!—Since I've tasted,
I'll e'en feed on.
A spirit's in me likes it.

[*Pierre passes the cap, smiles, and bows slightly.*

Sar. What smiled you at?

Pie. You saw I bowed as low as he did.

Sar. But
You smiled. How dared you smile?
[*Striking him.*] Take that;
And learn, when you do smile again, to do't
In season.

Ver. [*Takes hold of Tell's arm.*] Come away.

Tell. Not yet—not yet.
Why would you have me quit the fare, you see,
Grows better and better?

Ver. You change colour.
Tell. Do I?
And so do you.
Sar. [*Striking another.*] Bow lower, slave!
Tell. Do you feel
That blow? my flesh doth tingle with't. Well done!
How pleasantly the knave doth lay it on!
Well done! well done! I would it had been I!
Ver. You tremble, William. Come, you must not stay.
Tell. Why not?—What harm is there? I tell thee, Verner,
I know no difference 'twixt enduring wrong,
And living in the fear on't. I do wear
The tyrant's fetters, when it only wants
His nod to put them on; and bear his stripes,
When, that I suffer them, he needs but hold
His finger up. Verner, you're not the man
To be content because a villain's mood
Forbears. You're right—you're right! Have with you, Verner. [*Going*, R.

Enter MICHAEL, L.

Sar. Bow, slave. [*Tell stops and turns.*
Mic. For what? [*Laughs.*
Sar. Obey, and question then.
Mic. I'll question now, perhaps not then obey.
Sar. 'Tis Gesler's will that all
Bow to that cap.
Mic. Were it thy lady's cap,
I'd courtesy to it.
Sar. Do you mock us, friend?
Mic. Not I. I'll bow to Gesler, if you please;
But not his cap, nor cap of any he
In Christendom! [*Crosses*, C.
Sar. I see you love a jest; but jest not now,
Else you may make us mirth, and pay for't, too.
Bow to the cap. Do you hear?
Mic. I do.
Tell. Well done! A man! I swear, a man!
The lion thinks as much of cowering
As he does.
Sar. Once for all, bow to that cap.

Tell. Verner, let go my arm.
Sar. Do you hear me, slave?
Mic. Slave!
Tell. Let me go!
Ver. He is not worth it, Tell,
A wild and idle gallant of the town.
Tell. A man!—I'll swear, a man! Don't hold me, Verner.
Verner, let go my arm!—Do you hear me, man?
You must not hold me, Verner.
Sar. Villain, bow
To Gesler's cap.
Mic. No—not to Gesler's self! [*Crosses,* R.
Sar. Seize him!
Tell. [*Rushing forward,* c.] Off, off, you base and hireling pack!
Lay not your brutal touch upon the thing
God made in his own image. Crouch yourselves;
'Tis your vocation, which you should not call
On free-born men to share with you, who stand
Erect, except in presence of their God
Alone!
Sar. What! shrink you, cowards? Must I do
Your duty for you?
Tell. Let them but stir—I've scattered
A flock of wolves that did outnumber them,—
For sport I did it. Sport!—I scattered them
With but a staff, not half so thick as this.
[*Wrests Sarnem's weapon from him—Sarnem and Soldiers fly,* R. U. E.
Ye men of Altorf,
What fear ye? See what things you fear—the shows
And surfaces of men! Why stand you wondering there?
Why look you on a man that's like yourselves,
And see him do the deeds yourselves might do,
And act them not? "Or know you not yourselves?
"That ye are men?—that ye have hearts and thoughts
"To feel and think the deeds of men, and hands
"To do them? You do say your prayers, and make
"Confession, and you more do fear the thing
"That kneels to God, than you fear God himself!
"You hunt the chamois, and you've seen him take

"The precipice before he'd yield the freedom
"His Maker gave him; and you are content
"To live in bonds that have a thought of freedom,
"Which heaven ne'er gave the little chamois;"
Why gaze you still with blanchéd cheeks upon me?
Lack you the manhood even to look on,
And see bold deeds achieved by others' hands?
Or is't that cap still holds you thralls to fear!
Be free, then! There! Thus do I trample on
The insolence of Gesler! [*Throws down the pole.*

Sar. [*Suddenly entering with Soldiers,* R.] Seize him!
[*All the people, except Verner and Michael, fly.*

Tell. Ha!
Surrounded?

Mic. Stand!—I'll back thee!

Ver. Madman!—Hence! [*Forces Michael off,* L.

Sar. Upon him, slaves!—Upon him all at once!
[*Tell, after a struggle, is secured and thrown to the ground, where they proceed to chain him, bursting with indignation and breathless.*

Tell. (c.) Slave!

Sar. Rail on; thy tongue has yet its freedom.

Tell. Slave!

Sar. On to the castle with him—forward!

Tell. Slave!

Sar. Away with him!

Tableau.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

Scene I.—*A Chamber in the Castle.*

Enter Gesler, *with* Rodolph, Lutold, Gerard, *and Officers,* R.

Ges. (c.) [*To Rodolph.*] Double the guards. Stay! place your trustiest men
At the postern. Stop! You'd go with half your errand;
I'll tell you when to go. Let every soul

Within the walls be under arms: the sick
That do not keep their beds, or can rise from them,
Must take a weapon; if they can but raise
A hand, we've use for them. Away, now!
[*Exit Rodolph*, C. D. F.
Tumult
Under our very brows! The slaves will come
In torrents from the hills, and like a flood,
O'erwhelm us! [*To Lutold.*] Lutold, say our orders are,
On pain of death, no quarter shall be given.
Another word: let them be men this once,
I promise them the sacking of the town!
Without reserve, I give it them—of property
Or soul! I've nothing further, sir. [*Exit Lutold*, C. D. F.]
I'll raze
Their habitations, hunt them from their hills,
Exterminate them, ere I'll live in fear!
What word now? [*To Rodolph, who re-enters*, C. D. F.
Rod. (R. C.) 'Twas a false alarm. The people
Paid prompt submission to your order: one
Alone resisted, whom they have secured,
And bring in chains before you.
Ges. (L. C.) So—I breathe
Again! 'Twas false, then, that our soldiers fled?
Rod. 'Twas but a party of them fled, my lord;
Which, reinforced, returned and soon o'erpowered
The rash offender.
Ges. What! fled they from one—
A single man? How many were there?
Rod. Four,
With Sarnem.
Ges. Sarnem! Did he fly?
Rod. He did;
But 'twas for succour.
Ges. Succour! One to four,
And four need succour! I begin to think
We're sentinelled by effigies of men,
Not men themselves. And Sarnem, too! What kind
Of man is he can make a tiger cower?
Yea, and with backers! I should like to see
That man.
Rod. He's here. [*Door in* F. *opens.*

Ges. I'm on the hills again!
I see their bleak tops looking down upon me,
And think I hear them ask me with a scowl,
If I would be their master. Do not sheathe
Your swords!—Stand near me!—Beckon some of those
About me. I would be attended. If
He stirs, despatch him.
Rod. He's in chains, my lord.
Ges. I see—I see he is.

Enter SARNEM *and Soldiers, with* TELL *in chains,* C. D. F.

Sar. Down, slave!
Behold the governor. Down! down! and beg
For mercy!
Ges. [*Seated,* R.] Does he hear?
Sar. Debate it not.
Be prompt. Submission, slave! Thy knee—thy knee!
Or with thy life thou playest.
Rod. (R.) Let's force him to
The ground.
Ges. Can I believe my eyes? He smiles.
Rod. Why don't you smite him for that look?
Ges. He grasps
His chains, as he would make a weapon of them
To lay the smiter dead. "What kind of man
"Is this, that looks in thraldom more at large
"Than they who lay it on him!
"*Rod.* Lo you, how
"The caitiff scowls! Pull out his eyes!
"*Lut.* Lop off
"A limb for him!
Ges. [*Aside.*] "A heart accessible as his to trembling,
"The rock or marble hath. They more do fear
"To inflict, than he to suffer. Each one calls
"Upon the other to accomplish that
"Himself hath not the manhood to begin.
"Why don't they take him from my sight?" Behold,
He has brought them to a pause; and there they stand
Like things entranced by some magician's spell,
"Wondering that they are masters of their organs,
"And not their faculties. They gaze on me
"As one expected to perform a part

"He doth forget to fill." [*Rises.*] They must not see
Me thus. Come, draw thy breath with ease—thou'rt Gesler—
Their lord; and he's a slave thou look'st upon!
"Canst thou not mulct the villain in his life?
"Hast thou not tortures to requite him with?
"'Tis only in the absence of thy wrath
"He braves it. Let it show itself—at once
"He's passive as the dust thou tread'st upon!"
Why speak'st thou not?

Tell. (c.) For wonder.

Ges. Wonder!

Tell. Yes,
That thou should'st seem a man.

Ges. What should I seem?

Tell. A monster!

Ges. Ha! Beware—think on thy chains.

Tell. Though they were doubled, and did weigh me down
Prostrate to earth, methinks I could rise up
Erect, with nothing but the honest pride
Of telling thee, usurper, to the teeth,
Thou art a monster! Think upon my chains!
Show me the link of them, which, could it speak,
Would give its evidence against my word.
Think on my chains! "They are my vouchers, which
"I show to heaven, as my acquittance from
"The impious swerving of abetting thee
"In mockery of its lord!"—think on my chains!
How came they on me?

Ges. Darest thou question me?

Tell. Darest thou not answer?

Ges. Do I hear?

Tell. Thou dost.

Ges. Beware my vengeance!

Tell. Can it more than kill?

Ges. Enough—it can do that.

Tell. No: not enough:
It cannot take away the grace of life—
Its comeliness of look that virtue gives—
Its port erect with consciousness of truth—
Its rich attire of honourable deeds—

Its fair report that's rife on good men's tongues;
It cannot lay its hands on these, no more
Than it can pluck his brightness from the sun,
Or with polluted finger tarnish it.
Ges. But it can make thee writhe.
Tell. It may.
Ges. And groan.
Tell. It may; and I may cry,
Go on, though it should make me groan again.
Ges. Whence comest thou?
Tell. From the mountains. Would'st thou learn
What news from them?
Ges. Canst tell me any?
Tell. Ay;
They watch no more the avalanche.
Ges. Why so?
Tell. Because they look for thee! The hurricane
Comes unawares upon them; from its bed,
The torrent breaks and finds them in its track—
Ges. What do they then?
Tell. Thank heaven, it is not thou!
Thou hast perverted nature in them. The earth
Presents her fruits to them, and is not thanked:
The harvest sun is constant, and they scarce
Return his smile: their flocks and herds increase,
And they look on as men who count a loss:
They hear of thriving children born to them,
And never shake the teller by the hand;
While those they have, they see grow up and flourish,
And think as little of caressing them,
As they were things a deadly plague had smit.—
There's not a blessing heaven vouchsafes them, but
The thought of thee doth wither to a curse,
As something they must lose—and richer were
To lack!
Ges. That's right! I'd have them like their hills
That never smile, though wanton summer tempt
Them e'er so much.
Tell. But they do sometimes smile.
Ges. Ay! when is that? [*Crosses, L.*
Tell. When they do talk of vengeance.

Ges. Vengeance! Dare
They talk of that?
Tell. Ay, and expect it, too.
Ges. From whence?
Tell. From heaven!
Ges. From heaven?
Tell. And the true hands
Are lifted up to it on every hill,
For justice on thee.
Ges. Where's thy abode?
Tell. I told thee—in the mountains.
Ges. How lies it—north or south?
Tell. Nor north, nor south.
Ges. Is't to the east or west, then?
Tell. Where it lies,
Concerns thee not.
Ges. It does.
Tell. And if it does, thou shalt not learn.
Ges. Art married?
Tell. Yes!
Ges. And hast a family?
Tell. A son,
Ges. A son! [*Crosses,* R. *and sits*
Sarnem! [*Calls Sarnem, who crosses to him*
Sar. My lord! The boy!
[*Gesler signs Sarnem to keep silence, and, whispering, sends him off,* L.
Tell. The boy!—what boy?
Is't mine?—and have they netted my young fledgeling?
Now heaven support me, if they have! He'll own me,
And share his father's ruin! But a look
Would put him on his guard—yet how to give it!
Now, heart, thy nerve: forget thou'rt flesh—be rock.
They come—they come!
That step—that step—that little step, so light
Upon the ground, how heavy does it fall
Upon my heart! I feel my child!—'tis he!
We can but perish.

Enter Sarnem, *with* Albert, *whose eyes are rivetted on Tell's bow, which Sarnem carries,* L.

Alb. [*Aside.*] 'Tis my father's bow,

For there's my father. I'll not own him, though.
Sar. See!
Alb. What?
Sar. Look there!
Alb. I do; what would you have
Me see?
Sar. Thy father.
Alb. That my father?
Tell. [*Aside.*] My boy—my boy!—my own brave boy!
He's safe!
Sar. [*Aside to Gesler.*] They're like each other.
Ges. Yet I see no sign
Of recognition, to betray the link
Unites a father and his child.
Sar. My lord,
I'm sure it is his father. Look at them;
"The boy did spring from him, or never cast
"Came from the mould it fitted." It may be
A preconcerted thing, 'gainst such a chance
That they survey each other coldly thus.
Besides, with those who lead the mountain-life,
The passions are not taken by surprise
As ready as with us. "They do commune
"From day to day with nature's wonders, till
"They see her very terrors without awe,
"And catch from her her stern and solemn look,
"That e'en their joy seems thoughtful."
Ges. [*Rises.*] We shall try.
Lead forth the caitiff.
Sar. To a dungeon?
Ges. No:
Into the court.
Sar. The court, my lord?
Ges. Yes! And send
To tell the headsman to make ready. Quick!
The slave shall die! You marked the boy?
Sar. I did.
He started—'Tis his father.
Ges. We shall see.
Away with him!
Tell. Stop!—stay!
Ges. What would you?

Tell. Time,—
A little time to call my thoughts together.
Ges. Thou shalt not have a minute.
Tell. Some one, then,
To speak with.
Ges. Hence with him!
Tell. A moment—stop!
Let me speak to the boy.
Ges. Is he thy son?
Tell. And if
He were, art thou so lost to nature as
To send me forth to die before his face?
Ges. Well, speak with him. Now, Sarnem, mark them well. [*Albert goes to Tell.*
Tell. Thou dost not know me, boy: and well for thee
Thou dost not. I'm the father of a son
About thy age; "I dare not tell thee where
"To find him, lest he should be found of those
"'Twere not so safe for him to meet with." Thou,
I see, wast born like him, upon the hills:
If thou shouldst 'scape thy present thraldom, he
May chance to cross thee; if he should, I pray thee,
Relate to him what has been passing here,
And say I laid my hand upon thy head,
And said to thee—if he were here, as thou art,
Thus would I bless him: Mayst thou live, my boy,
To see thy country free, or die for her
As I do! [*Crosses,* L.
Sar. Mark!—He weeps.
Tell. Were he my son,
He would not shed a tear: he would remember
The cliff where he was bred, and learned to scan
A thousand fathoms depth of nether air;
Where he was trained to hear the thunder talk,
And meet the lightning eye to eye! Where last
We spoke together—when I told him death
Bestowed the brightest gem that graces life,
Embraced for virtue's sake,—he shed a tear! [*Crosses,* C.
Now, were he by, I'd talk to him, and his cheek
Should never blanch, nor moisture dim his eye,—
I'd talk to him—
Sar. He falters.

Tell. [*Aside.*] 'Tis too much!
And yet it must be done! I'd talk to him—
Ges. Of what?
Tell. [*Turns to Gesler.*] The mother, tyrant, thou dost make
A widow of! I'd talk to him of her. [*Turns to Albert.*
I'd bid him tell her, next to liberty,
Her name was the last word my lips pronounced:
And I would charge him never to forget
To love and cherish her, as he would have
His father's dying blessing rest upon him!
" *Sar.* You see, as he doth prompt, the other acts.
" *Tell.* [*Aside.*] So well he bears it, he doth vanquish me.
" My boy! my boy!—Oh, for the hills—the hills,
" To see him bound along their tops again,
" With liberty, so light upon his heel,
" That like the chamois, he flings behind him—"
Sar. Was there not all the father in that look?
Ges. Yet 'tis 'gainst nature.
Sar. Not if he believes
To own the son would be to make him share
The father's death.
Ges. I did not think of that.
I thank thee, Sarnem, for the thought.—'Tis well
The boy is not thy son: I've destined him
To die along with thee.
Tell. To die! For what?
Ges. For having braved my power, as thou hast.
Lead them forth.
Tell. He's but a child.
Ges. (R.) Away with them!
Tell. (R. C.) Perhaps an only child.
Ges. No matter.
Tell. He
May have a mother.
Ges. So the viper hath;
And yet who spares it for the mother's sake?
Tell. I talk to stone! I talk to it as though
'Twere flesh, and know 'tis none. No wonder: I've
An argument might turn as hard a thing
To flesh—to softest, kindliest flesh, as e'er
Sweet Pity chose to lodge her fountains in.—

But I do talk to stone. I'll talk to it
No more. Come, my boy,
I taught thee how to live—I'll show thee how
To die—
Ges. He is thy child?
Tell. [*Embraces Albert.*] He is my child!
Ges. I've wrung a tear from him! Thy name?
Tell. My name?—
[*Aside.*] It matters not to keep it from him now:—
My name is Tell.
Ges. Tell!—William Tell?
Tell. The same.
Ges. What! he so famed 'bove all his countrymen
For guiding o'er the stormy lake the boat?
And such a master of his bow, 'tis said
His arrows never miss!—Indeed—I'll take
Exquisite vengeance!—Mark! I'll spare thy life,
Thy boy's, too.—Both of you are free—on one
Condition.
Tell. Name it.
Ges. I would see you make
A trial of your skill with that same bow,
You shoot so well with.
Tell. Name the trial you
Would have me make. [*Looks on Albert.*
Ges. You look upon your boy
As though instinctively you guessed it.
Tell. Look
Upon my boy!—What mean you? Look upon
My boy as though I guessed it! Guessed the trial
You'd have me make! Guessed it
Instinctively! You do not mean—No—No—
You would not have me make a trial of
My skill upon my child! Impossible!
I do not guess your meaning.
Ges. I would see
Thee hit an apple at the distance of
A hundred paces.
Tell. Is my boy to hold it?
Ges. No.
Tell. No!—I'll send the arrow through the core!
Ges. It is to rest upon his head.

Tell. Great heaven,
Thou hear'st him!
Ges. Thou dost hear the choice I give—
Such trial of the skill thou'rt master of,
Or death to both of you, not otherwise
To be escaped.
Tell. Oh, monster!
Ges. Wilt thou do it?
Alb. He will! he will!
Tell. Ferocious monster! Make
A father murder his own child!
Ges. Take off
His chains, if he consents.
Tell. With his own hand!
Ges. Does he consent?
Alb. He does.
[*Gesler signs to his Officers, who proceed to take off Tell's chains, Tell all the while unconscious of what they do.*
Tell. (c.) With his own hand!
Murder his child with his own hand!
The hand I've led him, when an infant, by!
'Tis beyond horror—'tis most horrible!
Amazement!—'Tis too much for flesh and blood
To bear—men should be made of steel to stand it:
And I believe I am myself about
To turn to some such thing; for feeling grows
Benumbed within me, "that I seem to lose
"Almost the power of hating him, and keep
"A calm, when heaven and earth give warrant for
"A tempest." [*His chains fall off.*] What's that you have done to me?
Villains! [*To the Guards.*] put on my chains again. My hands
Are free from blood: and have no gust for it,
That they should drink my child's!—Here!—here!—I'll not
Murder my boy for Gesler.
Alb. Father—father!
You will not hit me, father!
Tell. Hit thee!—Send
The arrow through thy brain—or, missing that,

Shoot out an eye—or, if thine eye escapes,
Mangle the cheek I've seen thy mother's lips
Cover with kisses!—Hit thee!—Hit a hair
Of thee, and cleave thy mother's heart. Who's he
Asks me to do it?—Show him me,—the monster!
Make him perceptible unto my reason
And heart! In vain my senses vouch for him;
I hear he lives—I see it—but it is
A prodigy that nature can't believe!

Ges. (R.) Dost thou consent?

Tell. Give me my bow and quiver.

Ges. For what?

Tell. To shoot my boy!

Alb. No, father! no,
To save me!—You'll be sure to hit the apple.
Will you not save me, father?

Tell. Lead me forth,—
I'll make the trial!

Alb. Thank you!

Tell. Thank me!—Do
You know for what?—I will not make the trial,
To take him to his mother in my arms,
And lay him down a corse before her! [*Crosses*, L.

Ges. Then
He dies this moment; and you certainly
Do murder him, whose life you have a chance
To save, and will not use it.

Tell. Well—I'll do it:
I'll make the trial.

Alb. [*Runs to Tell and embraces him.*] Father!

Tell. Speak not to me:
Let me not hear thy voice—thou must be dumb;
And so should all things be—earth should be dumb!
And heaven—unless its thunders muttered at
The deed, and sent a bolt to stop it! Give me
My bow and quiver!

Ges. When all's ready.

Tell. Well!
Lead on!

[*Exeunt Gesler and Sarnem*, R., *Tell, Albert, and Guards*, C. D. F.

Scene II.—*Without the Castle.*

Enter, slowly, several Citizens, as if observing something following them, Verner *and* Theodore, l. u. e.

Ver. (c.) The pace they're moving at, is that of men
About to do the work of death. Some wretch
Is doomed to suffer. Should it be my friend—
Should it be Tell!

The. (l. c.) No doubt 'tis some good man.

Ver. Poor Switzerland! poor country! Not a son
Is left to thee that's worthy to be one.
'Tis not a common man, with such parade,
They lead to death: I count four castellain
Already.

The. There's a fifth.

Ver. And Sarnem, too!
Do you see him?

The. Yes: and Gesler follows him.
Who can it be?

Ver. We'll see. He's coming now—
'Tis William Tell!

The. Verner, do you know the boy
That follows him?

Ver. A boy! It is his son!
What horror's to be acted? Do you see
The headsman?

The. No! I see no headsman there,
No apparatus for the work of death.
Perhaps they're not to suffer!

Ver. Lo you how
The women clasp their hands, and now and then
Look up to heaven! You see that some do weep.
No headsman's there; but Gesler's at no loss
For means of cruelty, because there lacks
A headsman!

Enter Pierre, r. u. e.

Pie. [*Rushing in.*] Horrible!—most horrible
Decree!—To save his own and Albert's life,
Tell is to shoot an apple from the head
Of his own child!

Enter, slowly, Burghers and Women, Lutold, Rodolph, Gerard, Sarnem, Gesler, Tell, Albert, *and a Soldier, bearing Tell's bow and quiver—another with a basket of apples—Soldiers, &c.,* R.—*The Soldiers form on* R., *the Villagers on* L.

Ges. (L. C.) That is your ground. Now shall they measure thence
A hundred paces. Take the distance.
Tell. [*Advancing to the front,* R.) Is
The line a true one?
Ges. True or not, what is't
To thee?
Tell. What is't to me? A little thing,
A very little thing—a yard or two,
Is nothing here or there—were it a wolf
I shot at! Never mind.
Ges. Be thankful, slave,
Our grace accords thee life on any terms.
Tell. I will be thankful, Gesler!—Villain, stop!
You measure to the sun.
Ges. And what of that?
What matter, whether to or from the sun?
Tell. I'd have it at my back.—The sun should shine
Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots.
I cannot see to shoot against the sun—
I will not shoot against the sun!
Ges. Give him his way!—Thou hast cause to bless my mercy.
Tell. I shall remember it. I'd like to see
The apple I'm to shoot at.
Ges. (C.) Show me
The basket!—There— [*Gives a very small apple.*
Tell. (L. C.) You've picked the smallest one.
Ges. I know I have.
Tell. Oh! do you?—But you see
The colour on't is dark—I'd have it light,
To see it better.
Ges. Take it as it is:
Thy skill will be the greater if thou hitt'st it.
Tell. True—true—I didn't think of that—I wonder
I did not think of that.—Give me some chance

To save my boy! [*Throws away the apple with all his force.*] I will not murder him
If I can help it—for the honour of
The form thou wearest, if all the heart is gone.
Ges. Well! choose thyself.
[*Hands a basket of apples, Tell takes one.*
Tell. Have I a friend among
The lookers on?
Ver. Here, Tell!
Tell. I thank thee, Verner!
He is a friend runs out into a storm
To shake a hand with us. I must be brief.
When once the bow is bent, we cannot take
The shot too soon. Verner, whatever be
The issue of this hour, the common cause
Must not stand still. Let not to-morrow's sun
Set on the tyrant's banner.—Verner! Verner!
The boy!—the boy!—Think'st thou he has the courage
To stand it?
Ver. Yes.
Tell. Does he tremble?
Ver. No.
Tell. Art sure?
Ver. I am.
Tell. How looks he?
Ver. Clear and smilingly.
If you doubt it—look yourself.
Tell. No—no—my friend,
To hear it is enough.
Ver. He bears himself
So much above his years—
Tell. I know!—I know!
Ver. With constancy so modest—
Tell. I was sure
He would—
Ver. And looks with such relying love
And reverence upon you—
Tell. Man! Man! Man!
No more! Already I'm too much the father
To act the man!—Verner, no more, my friend!
I would be flint—flint—flint. Don't make me feel
I'm not—you do not mind me!—Take the boy

And set him, Verner, with his back to me.—
Set him upon his knees—and place this apple
Upon his head, so that the stem may front me—
Thus, Verner; charge him to keep steady—tell him
I'll hit the apple!—Verner, do all this
More briefly than I tell it thee.

Ver. Come, Albert! [*Leading him behind.*

Alb. May I not speak with him before I go!

Ver. No—

Alb. I would only kiss his hand.

Ver. You must not.

Alb. I must!—I cannot go from him without

Ver. It is his will you should.

Alb. (L. C.) His will, is it?
I am content, then—come.

Tell. My boy! [*Holding out his arms to him.*

Alb. My father! [*Running into Tell's arms.*

Tell. If thou canst bear it, should not I?—Go, now,
My son—and keep in mind that I can shoot.—
Go, boy—be thou but steady, I will hit
The apple. [*Kisses him.*] Go!—God bless thee—go.—My bow! [*Sarnem gives the bow.*
Thou wilt not fail thy master, wilt thou!—Thou
Hast never failed him yet, old servant.—No,
I'm sure of thee—I know thy honesty,
Thou'rt stanch—stanch—I'd deserve to find thee treacherous,
Could I suspect thee so. Come, I will stake
My all upon thee! Let me see my quiver. [*Retires up,* R

Ges. Give him a single arrow.

Tell. Do you shoot?

Lut. I do.

Tell. Is't so you pick an arrow, friend?
The point, you see, is bent, the feather jagged:
That's all the use 'tis fit for. [*Breaks it.*

Ges. Let him have
Another. [*Tell examines another.*

Tell. Why, 'tis better than the first,
But yet not good enough for such an aim
As I'm to take. 'Tis heavy in the shaft:
I'll not shoot with it! [*Throws it away.*] Let me see my quiver.

Bring it! 'tis not one arrow in a dozen
I'd take to shoot with at a dove, much less
A dove like that! What is't you fear? I'm but
A naked man, a wretched, naked man!
Your helpless thrall, alone in the midst of you,
With every one of you a weapon in
His hand—what can I do in such a strait
With all the arrows in that quiver? Come,
Will you give it me or not?

Ges. It matters not.
Show him the quiver. "You're resolved, I see,
"Nothing shall please you."

[*Tell kneels and picks out an arrow.*

Tell. "Am I?—That's strange,
"That's very strange."—See if the boy is ready.

[*While Tell, unobserved, secures an arrow in his breast, Lutold goes out,* L., *and returns immediately.*

Lut. The boy is ready.

Tell. I'm ready, too!—Keep silence
For Heaven's sake, and do not stir: and let me have
Your prayers—your prayers—and be my witnesses,
That if his life's in peril from my hand,
'Tis only for the chance of saving it.

[*Tell raises the bow as if to shoot, but overcome with agitation, he lets the bow fall.*

Ges. Go on! Go on!

Tell. I will—I will!
Now, friends, for mercy's sake, keep motionless
And silent. [*Shoots from* R. C., *and a shout of exultation bursts from the crowd. Tell drops on the stage. Verner rushes in with Albert,* L.

Ver. Thy boy is safe! No hair of him is touched!

Alb. Father, I'm safe—your Albert's safe! Dear father,
Speak to me! Speak to me!

Ver. He cannot, boy!

Alb. [*To Gesler.*] You grant him life?

Ges. I do.

Alb. And we are free?

Ges. You are. [*Crossing angrily behind to* L. C.

Alb. Thank heaven! thank heaven!

Ver. Open his vest,
And give him air.

[*Albert opens his father's vest, and an arrow drops out. Tell starts, fixes his eyes on Albert, and clasps him to his breast.*

Tell. (c.) My boy! my boy!

Ges. For what
Hid you that arrow in your breast? Speak, slave!

Tell. To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy!

Ges. My guards, secure him! [*As the Officers advance to seize him, Tell snatches from one a sword.*

Tell. Let them dare! [*Officers shrink back.*

Ges. What, slaves! Leave ye to me your duty?

[*Draws his sword to kill Tell, who disarms him and strikes him down. Gesler dies. At this moment, a burst of exultation is heard from the Swiss, who enter, headed by* Erni, *and drive the Austrians from the scene. The Austrian banner is torn down by Erni, who throws it at Tell's feet.* Emma *enters on Tell's* r., *and rushes to him.*

Tell. To arms, my friends! And let no sword be sheathed
Until our land, from cliff to lake, is free!
Free as our torrents are, that leap our rocks,
Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow
In very presence of the regal sun!
A country's never lost, that hath one man
Ho wrestle with the tyrant who'd enslave her!

[*Loud shouts—Picture—Curtain falls.*

THE END.

No. XL.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT.

Author of "Velasco, a Tragedy," &c.

THE

DAY AFTER THE WEDDING.

A Farce

IN ONE ACT.

BY MRS. CHARLES KEMBLE.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

NEW YORK:

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PRICE 12 1-2 CENTS.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

This pleasant little interlude, which is still very frequently played, was first produced at Covent Garden Theatre in 1808. The author, Mrs. Charles Kemble, was born at Vienna, Jan. 17th, 1774, and was the daughter of George Louis De Camp, a musician of considerable eminence. He died at the premature age of thirty, leaving her the eldest of six children, and then only twelve years old. She had not at this time even learned to read English, but resolved to make up by industry the defects of her education. She became popular as an actress and a singer at Drury Lane; and at length produced a comedy for her own benefit, called "First Faults," which evinced no ordinary talent. In 1806 she married Mr. Charles Kemble, and made her debut on the boards of Covent Garden, where "The Day After the Wedding, or a Wife's First Lesson," was soon afterwards produced. She died a few years since.

This interlude, without many broad comic touches, has those qualities which will long insure it a place upon the stage. It has point, vivacity, and wit—is cleverly constructed, and never violates good taste. It is creditable both to the dramatic and literary skill of Mrs. Kemble.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Park Theatre, 1845.

Colonel Freelove - - - - - -	Mr. G. Barrett.
Lord Rivers - - - - - - -	" Crocker.
James - - - - - - - -	" Povey.
Groom - - - - - - - - -	" Gallot.
Lady Elizabeth - - - - -	Mrs. Bland.
Mrs. Davies - - - - - -	Mrs. Vernon.

☞ *The Costumes, being those of the present day, will vary according to the tastes of the actors.*

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*; L. C., *Left of Centre*.

N.B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas, *are usually omitted in the representation.*

THE

DAY AFTER THE WEDDING.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Villa belonging to Colonel Freelove. The Stage represents a lady's dressing-room, tastefully furnished with sofa, footstools, cheffioniers, &c., &c., books, papers, vases, &c., &c., on the chimney-piece; a guitar hung up; a dressing-table, on which is a hand-bell; on the left hand a flute, music-desk, a small drawing-table, with port-folio, &c., &c., &c.; tambour-frame on the sofa.*

JAMES *and* MRS. DAVIES *discovered in the act of putting the things to rights.*

James. [*Looking at his watch.*] Bless my soul! eleven o'clock! and not stirring yet!

Mrs. D. Consider, nights are short at this fine season of the year: remember, you were young once yourself.

James. Ay, and this happy wedding has made me young again. Kiss me, my old mate! [*Kisses her.*] Well, it was a fine sight; the lasses so gay, and the lads so smart;—then the volunteers drawn out, and the parson and the clerk!—

Mrs. D. Lord, it's an awful thing to be married!

James. Many people find it so.

Mrs. D. I wish my dear young master may not; but I think the lady has a bit of a spirit of her own:—did you mind how she treated that poor waiting-woman she brought with her from town! The Lord forgive me, but I thought she would have slapped her face!

James. Pho! nonsense!—she is a lively little thing.

Mrs. D. She is, indeed: and, in my mind, my master will have a lively time with her—he has desired I will assist in dressing her—and the very thought of it puts me into a twitter from head to foot. Oh, here comes my master and his new brother-in-law, Lord Rivers.

Enter COLONEL FREELOVE *and* LORD RIVERS.

Col. Good day, good day to you, my worthy friends.

Mrs. D. The same to you, sir, and a great many of them. You rested well, I hope, last night?

James. Hush, you silly woman!

Mrs. D. The lady found everything to her satisfaction, I hope?

James. Don't ask impertinent questions.

Col. Thank you, thank you—you were very busy last night. You over-worked yourselves, I'm afraid.

James. Ah, sir, had it been twenty times as much, we should have gone through it with pleasure, for so good a master.

Col. In the midst of my own happiness, I have not been unmindful of yours. This paper insures you ease for the remainder of your days. [*Gives a paper.*

James. Ah, sir, the only way to insure our ease, will be to let us die in your service.

Col. These honest people, my lord, are old friends; I am indebted to their kind offices from the very hour of my birth.

Mrs. D. Ay, sir;—I was his nurse; who would believe, to see him such a fine well-grown gentleman, that I used to dandle him in my arms?—Ay, ay, for all you look so, I did.

James. Yes, and the day he was breeched—do you remember how unkindly he took to them? Pretty tricks you played us, ha! ha! ha! I shall never forget it.

Col. There, there—go, my good friends, and be sure you don't fatigue yourselves.

James and Mrs. D. Thank you: health, happiness, and a long life to your honour! [*Exeunt, L.*

Lord R. Well, Harry:—here you are, arrived at the summit of all earthly bliss!—eh?—

Col. I am, indeed. Surrounded by faithful servants;

enjoying a princely fortune; possessing an amiable, beautiful, and accomplished wife—

Lord R. You hope to glide along the stream of life, unobstructed by the shoals of misfortune, or the quicksands of disappointment:—your chance for happiness is as good as any man's—married man's, I mean. My sister possesses most valuable qualities—but your marriage followed so close upon your declaration, that you had not leisure to study Elizabeth's temper; which, I fear, you will find impatient of restraint, quick, irritable—why, you don't seem moved!

Col. I believe your picture is overcharged: brothers are not apt to flatter.

Lord R. Nor lovers to discern the imperfections of their mistresses.—She'll soon give you a taste of her quality:—her behaviour to her maid, yesterday, might have convinced you, I think, that she can look a little black.

Col. It did not escape me;—every man must hazard much in the choice of a wife; but if, in this lottery of wedlock, he gains beauty, accomplishments, principles, and a good heart, he must indeed be ungrateful if he arraign his fortune.

Lord R. Temper, temper, my good fellow—

Col. May be amended. Lady Elizabeth has been spoiled in her childhood—she is now but eighteen—she is ingenuous, and has sensibility. With mild and affectionate treatment, such a creature may be moulded into anything.

Lord R. Then you must re-educate her.

Col. I propose to do so. Here, I shall have neither dissipation to encounter, bad example to combat—

Lord R. Nor female counsels to counteract.

Col. You judge the sex too harshly;—they are charming creatures!

Lord R. But they may be mended.

Col. Do but promise to second my project, and I'll undertake to make your sister tractable.

Lord R. Accomplish that, and I'll acknowledge you the prince of shrew-tamers.

Col. Hush! she's here—I have a few calls to make; accompany me, and I will tell you my plans as we walk along.

Enter Lady Elizabeth *in a morning-dress*, R.

Lady E. Good morning, brother.—Harry—
[*Holds out her hand to him.*

Col. We were speaking of you, Bess. Your brother has been pronouncing a flaming panegyric upon you—what's the matter? you seem chagrined.

Lady E. You cannot imagine how much I am vexed; such a misfortune has happened to me!

Col. You alarm me, Bess.

Lady E. I have no waiting-woman.

Lord R. What a calamity!

Lady E. Last night, in a little pet, I just desired Maria to go about her business; and do you know, she has had the sauciness to obey me?

Col. Could she do better than obey you, Bess?

Lady E. Oh, but I did not mean it, you know. I was very sorry for what I said, last night; and when I sent for her this morning, she was gone. I don't much care about it; for really she was such a dawdle!

Lord R. Why, she was but just come to you; you turned away your former woman, only the day before yesterday.

Lady E. Oh, yes; I could not bear her, she was so pert.

Col. I am afraid you will not find it easy to suit yourself. Come, Rivers: good bye, Bess.

Lady E. What, are you going out already?

Lord R. We have a few calls to make.

Lady E. Why, what visits can you have to pay, when you are but so lately arrived? By-the-bye, how shall I get dressed?

Col. Oh, there will be no great difficulty in that. Ladies have so much consideration for their waiting-women now-a-days, that they even dispense with their petticoats, to diminish the labours of the toilette—don't make yourself uneasy, my love; my housekeeper was waiting-woman to my mother many years; I have already desired her to attend your commands—I'll send Mrs. Davies to you. Good bye, Bess.

Lady E. Well, if you must go—but don't be absent long, now, for I hate to be alone.

[*Exeunt the Colonel and Lord Rivers*, L.

Let me see; what dress shall I wear? my blue tunic? no, no: my pretty white crape with the peach-blossom trimming. Harry has never seen that, and he'll think it charmingly becoming—how fond he is of me!—'tis very delightful to be married!—he little dreams how I mean to surprise him—I have the picture quite ready; and it is the prettiest thing—

Enter JAMES, L.

Oh, Mr.—

James. James, madam, at your service. My wife will wait upon your ladyship whenever you are ready—I left her very busy in—

Lady E. [*Looking in the glass.*] Oh, very well, very well.

James. Your ladyship likes our county? we have beautiful prospects.

Lady E. Yes, I like the prospect very much.

James. We are not quite so gay as in London, though:—I was there, my lady, in 1801;—my dear late master and I—

Lady E. Who put my guitar there?

James. I, my lady.

Lady E. Bring it me. [*James fetches it.*] Lud! tis quite out of tune—[*Strums on it.*] What were you saying, Mr. Thing'em?

James. Why, my lady, I was saying, that in 1801—[*A string snaps; she betrays impatience.*]—it was the winter of that year, and very cold it was,—the day after we arrived, the most extraordinary thing happened—

[*Another string snaps.*

Lady E. Good gracious!

James. I was standing at the corner of Pall Mall, when on a sudden I heard such a crash— [*A third string snaps, and Lady Elizabeth dashes the guitar on the ground.*

Lady E. Deuce take the thing!

James. Mercy on me! what's that? Never trust me, but I thought it was the very crash I heard in 1801.

Lady E. You old twaddler! Why do you stand chattering there? Send your wife—

James. Here she comes, my lady.—Twaddler! my wife

was right; women, after all, are the best judges. Set a thief to catch a thief. Old twaddler, indeed! [*Exit*, L.

Enter Mrs. Davies, L.

Mrs. D. I humbly wait upon your ladyship.

Lady E. A good style of waiting woman, that!—There, good woman, take this key, and in the drawer of the dressing-table, you'll find a gold comb: you can tuck up my hair, I suppose?

Mrs. D. [*Opening the drawer.*] To be sure I can, my lady; I'll make you such a toupee as shall make my master stare: I hate your scald-heads, for my part, all dragged up at the roots. [*Returns the key to Lady E.*

Lady E. Come, come, make haste; I shan't be ready before Harry comes back. [*Mrs. D. drops the comb.*] Lord, how stupid you are. [*Mrs. D. tries to put up Lady E.'s hair.*

Lady E. [*Taking the comb out of her hand.*] You can't do it at all; give it to me: there, there, let it alone.

Enter Colonel Freelove *at the top.*

Col. So, so.

Lady E. You can dress me, I suppose?

Mrs. D. I hope, my lady, after waiting upon my master's mother three-and-thirty years, I ought to know something of the matter. I used to make all her gowns; and I think, when you see it, you'll say I have altered your ladyship's very much for the better.

Lady E. Not my crape dress? you have not touched that, I hope? bring it here, do, and let me see it. [*Mrs. D. fetches the box, which Lady E. opens with great impatience.*] My heavens! what have you done? what, in the name of all that's odious, do you call this?

Mrs. D. A flounce, my lady, a flounce. My lady was married in just such another.

Lady E. [*Throwing the gown at her.*] You horrible creature, you have ruined my gown. What's become of the peach-blossom trimming?

Mrs. D. I put that upon the turban, my lady.

Lady E. Grant me patience!—get out of the room, get out of my sight directly!

Mrs. D. [*Aside.*] This it is to do a good-natured thing! But you may make what fright you please of yourself

henceforward; I'll never meddle nor make, not I.

[*Exit*, L.

Lady E. What an unfortunate creature I am!—my pretty, my beautiful peach-blossom! [*Opens the box containing the turban.*] Well, if ever I saw such a thing! I could tear—[*Works herself up into a complete rage, pulls it all to pieces, and kicks the box round the Stage till she gets opposite the Colonel.*

Col. Bravo! bravo!—I see myself, it is the very thing:—my happiness is complete.

Lady E. [*Rather disconcerted.*] What, have you been in the room all the while?

Col. I have, and I can scarcely contain my joy. A guitar smashed,—a gown torn to tatters;—why, it's exquisite! Hear me, Bess:—in early youth, I evinced a most imperious and intractable disposition, which was foolishly indulged by my fond, but injudicious parents: it was not till I was about to solicit the hand of my dear Bess, that I seriously reflected upon this infirmity: what will she think of me? (I used to repeat to myself;) she will deem me a wretch not fit to live; she will despise, she will abhor me.

Lady E. Ah, my love, never, never.

Col. The very apprehension drove me to distraction; fifty times I was on the point of relinquishing all thoughts of marriage; what right, said I, have I to entail misery on any human being? why involve the creature I love, who is so mild and gentle, in broils and vexations? No, I'll not marry. Then my affection would get the better of my resolution, and I determined, for your sake, to conquer this terrible vice. But judge how my mind is relieved by discovering that you, my love, suffer under the identical imperfection of temper which has so long tormented me. Now indeed we shall be happy.

Lady E. And you really are violent?

Col. Outrageous.

Lady E. How extraordinary! I never perceived it before marriage.

Col. No, no, I sought to make myself agreeable; and 'tis evident, Bess, you had the same desire.

Lady E. I always thought you so gentle.

Col. So did I you:—I am, when I have my own way; but upon the slightest provocation—

Lady E. That's just like me. If I am contradicted, my heart begins to beat, and my ears go buz, buz; and I get into such a rage:—but then it's over again in a minute.

Col. Ay, but it begins again in a minute.

Lady E. Just so; that's for all the world like me. Dear, how well we shall do together.

Col. Oh, yes! at times, to be sure, we shall play the very devil; but then, how delightful will be our reconciliations!

Lady E. Reconciliations! do you think you will ever be in a passion with me, Harry?

Col. Oh, when the fit is on me, I know nobody; I'm an absolute madman: but, the paroxysm over, I shall be at your feet, believe me.

Lady E. That will be delightful! but pray be at my feet as seldom as possible.

Col. Well, Bess, get ready; I expect five or six of our neighbours to dinner. Go, love, you know not from what a weight my heart is relieved by this confession.

[*Exit Lady Elizabeth*, R.

Enter Lord Rivers, L.

Lord R. Well, how do you speed?

Col. I think it will do: I have a little astonished her already, but nothing to what she shall be. Remember, I depend upon your assistance. [*Exit*, L.

Lord R. I have given you my promise.

Re-enter Lady Elizabeth, R.

Lady E. Oh, Harry, I forgot to ask you—is he gone?

Lord R. He quitted the room as you entered. But what's the matter? still inconsolable for the loss of your waiting-woman? or are the cares of matrimony dawning upon you already?

Lady E. Heigh ho!

Lord R. Why, what are you so serious about?

Lady E. I have but too much cause.

Lord R. Truly, marriage is a very serious concern, and that's the reason I never could be brought to think of it.

Lady E. [*Aside.*] Would I never had!—[*A violent crash is heard behind the scenes.*] What's that?

Lord R. What, in the name of confusion, can this mean? Is the house coming about our ears?

Lady E. Should it be Harry! [*Noise increases.*] For Heaven's sake, dear brother!

Lord R. Don't alarm yourself, Elizabeth; I'll step and learn the cause of all this. [*Exit,* L.

Lady E. I tremble from head to foot. Oh, it is but too true, I fear:—he has not exaggerated the account of himself. Unhappy, wretched Elizabeth!

Re-enter LORD RIVERS, L.

Well?

Lord R. [*Affecting ill-humour.*] Well; it's a freak of your amiable husband's!

Lady E. What ails him?

Lord R. I wouldn't advise you to ask him. I found him with his eyes starting out of his head, breaking and kicking about the furniture.

Lady E. Not my beautiful Sévre, I hope?

Lord R. Everything he could lay his hands upon: I endeavoured to calm him, and he answered me in a tone that really—

Lady E. Nay, nay, never heed him:—he is a little violent.

Lord R. A little, do you call it?

Lady E. Well, well, he's very violent; but indeed he has not deceived me: he acknowledged it all to me.

Lord R. Never tell me of acknowledging. When a man is a madman, he ought not to marry; and so I shall tell him. [*Voices are heard behind the scenes as if in high words.*

Col. [*Without.*] Scoundrels! to contradict me!—leave the house, every soul of you!

Lady E. Now, Rivers, brother, my dear brother!—everybody is so passionate in this house!—don't say a word; it won't last long; he told me it would not:—But, indeed, when he is in these rages, he knows nobody, not even me: so I'll run and lock myself up in my room. When it's all over, tell me:—but pray, pray, don't say a word. [*Exit,* L.

Col. [*Behind.*] Rascals! [*Enters*, L.] the first that comes within my sight, I'll shoot through the head.

Lord R. Ha, ha, ha! you may spare your ammunition: for she has made her escape, more scared than a poor timid hare chased by a pack of hounds. Ha! ha! well, I give you joy.

Col. When I have accomplished my design, congratulate me, and not till then.

Lord R. I must approve your courage, however the event may turn out. The day after the wedding—

Col. Is precisely the only one which could have suited my purpose. A woman will submit to correction, while yet it comes from the hands of her lover: "but, the first "ardour of passion once subsided, his admonitions are dis- "regarded, or at best appear but as the austere precepts of "pedantry or oppression."

Lord R. I cannot but admire your plan, and applaud your perseverance; though you'll excuse me if I am sceptic enough to doubt your execution: you may break a horse, you may even subdue a lion; but you'll never tame a woman. [*Exit*, L.

Col. That remains to be proved. [*Seats himself.*

Enter LADY ELIZABETH, R.

Lady E. [*Weeping.*] I wonder whether he is come round yet. Harry, Harry, is it all over?

Col. Over! yes, I have made a clear house of it. I have turned all the servants off, except James and his wife. By Jove, I wish you could see the eating-room; it's like a field of battle;—chairs here, tables there. Upon my soul, I can't help laughing!

Lady E. Ah! but you should not; it's very wrong. What are you doing?

Col. I'm finishing a little drawing for you.

Lady E. [*Leaning over his shoulder.*] Dear, how pretty! [*Going*, R.

Col. What, are you going? Stay a moment.

Lady E. No, I won't; you have been a very naughty child—you have destroyed all my beautiful china.

Col. Come, come; no reproaches, Bess: remember the guitar.

Lady E. Oh, that's quite different; that was not yours.

Col. True, and I'm sure I have no right to complain: for, in my time, I have smashed at least twenty fiddles, and as many flutes: had it not been for my impetuous disposition, I should have been a tolerable performer by this time; but the first difficult passage that occurs, away goes the instrument—smack goes the desk—to the devil kick the master!—Would to Heaven I had nothing more serious to reproach myself with!

Lady E. Why, what have you been guilty of?

Col. Do not ask me, my love; I cannot tell you.

Lady E. But you must; I desire you'll conceal nothing from me.

Col. Well, just let me finish this cascade.

Lady E. I don't care about the cascade; I do beg you'll tell me what you have done.

Col. What a painful task do you impose upon me.

[*Getting up.*

Lady E. I wish you would make haste:—how I do hate people to keep me in suspense.

Col. You have seen poor James, that worthy, faithful servant?

Lady E. Well?

Col. I had the misfortune, in a moment of rage, to break his arm.

Lady E. Break his arm! oh, shocking!—I'm very passionate myself, very; but I never went beyond breaking the china, or kicking about the furniture. I'll tell you what; a thought has struck me—you shall make me your model.

Col. You! ha! ha!

Lady E. Now what do you laugh at?—hear me, and I'll give you my picture.

Col. What, Bess? have your picture, and not give it me yesterday?

Lady E. I gave away the original; you would not have everything in one day. Always wear it near your heart; and whenever you feel any ungentle passions rising in your breast, look at it; 'twill check your anger, and tenderness will succeed; and soon my Harry will become the gentlest, as he is already the best of creatures.

Col. Where, where is this talisman, this preservative of happiness?

Lady E. It's in this drawer. Oh, dear, I don't know what I have done with the key. [*Looking about.*

Col. [*Aside.*] Giddy puss! [*Sits down.*

Lady E. Have you seen it anywhere, Harry? [*Tossing up the things.*

Col. No.

Lady E. Why, you don't look;—how you sit, Harry!

Col. Where, my love, should I look? you have lost it, I suppose.

Lady E. How should I lose it? it is not half an hour since I had it here. Oh, I recollect, Mrs. Thingamy has it—Mrs. Davies, Mrs. Davies!—don't be impatient, my love. [*Rings violently.*] Mrs. Davies! [*Rings and breaks the bell-rope.*] Deuce take the thing! don't flurry yourself, Harry. Mrs. Davies! [*Stamps her feet and rings the hand-bell.*] Don't be in a hurry, Harry.

Col. I am not, my love.

Enter Mrs. Davies, L.

Mrs. D. Did you call, my lady?

Lady E. To be sure: didn't you hear me?

Col. [*Aside.*] She must be confoundedly deaf, if she did not!

Lady E. I want my key.

Mrs. D. What key, my lady?

Lady E. Of that drawer.

Mrs. D. I gave it to you again, my lady.

Lady E. When?

Mrs. D. After I took out the comb.

Lady E. And you returned it to me?

Mrs. D. I did, indeed, my lady.

Lady E. This woman will be the death of me.

Mrs. D. You were sitting just where you are now; your ladyship may remember you were in a passion!

Lady E. I in a passion!—Worse and worse! this is beyond all patience! My dear love, did you ever hear such an accusation?—I in a passion!

Col. [*Aside.*] Now it's my turn.—James! James!

Enter James, L.

Have you seen anything of Lady Elizabeth's key?

James. I don't recollect seeing anything of it.

Lady E. No, my love, it's Mrs. Davies's business.

Mrs. D. If your ladyship wore pockets, it would be nobody's business.

Lady E. Impertinence! leave the house, and never let me see you again!

James. Really, my lady, for a paltry key—

Col. How dare you speak to Lady Elizabeth with such disrespect?—Leave the house, and never more return to it—no reply: go, I insist upon it.

James. Oh, my poor master! [*Exit with Mrs. D.*, L.

Col. [*Pacing across the Stage.*] An ungrateful herd!—

Lady E. So impertinent!

Col. Obstinate!—

Lady E. Story-tellers, too:—I declare, it's always servants who create quarrels and dissensions in families.

Col. Well, there are no more in the house, so perhaps now we shall have a little peace. It was silly enough, too, to be angry about such a trifle:—I told you we should find it very difficult to repress our natural dispositions.

Lady E. Come, let us think of something else:—let's have a little music.

Col. Well imagined:—"Music hath charms to soothe a savage beast."

Lady E. And I have a sweet air about domestic happiness—'twill just suit me. Will you accompany me?

Col. With pleasure.

[*Takes his flute; she brings the desk forward.*

AIR.

When love attends the wedded pair,
Beneath their feet the flowers increase,
And o'er their path-way rises fair
The sunshine of domestic peace:
For love can bid the desert bloom,
And charm the raging storm to cease,
And clear from intervening gloom
The sunshine of domestic peace.

Col. You don't execute that last turn quite as it ought to be.

Lady E. Don't I? Well, we'll begin again.

Col. Willingly.

AIR.

When love attends the wedded pair,
Beneath their feet the flowers increase;—

Col. [*Interrupting her.*] Mind your time.

And o'er their path-way rises fair
The sunshine of domestic peace.

Col. Still you don't hit it quite.

Lady E. I beg your pardon: 'tis you who don't accompany me in time; you spoil the harmony.

Col. No, Bess, 'tis you who make the discord. Come, let's try it once more.

Lady E. Again! Lord, how stupid!

Col. Yes; and take care of "domestic peace."

AIR.

When love attends the wedded pair;—

Lady E. Do take your hand away; you interrupt me by beating time:

Beneath their feet the flowers increase;—

Col. You are getting too fast.

And o'er their path-way rises fair,
The sunshine of domestic peace:
For love can bid the desert bloom,
And charm the raging storm to cease,
And clear from intervening gloom
The sunshine of domestic peace.

Col. That won't do at all.

Lady E. [*Throwing up the music.*] Then sing it yourself.

Col. A pretty model! a good example you set me!

Lady E. Humph! you know I promised not to be in a passion without reason; but really—[*Swinging her handkerchief, to the end of which is attached the key.*

Col. What's that dangling at the end of your handkerchief?

Lady E. Oh, my dear Harry, it's—

Col. The key, which you accused that poor woman of having lost?

Lady E. It is.

Col. And how can you answer this to yourself, madam? What amends can you make these poor people, for your harsh treatment of them?

Lady E. Dear love, I will ask their pardon.

Col. And shall I, too, solicit forgiveness of James? 'twill be becoming in me, don't you think so?

Lady E. No; but I'll tell you how we may atone:—I'll speak to James, whom you sent away, and do you make my peace with his wife: thus shall we mutually repair the wrongs we have mutually committed.

Col. [*Aside.*] Now could I take her to my arms: but that must not be yet.—[*Aloud.*] When I reflect that I have been worked upon to betray myself into passion, it puts me into such a rage—This it is to be married! Damnation! [*Throws himself upon the sofa.*

Lady E. [*Going up to him.*] Pray, love, don't be angry, pray, now: Harry, won't you speak to me? won't you?

[*He pushes her from him; she bursts into tears, and goes to a chair at the farthest extremity of the Stage.*

Enter Lord Rivers, L.

Lord R. Well, good people, what time do we dine today? Hey-day! you sit at such a well-bred distance from each other, one would swear you had been married four-and-twenty years, instead of four-and-twenty hours! Elizabeth in tears! what is the meaning of all this? Colonel Freelove, is this the fate you have prepared for my beloved sister? [*Goes up to her.*

Col. My lord, I am in my own house.

Lady E. Oh, heavens!

Lord R. I blush for you! is this a day—

Col. I receive admonition from no man.

Lord R. So much the worse; a little would do you no injury.

Col. You are insulting, sir.

Lady E. Rivers, remember he is my husband. Henry, consider he is my brother.

Lord R. Leave us to ourselves, Elizabeth.

Col. [*Whispering to him.*] Let us affect to quarrel.—You understand me, sir?

Lord R. Whenever you please, sir.

Lady E. What mean these words?

Col. Nothing, nothing; compose yourself, I entreat.—My lord, you will waive all further explanation before my wife. [*Pretending to speak in an under tone.*] I shall take an opportunity of leaving the room immediately: follow me.

Lord R. You may expect me. [*Exit Colonel,* L.

Lady E. Oh, Heaven! he is gone! Do you think you can deceive me? I know your fatal purpose:—Rivers, you shall not leave me.

Lord R. Lady Elizabeth, do not detain me.

Lady E. At your feet I throw myself:—if you leave me, I shall expire;—if you seek revenge, on me, on me let it fall. He is my husband; oh! then spare the life on which my every hope, my very existence depends.

Lord R. Rise, Lady Elizabeth.

Lady E. Never, till you have sworn this affair shall terminate here.

Lord R. Well, then, I promise you it shall.

Lady E. [*Rising,*] Oh, blessings, blessings on—

Enter GROOM *with a letter,* L.

Groom. Colonel Freelove, my lord, desired me to deliver this letter in private to you. [*Exit,* L.

Lord R. Blockhead, begone! [*Reads.*] Ah!—

Lady E. What letter is that? I see by your looks, 'tis from Harry. What are its contents! You are silent; let me see it.

Lord R. Unfortunate Freelove!

Lady E. Gracious powers! What has he done?

Lord R. I would not afflict you, my poor Elizabeth.

Lady E. You torture me with suspense; I will know the worst—[*Snatches the letter and reads.*] "*Stung with remorse, overwhelmed with shame, how can I ever venture to appear before you? I am awakened to a full sense of my fatal disorder:—why did I offer your sister a hand so unworthy her exalted qualities? Reparation is due to her: the only one still in my power, is solemnly to engage never again to molest her. I cannot bear to make her wretched; and therefore will forever leave her. The painful task of bidding her an eternal adieu, would be too much for me; but to your friendship I commit the charge of—*" Oh, Rivers, fly! seek him, bring him to me! he cannot be far off. Take your fleetest horse and overtake him:—tell him I will bear all his faults with patience: stay not to reply; bring him to my arms, or never, never see me more. [*Exit Lord Rivers,* L.

Enter JAMES *and* MRS. DAVIES, L., *with carpet-bag, bird-cage, and other moveables.*

James. We are come, madam, to pay our humble duty before we quit this house forever.

Mrs. D. Ah, my lady, I was born in this house, and I did hope to have died in it: had my dear mistress lived, we should not have had to seek new friends.

Lady E. Nor shall you;—I will be your friend: forgive the injustice I did you. James, you cannot, surely, ever leave your master?

James. He discharged me, my lady: I would have parted with my life to have served him.

Lady E. And have you lived so long with him, and yet not learned to make allowances for his infirmities?—he is violent, to be sure—

James. He, madam! somebody has deceived you, wickedly deceived you; till this day, he was an angel upon earth,—kind, gentle, affable, and affectionate! Oh, matrimony has strangely altered him.

Lady E. Everything I hear—

James. Never till to-day did he use a harsh word to me: had I committed a fault, he would reprove me in a tone so gentle, a manner so kind—

Lady E. Except when he broke your arm.

James. He strike a servant! Never, never! Some terrible evil spirit has taken possession of the house since your ladyship's arrival here.

Lady E. A new light breaks in upon me; I see it all: leave me, my friends, for the present: but by all the love you bear your master, do not quit the house!—You do not wish to afflict him?

Mrs. D. Heaven is our witness we do not.

Lady E. Remain, then, and he shall be restored to you in all his former kindness and affection. [*Exeunt James and Mrs. Davies. As they go off,* COLONEL FREELOVE *and* LORD RIVERS *enter at the top.*] Mild, gentle, affable, and affectionate! then he has assumed this part, only to give me a more perfect reflection of myself. He leaves me, that he may not render me wretched: 'tis plain he thinks I shall make him so. This letter—his departure, are but feigned; but soon, too soon, they might have proved fatal

realities! How shall I ever look up again? Where, where shall I pour my repentant tears?

Col. Into my bosom, Elizabeth; into the bosom of the man you have now rendered the happiest of mortals. [*Embracing her.*] Now, Rivers, you may congratulate me. I told you my plan would succeed.

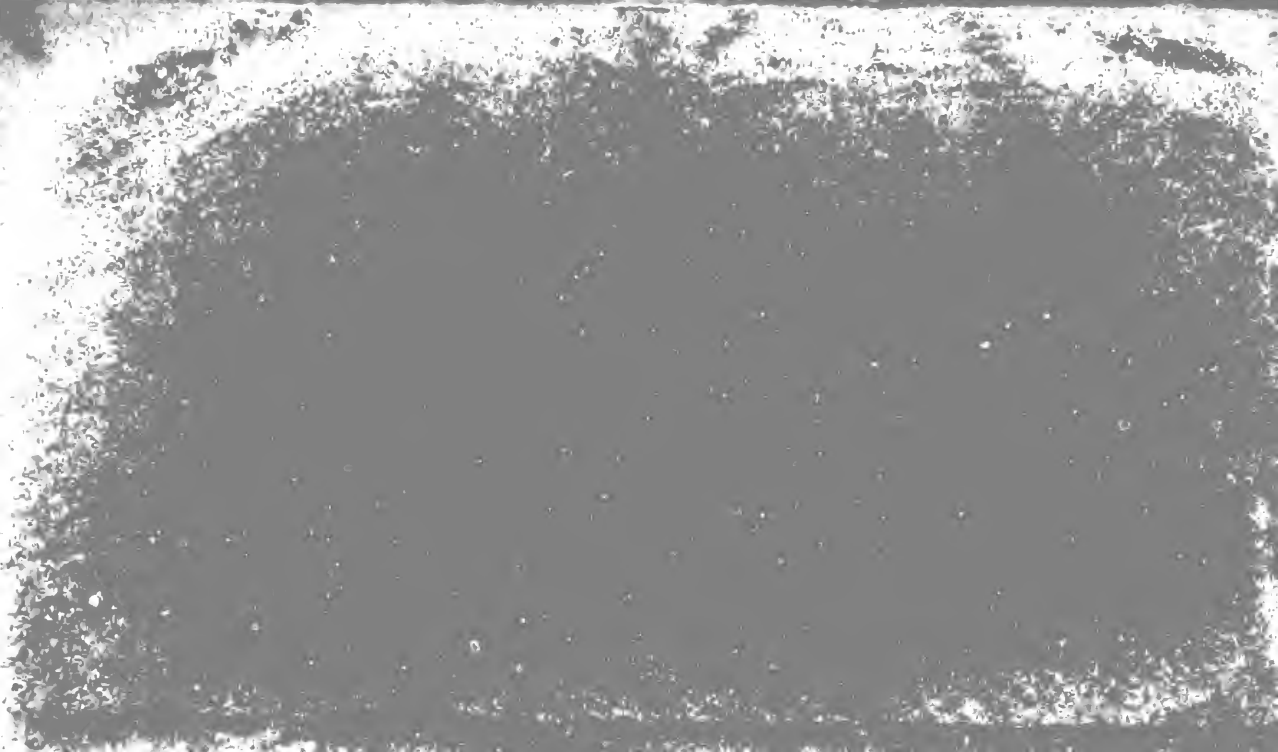
Lady E. Oh, Rivers! And were you, too, in a plot against me?

Lord R. I was; and, seeing that women may sometimes be converted into reasonable creatures, I shall perhaps change my mind, and some day or other take unto myself a wife.

Lady E. Harry, I will change characters with you: I will, by your example, become mild and forbearing; but I will go beyond you: you imitated me but for an instant; I will study to resemble you all my life.

Col. 'Tis not an easy task to reform our characters suddenly. I expect to find you now and then relapsing into your former error; but you have experienced the evil effects of it; and reflection cannot fail to convince you, that affection and gentleness are the brightest ornaments of your sex, and the surest source of domestic felicity.

THE END.



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